

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1907

THE FUTURE OF OUR NAVIGABLE WATERS

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

THERE are many indications, apparent even to the eye of the careless watcher, that we are coming to a critical period in the conduct of our public works in general, and of that part which relates to river and harbor improvement in particular. Although these signs take the shape of public agitation and political unrest in the regions most affected by this special form of internal improvement, they are based on something more fundamental. The National Rivers and Harbors Congress, which will meet in Washington this month to formulate a demand for larger and more systematic appropriations in the direction which its title indicates, is itself directly representative of the commercial organizations of the entire country; but it is brought into existence by, and gains its importance from, a general movement among all the people, commercial and non-commercial, who are seeking from necessity some better use of their running waters. This necessity is the result of an evolution.

In the early days of the nation, water routes were the only commercial highways. The Western, the Central, and the Eastern rivers all bore their part in local and in international trade; so that of them Chief Justice Marshall said, in *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, that they were the only means by which the interior parts of the nation might share in foreign trade and were therefore of national importance. Later, when the railway came, and when the panic of the forties had halted our canal development, there resulted a shifting of trade routes somewhat abnormal and, under natural conditions,

merely temporary. Inventive genius, always attracted to novelty, turned from the steamboat to the locomotive, so that the latter quickly outstripped its old river rival in economic development. The Civil War forced the north to extend and develop its railways, so that its crops might move to the eastern seaboard instead of by their natural route down the Mississippi valley. Even before the war our western rivers had been snag-infested and bar-obstructed, and after the struggle they were in worse condition. Railway rates were lower than steamboat rates had been. The era of extravagance was gone, and there was no longer sufficient inducement in rates to keep steamboats carrying under the handicap of high insurance, and great risk of loss, with its accompanying psychologically deterrent effect upon both boatman and shipper. The mouth of the Mississippi was blocked by bars, while New York was open to deep and cheap-carrying steamships. So the river trade fell away, no new type of river carrier was developed, and the lagging government improvement was never sufficient to produce a channel to offset these handicaps.

That has brought us to to-day, when we view a region extending from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, in which there are twenty thousand miles of river navigable or susceptible of navigation, on which there is but one profitable and significant movement of cargo — that of coal from the Ohio to New Orleans. Eastward and westward the railways still bear the freight, hauling it over the mountains to the seaboard; interfered with only

VOL. 100 — NO. 6

by those other railroads which, as the levee lines have been closed, have adopted Mississippi River grade from St. Louis to the Gulf. That this is so would not necessarily cause uneasiness, in spite of the waste of opportunity offered by the magnificent waterways of the Mississippi system, were it not that the railways are no longer able to do the work put upon them. With governmental regulation of rates, with ample terminal facilities, and with enough tracks so that South Dakota might never go cold in winter, or stack its grain on the ground; with equipment to handle all that Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Louis can furnish, together with the corn of Nebraska and Kansas, the fruits of Arkansas and Missouri, the lumber of Michigan and of Mississippi, the railways would be sufficient servants. But we have not such equipment nor can we have it in any conceivable time; nor have we a rate regulation which will bring these things near the cost of water carriage. The Centre — and I am using the Mississippi system as an example in this because it is the most striking and because the present movement originated on its banks — is confronted by two principal problems: to get its products to the seaboard at the cheapest possible rate consistent with speedy carriage; and to get from the seaboard the imports it must have. Problems of internal trade are secondary to these, and will be solved in the same working-out.

For the purpose of handling this foreign trade the Centre has at present established certain well-known collecting and distributing points which are the basis of freight rates, the aggregating places of both local and through traffic, and, as it happens, are themselves the greatest manufacturing cities in the region. These points are Pittsburg, especially notable for its coal, iron, and steel tonnage; Chicago, the principal depot of the lakes, a manufacturing city of high rank and the greatest railway aggregating centre in the world; Minneapolis and St. Paul, at once the chief flouring cities of the nation and

the collecting and distributing foci for the north and for the newer Canada; Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, and Sioux City, the hoppers into which flows the great grain harvest of the west and northwest, the gateways through which must go all the imported and eastern merchandise and fuel consumed by the producers of grain, and the points at which are produced a great part of our export meat products; and St. Louis, a progressive city of large and growing manufacturing interests and a jobbing centre of national importance, having as its tributary country the entire southwest. Into these cities pours the golden flood from the harvest fields, the countless miles of coal, the train upon train of steel and other building material, the endless loads of manufactured and natural food products — pours in to stagnate in the congested yards; for so overburdened are the railways that a loaded car moves now but an average of twenty-five miles a day.

Yet, by reason of natural causes which have induced the selection of town sites, and by reason of the early dependence of railways upon river traffic, each of these large cities lies at the head of one of the main divisions of the Mississippi system. Pittsburg lies at the head of the Ohio; Chicago at the head of the "Lakes-to-the-Gulf" route, in the gap left by the ancient outlet of Lake Michigan to the Great Water; Minneapolis and St. Paul are at the head of the upper Mississippi; the Missouri River points on the upper reach of the lower Missouri; and St. Louis, near which all these divisions join, is, or would be but for the present absurd administrative districting, at the upper end of the main trunk line itself.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the people of the Centre, looking over the possibilities by which they may escape from the present crowded condition of their transportation routes, have observed these great channels leading from the aggregating places almost in a direct line to the seaboard, exactly in the path which their trade should take, and

have demanded in anger and in astonishment first, an explanation of their inutility, and, second, their immediate transformation into proper traffic arteries. These people have been coming during several years to firmer purpose in this regard, and now have enlarged their activity until it becomes national in its scope, that method and purpose may be introduced into our conduct of water highways.

The non-utilization of these waters is not hard to understand. I have already given some of the reasons for it. The others are no less simple. In the early days, when, under the decision of Justice Marshall, Congress began to appropriate money for river improvement, no department was provided which could properly undertake the work. Before that, occasional appropriations had been made for harbor improvement, and had been spent by special direction, sometimes under the eye of the Secretary of the Treasury, sometimes by the collector of the port involved. The first western river improvement work was done by a civilian under appointment from the president. Henry M. Shreve, who had invented the snag-boat, was made Superintendent of Western Rivers, and held the post many years, clearing the channels and saving vessel owners several million dollars a year, in risks and cargo losses. But as the river work increased from simple snagging to a consideration of more intricate problems involving the slackwatering of the Ohio, the leveeing of the Mississippi, and the provision of an adequate navigable outlet for the Valley, the need of engineering skill in obtaining advice induced Congress to call upon its military engineers for technical reports. From this grew the practice of indicating that appropriations should be made under the charge of the Department of War, and so grew up the practice of spending these civil expenditures for commercial purposes under military direction.

That is really the fundamental fault. The military engineer obtains at West

Point a training in civil engineering that has especial direction to military matters. He is not usually a person with a leaning toward trade, or he would not have chosen the army. More than that, he has no business experience whatever, and seldom comes to have any proper understanding of trade requirements and large business movements. After the civil war a large corps of engineers, released from the construction of military works, was sent upon surveying expeditions along our coasts and rivers, and the improvements they recommended were in many cases adopted by Congress and carried out, or partly carried out. The execution was left to the care of these engineers, who, detached from one task and assigned to another, seldom attained that love of a task for itself which is the spirit of civil engineering. There grew up in the Department of War, and in co-operation between that Department and Congress, a mode rather than a system of procedure. The day had passed when each river was needed as the only outlet for the people on its banks. Railways carried the great trade. Rivers handled only local trade. So Congressmen fell into the habit, here and there, of recommending improvements for their local rivers, so that money might be spent in their districts, or that local trade might be benefited. Each such request was referred to a military engineer, who reported upon the feasibility of the work. Later, his report was made to include what is, by courtesy, termed a commercial report, so that Congress may know how trade justifies this expenditure. This trade report is never based upon any large outlook. It never considers the real problems of the river valley. It takes into consideration the present local trade of the towns along the way, the number of steamboats now existing and the amount they carry, — always a rough guess, — and endeavors to provide an estimate of the amount that will be saved by the investment in local freight rates. So low have we sunk, in the absence of modern

steamboats, that on many streams we can no longer find trade to estimate; accordingly the engineer estimates the amount to which railway rates are "regulated" by the possibility of some one some day using a steamboat on the river. On this a board of review of army engineers debates and reports to the Rivers and Harbors Committee, and the latter includes in the bill some item supposed to represent the original project — dwarfed and deformed by successive estimators until its originator would not recognize it.

Two principal things — and many minor ones — result from this mode of procedure: first, that, there being no large outlook on rivers and harbors, there is no connection between any two projects and therefore no general benefit to the nation; and second, that there is no one whose business it is to enter into and carry out these projects or who is certain of the money to do so. To remedy the former of these, President Roosevelt has appointed a Waterways Commission, the first commission ever created in America to make a complete study of our water routes and to consider them from a national point of view. For the second, we have a brilliant example on the Ohio River, where, in 1875, on a report from Majors Merrill and Weitzel, Congress adopted a slackwatering plan. The excellent plan presented was for movable dams, and it was pointed out by the engineers that the real benefit of these improvements would not be obtained until the first thirteen, extending over the steep slope from Pittsburg to Wheeling, were in place. The engineers' plan was for building the thirteen locks all together, in two years, and then the thirteen dams the next year; so that not more than four years would elapse during which navigation would be hindered, and at the end of four years, the whole being done, the country would at once reap the benefit of the investment. Congress adopted the slackwatering idea, but ordered only one dam, which was

delayed by scanty appropriations and not completed until 1885. Then two more dams were authorized. One by one they have been added since then, but the first six are not yet complete. Congress had gone ahead downstream with other dams, one even, No. 37, below Cincinnati; but though we have spent about ten million dollars on the reach between Pittsburg and Wheeling we have not yet obtained the real benefit of even that improvement, nor shall we until perhaps ten or twenty years from now, when dams not yet even authorized are ordered and completed. At present the Ohio has been surveyed for a nine-foot slackwater channel, and it is estimated that sixty-three million dollars will be needed to complete it to Cairo; but at the present rate of operations it will require about 150 years to attain that end.

I have not the space or the inclination here to go into our river improvements in detail under this second head. Nevertheless I must point out the situation on the main trunk lines which confronts the people of the Centre. This Ohio, partially slackwatered, bears the greatest burdens at the cheapest rates of any river in the world except the lower Mississippi. Coal, in cargoes which below Louisville amount sometimes to sixty thousand tons, are carried along on nine-foot draft, at a cost of not more than a third of a mill a ton mile — a rate which can be considerably reduced by systematic operations. These cargoes, however, can go only at moderate stages of the river. These moderate stages come at a time when coal is the only thing waiting to travel — iron and steel, grain and manufactured goods being too valuable to be left lying in pools waiting for the river to rise. Yet when the Ohio is slackwatered all the way, everything on it can be carried at a rate under a mill a ton mile, during all but the coldest winter months.

The Chicago trunk line to the lakes, which in our infant days earned three

hundred thousand dollars a year in tolls, now lies idle, a shallow canal outgrown by trade, connecting the Illinois with Lake Michigan. The Illinois has seven feet of water, the Mississippi above St. Louis five or six. At the head of the route Chicago is slowly advancing its drainage canal down over the edge of the divide toward Lake Joliet, having already spent fifty million dollars to carry this waterway, twenty-two feet deep, to the Illinois, and leaving but twenty-eight million dollars for Congress to spend to carry it to St. Louis with a fourteen-foot depth; but Congress, relying upon some old engineers' reports, believes an eight-foot channel would be enough, and does nothing to obtain even that. The upper Mississippi last year had six feet of water in it, but not with certainty. It is designed that the river should carry a four-foot six-inch draft. The lower Missouri was taken in hand in 1884 by an expert commission which endeavored to reshape it to commercial purposes. They found that with the use of simple mattress revetment with stone facing and brush contraction works the banks could be held permanently, the channel made stable and deepened to six feet, and the river freed from obstructing bars. In the whole life of the Commission until it was abolished in 1902, it had but two and a half million dollars for this work, while it was required to devote its attention to spending five million dollars specially designated by Congress for protecting town fronts, railway embankments, and railway bridges. It established beyond cavil that the Missouri, like any other alluvial river, must be handled systematically, must be taken in hand at a fixed point and from there improved downstream, leaving no gaps; and that by this means it can be made to carry a six-foot channel from Omaha, and probably from Sioux City, to its mouth, even at extreme low water. When it had established this fact and opened the river to six-foot boats for two hundred and seventy-five miles from its mouth, influence was brought to bear

at Washington, and the scheme was abolished.

The real secret of Mississippi River utilization, however, lies in none of these divisions but in the trunk from St. Louis to the sea. In 1879 Congress appointed a commission to take charge of and develop that line. Later, this commission was restricted, by an absurd ruling, to the river below Cairo, a city without important railway terminals, and thus was brought about the ruin of the St. Louis river trade. It cannot be made too clear that trade requires a safe, steady, and uniform channel. With six feet, seven feet, eight feet, or ten feet, it really makes little difference which, vessels can go steadily on their way, carrying cargo economically; but not if they are built or loaded for a seven or a ten-foot channel, and are suddenly confronted with a six-foot passage over a bar. Then they are stopped, and the next trip they must either run "light" or not at all, for trade will not risk being delayed in that way.

The Mississippi River Commission, by long experiment, established a method of revetment and contraction which reduces the channel in that stream to a science. It came to the point where it could estimate with fair accuracy the cost of revetting every necessary bank in the stream and obtaining a ten-foot channel from Cairo to the sea, a permanent, safe channel open all the year round. Then Congress failed to back it up. There had been years without appropriations; much had been lost by abandonment of work for lack of funds; there had been varying directions; now came an order to abandon revetment and to take up dredging. That order the commission has been forced to obey. It has spent twenty million dollars on levees, several millions on dredging, but only eleven million dollars in thirty years on permanent channel works. Thanks to that eleven million dollars the Commission gives us to-day a ten-foot channel everywhere below Cairo. But above Cairo, in the 180-mile reach to St. Louis, is chaos.

There, too, Congress has ordered the revetment process cast away and dredges relied upon. A dredged channel is never a commercial success in such a river. Security there is based only on the fact that at the earliest possible moment after a bar shows, the engineers will dredge it away. A revetted channel guarantees that a bar will never form. Only such a guarantee will induce trade. Last year there were eight feet of water from St. Louis to Cairo. No one could predict what there would be another year. And not until St. Louis is made the head of the river trunk will the river below Cairo or the river above it attain the trade it should carry, or will the Chicago route, the Upper Mississippi, or the Missouri begin to carry the trade to which each is entitled. It is estimated now that seventy million dollars will give a permanent, safe fourteen-foot channel from Cairo down, thirty million dollars will carry it to St. Louis, and twenty-eight million dollars more to Lake Joliet and so to Chicago.

We have spent two hundred million dollars on the waters of the Mississippi system. Some years ago a Frenchman, M. Vétillart, came hither to prepare a report for his government on "Navigation in the United States." He found then, and he would find to-day, that there is not in existence any map showing where the streams are on which this money has been spent, indicating the head of navigation on each, the amount of water in the streams, or the number of months during which the river can be used. There were three government departments having lists of navigable streams, and no two agreed in the number or the names, or in the hydrology of the streams. There was not in America a man who had looked at all of these streams as a system and understood their interrelations. Nor were there any reliable statistics of trade on them, nor any way to get such statistics. If he should come to-day, he would find that there are no two streams in America

having the same size locks throughout, and hardly a single river having a uniform standard of lock chamber. He would find the Tennessee improved with locks of one size — and the size of the lock chamber prescribes the dimensions of the boat to use that river — and the Cumberland, a similar stream adjoining it and of the same depth, about to be blocked to all Tennessee River boats, with locks about eight feet narrower and considerably shorter. He would find, in fact, chaos; and he would understand the helplessness with which the Rivers and Harbors Committee confessed to the last Congress that the nation is committed already to river projects which it will cost five hundred million dollars to complete, without any connection among these projects, no logical order of completion of them, and only favor and engineering reports as guides to direct Congress in spending its money this year on one, next year or next decade on another.

The demand of the Centre and of the nation that this shall be altered is not the only thing that brings Congress to a new attitude. We are in an epoch of hydro-electric development. Every river which is slackwatered produces a large electric power. That power is developed at government expense, but in the past it has been given away to private persons to use as they would. Now, with several score dams under way or ordered, Congress faces the discovery that that power properly developed and sold will go a long way toward paying for the river improvements. Further, we are coming to an era of swamp drainage. Arkansas, Virginia, Minnesota, Florida, Missouri, Louisiana, are all draining large areas. This drainage is involved with river improvement. We are extending our irrigation work and taking water from our rivers for that. Yet there is no governmental body but an overworked Congress to determine the relations between these several activities.

What, then, are we coming to? Surely

to some simple solution of the whole problem of our national public works which will at the same time correlate the several branches and develop each branch systematically. To return again to the rivers and harbors, we need all the time a trained body—as efficient at least as the Interstate Commerce Commission—to consider all the time the whole problem of waterway improvement, inland and seaboard, and to view it as a unit. This commission needs to consider our internal and external trade, plat the rivers according to their eventual national utility, and plan for their systematic development, in order at the earliest possible moment to attain the use of them. It must adopt standards, so that rivers of A-class, for example, having let us say three-foot draft, shall have lock chambers all of A-size, and that on B-class rivers, which may include the four-foot, lower reaches of the A-class, there shall be locks of the same size or larger, all B-standard, so that in ascending or descending the streams the A-class vessels may be certain that wherever they go there will be no obstruction between their home port and the sea, or between their home port and any other A-class port. This matter of gauge is as vital in rivers as it is in railway construction. It is so recognized abroad, where Germany, France, Austria, Hungary, and Russia have combined to adopt standard cross-sections for their locks and canals, so that a vessel may pass from the Atlantic to the Black Sea overland, or from the Caspian to the Baltic.

This commission must consider possible by-profits of public work, such as that from waterpower. And it must be given the right to initiate systematic works and, upon their authorization by Congress, to carry them through to completion without the necessity of pleading annually for more funds. They must, as a matter of fact, treat public works as if they were private works, for the eventual benefit of the national corporation.

But after all, this is more than com-

mission work. It is department work. Twenty years ago there was introduced into Congress a bill which became known as the Cullom-Breckenridge Bill, providing for the establishment of a Bureau of Public Works in the Department of War to be conducted by the United States Corps of Civil Engineers. It is to such a bill and to some modification of the French and Prussian systems that we must come. The Cullom-Breckenridge Bill was based upon the Prussian system, and had the support, as it was the project, of an Engineering Conference, including most of the important engineering societies of America. The Prussian system of public works upon which it was founded provides for a national technical school for the training of civil engineers for public work, just as army and navy engineers are now trained for their specialties in our country. Young men graduated from the high schools are there admitted and given a rigorous training in engineering, supplemented by a thorough study of the laws of hydraulics and hydrostatics, of meteorology, and all the allied studies which go to make a man river-wise. In our development of this idea all those experiments in the erosive power of water, which are discussed in books to which our army engineers have occasional access, should be the familiar laboratory work of the students. They should have as well a special commercial training, learning the source and the ultimate destination of our principal traffic movements. They must study the means of controlling and deepening rivers in flood and at low stages both here and abroad. And all this must be backed up by rigorous field work upon the rivers themselves.

With such a body of experts to carry on the work, with the creation of a systematic whole, with the determination—and it is law in Germany—not to begin a work until the money for it has been definitely set aside in the largest installments in which it can be used, we will face a wholly new condition in our river

improvements. But we must not stop there. In order that we may use these rivers properly there must be a department of utilization which will acquaint our rivermen and merchants, as the Department of Agriculture does our farmers, with the best modern practice in other lands in the use of shallow and deep draft streams. And the value of these reports must be increased by the results of experiments, under tank and river conditions, with models of novel types of hull, of engine, and of *propulseur*.

This is work for more than a bureau in the War Department. It is work for a bureau in a Department of Public Works, along with bureaus to control irrigation, swamp-drainage, road-making, public building, and whatever other civil engineering activity comes up for governmental undertaking. When we have that, it will not matter so much whether we follow Congressman Bartholdt's plan and issue bonds enough to carry out all the projects at once, or whether we use only the present twenty-five million dollars or even fifty million dollars a year, — so long as we take up and finish the principal projects, a few at a time, till we have deep water in all our seaboard harbors and rivers, fourteen feet from the lakes to the Gulf, nine feet to Pittsburg,

six feet to Minneapolis, and six to Sioux City; and everywhere in the nation, instead of the lagging and disorderly projects of to-day, a swiftly evolving, comprehensive, national system of routes, alive from year's end to year's end with fleets of barges driven cheaply, and without undue risk, by economically designed power-boats. The grain of the West, the flour of the North, the wood and iron products of the Lakes, the steel of Pittsburg, will go steadily from the interior to the seaboard. Cotton goods from new centres will go to tidewater, to reach through Panama to western South America. From the Alleghanies to the Rockies there will be intercommunication; and imports, without which foreign trade cannot exist, will pour in an increasing tide back from the seaboard to the most remote sections of the interior.

This is not a local matter or a sectional one. It is a national affair. We are a great public corporation. We have money to spend. We must face this sort of a revolution — that instead of so spending this money that each man in the nation may handle a dollar as it goes, we must so spend it that each man, east, west, or central, shall handle two dollars of the increment as it comes back.

AN ART MUSEUM FOR THE PEOPLE

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER

I

THE plans for the new building of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts primarily represent the novel idea that an art museum should serve, not the student but the general public. Exhibition halls occupy the upper and finer of the two stories. Underneath each such hall is the respective working department, consisting of curators' offices, lecture halls, storerooms, and those rooms designated by the unusual term "storage exhibition." In other words all the collections are to be treated as a few are now, — Greek vases, Oriental painting, prints, for example, — where sheer bulk limits the exhibited objects to a selection. Only a fractional portion of such collections, naturally the most beautiful or important, is ever shown at one time; the rest remaining in storage at the disposal of students. In the new museum, every collection is to be regarded as too bulky for complete display, and only the choicer objects will be exhibited.

Now the installation of a parallel series of public and study collections is, as I have hinted, highly radical. It strikes uncompromisingly at the theory of comprehensive, chronological display which has prevailed for a full half-century. But the step has not been taken inconsiderately. For three years past the officers of the Boston Museum, notably the secretary, Mr. Benjamin Ives Gilman, have traversed the whole literature of museology, observing as well the merits and defects of existing buildings, and these studies have been presented to the trustees in a series of memorable reports. In these summaries may be found surprising anticipations of precisely the dual arrangement and anthological ideal

that are expressed in the new building. It appears, indeed, that this ideal has never lacked weighty championship in our generation. Rather its advocates have lacked courage or opportunity to put it into effect. For Boston has been reserved the distinction of providing a great museum building that represents in every detail a consistent and forward-looking idea, namely, that of discriminating between the needs of students and of amateurs, the two main classes that use museums. The innovation will seem shocking to those who have regarded museums merely as laboratories of archæological sciences. A humane has never yet superseded an exclusive academic doctrine without bitter controversy. But I am confident that the new ideal, from its very practicality and adaptability to our democratic conditions, will promptly make its way, and that the plans for the coming museum at Boston will become classic in the subject, just as Panizzi's project for popularizing the library of the British Museum is standard for the kindred field of the public library. Such a hope is based on the fact that the Boston idea¹ is after all a return to first principles, or, better, is a humane compromise between the enlightened amateurism that created nearly all art museums, and the scientific formalism that, while swelling their accumulations, has narrowed their popular appeal. A glance at the history of art galleries will make the point clear.

¹ The author has no authority to speak for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He merely indicates the line of policy that it is likely to follow should it carry out consistently the reform it has adopted in principle. The discussion will be of the most general applications, concerning all museums of art not devoted expressly and solely to special scholarship.

II

In the eighteenth century, which with a certain warrant considered itself pre-eminently the age of good taste, the art museum as we understand it to-day was practically unknown. Instead there were many "cabinets" of painting or sculpture. Such was the modest name that princes and wealthy amateurs chose for their artistic possessions. And the title suited the case very well. With rare exceptions, notably the Papal collections and those of the Saxon Kings, there were few cabinets that we should regard to-day as quantitatively great. But the cabinet was to yield to the museum, the royal collector to the state, the dilettante director — invariably an artist — to the diplomaed expert in art history. Museums were to be multiplied, and the riches of the old cabinets increased many fold. Access, which had formerly been restricted to the gentle class, was to be offered freely to all. In fine, the nineteenth century, as regards the art museum, was to end in a glory of expansion and democratization. Such at least was the appearance.

But the appearance was deceiving, the democratization only apparent. Expansion there had been on an impressive scale, but only in the interest of a small class of students and connoisseurs. For the people nothing had been done except to open the doors. Dazzling statistics of attendance and acquisition only meant that more stones were being provided for an ever-increasing throng that wanted bread. And to-day we are suffering from this one-sided growth of art collections. In the high name of scholarship, museums have reached or are rapidly approaching hypertrophy. Sheer piling up of exhibits threatens to obliterate all finer impressions, much as sheer volume of sound and complication of harmony have menaced the serene enjoyment of music.

The peril of this overgrowth has not passed unnoticed. For fifty years past, museum officials have occasionally

pleaded for selection, for a qualitative ideal of exhibition. Meanwhile the discontent of art-lovers has become, though rarely voiced, none the less significant. One often finds artists and amateurs complaining that a visit to an art gallery is a penance. Occasionally such protestants, who represent the real public of museums, find a spokesman, as when the sensitive critic Gustave Geffroy names the museums of Paris "Dungeons of the Ideal." The phrase might serve as a war-cry for the reformers. To-day most museums are so many Bastilles for the beautiful objects they contain. The problem is to convert these prisons into homes.

Let me illustrate concretely what this incarcerating of art means. The other day I went to the Bargello, after an absence of eleven years, with the especial purpose of renewing my acquaintance with the Donatellos. They were in an unfamiliar arrangement, and, to my chagrin, their appeal was so slow and imperfect that for a moment I was in something like panic. Was it possible that with the departure of youth had been exhausted the capacity for impressions so potent and so often proved? A little reflection and a test with Antonio Pollaiuolo's Warrior showed that neither the Donatellos nor I had changed. They had merely been subordinated to a logical but unpleasing scheme. The St. George, the David, all of them, had been taught to move in prison lockstep. A "Donatello Hall" had been created, in which all available casts of the master's sculpture were collected, the grandiose Gattamelata properly dominating the display. The dozen original pieces had been placed on guard in two files at the end of the great hall, in such a disposition that the bronzes killed the marbles, while the plaster casts crushed both impartially. The obsession of the more numerous copies was so uncomfortable that quiet enjoyment of the originals was extremely difficult. If this were true of one thoroughly familiar with the master's

work, — in whom, then, the competition of the casts caused no real ambiguity, — how much more must it have been the case with the tourists painfully picking out the veritable sculpture of Donatello by the light of Mr. Baedeker's asterisks.

For a mere gigantic example of the offensiveness of exhibiting originals with copies, take the South Kensington Museum. Is there any place in the world where so many fine objects produce so much weariness and afford so little pleasure? A sensitive taste would I am sure prefer a visit to the Trocadero, where there are only copies, and the mind is not torn between two classes of exhibits of disparate value and appeal.

Apart from such rather unpardonable attenuation of impressions of art in the name of its history, a too rigid classification of originals also may produce a repellent effect. For example, all the Botticellis in the Uffizi have recently been brought together in a single well-lighted hall. Before, they were scattered through three galleries and the long corridor, in haphazard fashion. The change is unquestionably advantageous for the student, saving some steps and some remembering; to the mere art-lover it is depressing. The Birth of Venus has been removed from a shrine to a gangway. The smaller pictures, including the marvelous Calumny and the Judith, are effaced by the larger pieces—can be seen at all only by a painful effort of abstraction. Even such a realistic masterpiece as the Adoration of the Kings is strangely cheapened by the nearness of the more idealistic roundels of the Virgin with Angels. The early pictures, which are for the most part only of the school, lower the level of the display generally. In short half a dozen of the keenest impressions of a visit to the Uffizi have been blunted in order that a handful of Neo-Morellians may save a few francs' worth of shoe-leather.

Such are some of the results of dealing too systematically with that highly spontaneous product which we call art. Whole

galleries, like the Brera, become unattractive in order that the visitor may read on the walls those personal and chronological relations which are more profitably sought in books. Objects of archaeological but of no æsthetic consequence are shown side by side with masterpieces; in the name of the catchword of the last century, — development, — exhibits are multiplied beyond the capacity of any taste to enjoy and assimilate. The plight of the art-lover grows yearly worse, while that of the student, as we shall see, is not improved in proportion to the energy and money expended.

This abuse, like many expressions of unliberalized intelligence, has most respectable origins. For a half-century past the relatively new sciences of the history and connoisseurship of art have carried everything before them. To the imagination their appeal has been irresistible, and justly, for they opened up to scientific method a new and lovely territory. And the art critic has naturally imposed his authority readily upon the old, amateurish, easygoing director. Those placid survivors of the eighteenth-century dilettantism were first made uncomfortable. The batteries of the new learning played on them night and day. Consecrated attributions were ruthlessly changed, radical ascriptions were bandied about in the most bewildering fashion. New and unheard-of artists were discovered on the walls, or, worse yet, in the storeroom. The purchase of what had seemed mere nobodies was insistently urged because these daubers had been promoted to be heads of schools or the masters of famous pupils. Under such a fusillade the alternative for an old-style director was to retire or surrender. Gradually position after position was captured by the connoisseurs, until at the end of the last century the museums of the world, with trifling exceptions, were all in the hand of new-style experts, and all suffering notably from the dropsical condition which we have already diagnosed in brief.

Now against expertism as such no art-lover has any just grievance. In many regards it is his best friend. It is only when archæology disfigures collections that profess to exist for the people, that its credentials should be shrewdly challenged. There is a place for the frankly archæological museum, just as there is for the purely academic library. Indeed there is something admirable about such a true type of the scholar's gallery as one finds in the British Museum. One can but admire the ruthless logic that, for greater ease of investigation, has installed the pediment sculptures of the Parthenon in a narrow hall, at about the convenient height of a luncheon bar. But when it comes to introducing such mal-arrangements into museums that exist primarily for the pleasure of the people, archæology must expect the odium due to any other usurper.

I must repeat that practically none of the museums that have recently been captured by connoisseurship were founded for the illustration of the history of art. They represented the free taste of amateurs in consultation with artists. We find Isabella d'Este pestering Perugino, Leonardo, and Giambellini for pictures, and employing Donatello as a buyer; Velasquez scouring Italy for Philip IV; Lebrun as artistic adviser to Louis XIV. These examples bespeak the enthusiasms that underlie nearly all modern museums. Moreover, most national collections, even those not of royal or private antecedents, were founded in a similar amateur spirit. One may judge the value of that tradition, by one of the few older galleries still unchanged, the Pitti, — perhaps the most harmonious ensemble in Europe. Morally, such beginnings should impose respect upon the museum authorities of to-day, however rigidly scientific their bent.

III

The strength of the Boston idea is that it is not merely a reaction but a genuine

attempt at adjustment of the opposing claims of science and æsthetics. Unlike the academic movement which it desires to humanize, it is not intolerant. It recognizes fully the value and dignity of archæology. It seeks not to oust the scholastic director but to liberalize him. It merely reclaims for the people the works of art which are really available for broader cultural purposes, these finer objects remaining withal as much as ever at the disposal of students. Those exhibits which are interesting only to specialists it sets apart for their use in convenient workrooms or storage galleries. In fine, Peter is to be paid without robbing Paul. The obvious reasonableness of such a division must win all sensible people in the long run. That there is a pronounced and formidable opposition from the archæological camp is due partly to sentimental reasons, partly to a misunderstanding of the practical scope of the reform.

Sentimentally it is feared that the archæological collections are to be degraded, relegated to smaller and inferior quarters. In fact merely a convenient concentration of the materials of research will be effected. Ask any specialist whether he would prefer to work with, say, Greek vases or terracottas, in the present public galleries, or to have the liberty of a private workroom near which all his material is compactly stored and shown. There can be no doubt of the answer. From those favored persons who have the privilege of the book-stack in our public libraries, no complaint is heard because it is less commodious or monumental than the general reading-room. Under such conditions the lot of the investigator is obviously improved, since the spreading out of art collections makes study only less difficult than recreation. Sheer leg-weariness produces impartially in scholar and amateur a corresponding depression of mind and mood.

A more serious apprehension is that the results of a century of scholarship

are frivolously to be repudiated. Just as the history of art begins to be clear, at the moment when our museums have laboriously achieved something like a scientific order, all this is to give way to an irresponsible dilettantism. Proved educational values are to yield to vaguely surmised æsthetic values. Here again speaks sheer misunderstanding of the thing intended. The approved academic classifications will apply absolutely to the study department of a new-style museum, — that is to the great majority of its exhibits, — while in the public halls the basis of installation will still be historical in the main. Archæology is not to be abolished, but put to new and finer uses.

All this will appear plainly when we imagine the selective process applied in concrete cases. Let us take, for example, the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities at New York. Here is a bulky exhibition of pottery and sculpture of very slight artistic value, being the product of routine craftsmen who worked apart from the finer examples of antique art. It contains duplicates in confusing and tedious numbers. It occupies nearly an acre of immensely costly floor space. Its archæological interest is, however, considerable, for Cyprus was a rendezvous for Grecian, Asiatic, and Egyptian traders, and its art reflected fitfully all these influences. What disposition would be made of such a collection in a new-style museum?

First, the duplicates would be weeded out and exchanged with other museums. Then, the bulk of the material would be transferred to a study department. Finally, the small remnant — I may guess a twentieth part — would be exhibited in chronological order as an adjunct to the major classical collections. The gain from such a redistribution would be a saving of space amounting probably to two-thirds of the present allotment, and the consequent recovery of space much needed for collections of the first importance; the representation of Cypriote art

by its best examples, freed from the confusing presence of the rest, and the elimination from the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of an unwieldy and unattractive mass of inferior and provincial objects. On the lower grounds of economy such a reform is evidently preferable to the present condition; on the higher ground of public service, such a rearrangement would at once show Cypriote antiquity at its best and would place it in perspective with classical antiquity generally. From this point of view the single small gallery containing the remnant deemed worthy of public exhibition would be not only more enjoyable but more truly educational than the dreary and almost deserted precincts now devoted to the entire Cesnola collection.

That no anti-scientific iconoclasm is intended in an anthological museum may be even more clearly seen in the galleries in which the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has partially illustrated the selective principle. These trial exhibits of Greek vases and of Japanese painting and sculpture are none the less historical because the basis of selection has been purely æsthetic. In other words, once the finer objects have been chosen, the arrangement has been made in the light of approved archæological results. In that delightful gray room in which the hieratic school of Japan is represented by a dozen paintings and as many sculptures, only a hopeless pedant could object to the arrangement on scientific grounds. In fact it differs from an ordinary museum exhibit only in these regards — all the objects are of very fine quality, the room is decorated and lighted with respect to the objects it contains, only a few things are shown, and these have been installed both in view of a general artistic effect and so that each shall enhance its neighbors. Finally — a detail but an important one — these exquisite works requiring time and tranquillity for their proper appreciation have been put in a hall that cannot be used as a thoroughfare, hav-

ing only one door. I should repeat that there is nothing antiscientific or antichronological in this pioneer gallery. It represents merely an attempt to give its contents their primary value as works of art, archæology becoming a useful if a subordinate auxiliary of the endeavor. Now I can conceive objections to the hall of Greek vases and to that of Japanese painting and sculpture, for we are in the realm of tact and taste, where opinions will naturally differ; but I think no candid visitor will deny their attractiveness. No galleries in the Museum afford a higher or more tranquil enjoyment. Moreover, if exhibits of this sort, containing to the untrained eye a great number of virtual duplicates, are to be seen at all, it can be only on condition of selection. A little observation of halls containing small or seemingly uniform objects — coins, medals, little bronzes, terra-cottas — will show that the average visitor simply overlooks such exhibits. They remain as much unseen, except for an occasional student, as if they were in our projected study departments. In fine, so apparently precious an arrangement as that of Greek painted vases or Japanese priestly art at Boston in reality bespeaks a shrewd and practical consideration of palpable defects in the ruling system of museum exhibition.

IV

It is strange, then, that the advocates of this eminently practical reform have been treated as visionaries if not fanatics. And in view of these specimen galleries there is some lack of candor in branding the anthological idea as merely amateurish or dangerously subjective. It seems to be feared that a new-style museum would consist of a blue Ming vase, a Persian tile, a few Whistler lithographs, and a bit of tapestry in the public galleries, and all the rest tucked away in the study department. We are assured that the public galleries would resemble nothing so much as the private office

of a high-class antiquarian. For purposes of caricature this may serve well enough. To those who dread a reform, it is agreeable to represent it as a revolution. It has even been asserted that a dual museum was inherently so impossible that no architect could draw the plans for the building required by the theorists; but the plans for the new Boston Museum are published and may be studied by all doubters. One may well trust to time to allay the distrust of the conservatives. The proof of this pudding too will be in the eating. The academic contingent will cease to grudge the largesse proposed for the public, when it is perceived that science is not to be taxed therefor.

Indeed the critical pass for the reformers may well prove to be the conquest of the public. It is a bold surmise that our people are on an average capable of receiving fine and selected impressions of art. There is much probability that the sheer bigness of our museums, their random appeal to untrained curiosities, constitutes a kind of attractiveness. To the casual visitor, who is largely incapable of grasping a historic scheme of exhibition, the Metropolitan Museum may well present in more dignified form the diverse titillations of the mind that one secures in more drastic form from the reading of the Sunday newspaper. With this habit of dealing joyously with the big, vague, and indigestible, the advocates of the anthological idea must reckon seriously. One of the most distinguished of these once said to me, "What if the people should refuse to visit the halls we arrange for them, and should crowd the study departments?" So whimsical a failure might indeed be possible if the change were made too abruptly and with too little regard for the habits of the public. I doubt seriously, for example, if a whole museum arranged as austere as the specimen Japanese room at Boston, could hope to hold its attendance. But in this matter a certain amount of com-

mon sense is presupposed on the part of the administrators of the reform. Evidently the selection of the "best" objects must be made not absolutely, but in the light of the actual state of the collections. Concretely, if the Boston Museum should decide to show only those paintings that may be said to rank with the world's best, it might possibly show a half-dozen. But obviously no such arbitrary selection would be made by any sensible curator. By the "best" he would merely understand the most available, considering the state of culture of his public, the richness of the collections, and the especial claims of the local and national schools of art. In short, these things are a matter of tact and delicate adjustment between the museum and the people it serves. The important thing is merely that the academic and pedagogic function should not be confused with that of genuine popularization. As regards the public, the standard, however prudently relative, must invariably be æsthetic and humane; as regards the special student it may properly be quantitative and merely historical.

And here I must deal reluctantly with that profounder skepticism which denies the validity of all æsthetic judgments — reluctantly because it involves a peculiarly pathetic dilettantism that frequently afflicts the most learned scholars. Who shall venture to choose the best, they ask? Who shall rashly impose his individual preference upon another? When we say that an object is of copper or iron; is painting or sculpture; is of such a period, school, and master, we deal with indisputable facts, beyond which it is perilous to go. To ascertain and illustrate such facts is the whole duty of a museum. When, however, we say that a thing is beautiful, or, more hardily, that it is of the first, second, or third order of beauty, we are no longer in the charted realm of fact but in the shadow world of opinion. Here is no certitude. Every man's taste is valid for himself: none may presume to instruct

another. The taste of a navvy who strolls into a picture gallery is quite as authoritative, or, better, quite as nugatory, as that of its trained curator. Accordingly the task of a museum is to grow systematically in the sunshine of science, avoiding the moonshine of æsthetic uncertainties. Evidently, if this objection is based on any truth, it is decisive. But it is based not on truth at all, but upon a strangely morbid timidity in the academic temperament. It is a typical idol of the scientific cave. Unquestionably such impotence of taste frequently exists in specialists. Charles Darwin has recorded the gradual withering of his æsthetic life. It has remained for our times to exalt this incapacity, this malady of the soul, into a high scientific virtue.

With this sweeping denial of human capacity I need not deal at length. Happily the normal mind rejects it, and life itself constantly gives it the lie. In such ordinary matters as the selection of our tea and wine we depend upon æsthetic affirmations, and in the higher issues of taste a considerable, a wholly practical, consensus exists in every field. No publisher is seriously nonplussed when he promises the hundred best authors. Archæology itself boldly asserts the superiority of Greek originals to Greco-Roman copies, an axiom which would be rank nonsense — being based solely on perception of artistic quality — if the dicta of taste are worthless. Opinions naturally differ widely as to the world's best music, but no opera or philharmonic has any practical difficulty in deciding what it will admit to its repertory. In short, men and organizations do habitually what our agnostics assert that no museum can hope to do. A working consensus of competent æsthetic opinion is, in fact, so every-day a phenomenon, that its denial savors simply of an abnormal experience of life. So the deaf deny that one song is more beautiful than another, or the reality of song itself. But, happily, no absurdity is quite without its gleam of reasonableness. It is true that the

decisions of taste are not absolute but relative. This, we shall see, is an advantage, permitting each age to emphasize what is most valuable to it. And it is true also that the best individual taste has its vagaries. But this means only that when one chooses for a number he should do so liberally and in consultation with those whose opinion is of weight. Common sense is required of all administrators, and fortunately there is no reason to believe that the skeptical scientists of to-day hold a monopoly of that indispensable quality. In short a new-style curator will occasionally blunder in matters of taste, just as an old-style curator will in matters of fact, purchasing forgeries or the like, and yet both may be excellent officials. All that we may exact in either case is practical efficiency in the long run. To close a tedious argument, the gist of the matter lies here. When an archæologist denies the practical authority of verdicts in taste, we must believe that the statement is true of himself alone. He is incapable of rendering such judgments, and has generalized rashly from his individual limitation. In a scholar's museum, where taste is of minor import, he may be useful, nay indispensable; in a popular museum he has no place.

v

The objections to the anthological idea have been considered at length, less because they are weighty than because they are held by persons of weight. Before we pass again to the more inviting theme of art galleries for the people, one more difficulty — the dead-weight of the past — should be frankly admitted. Many museums are hopelessly committed by their traditions, others are housed in buildings that permit the application of the selective process either not at all or most imperfectly. In such cases the reform must bide its time. It is chiefly the rare good fortune of having a new building in hand that gives the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the opportunity not merely to

conceive but also to realize the popular museum of the future. Into the pleasure halls of such a museum let us try to enter in imagination.

The first impression is one of roominess. The limitation of the exhibits to the finest has permitted the staff to do in reality what museum officials have always endeavored to do, but under terrible disadvantages — namely, to display their treasures in perfect light, with a proper allowance of space, and in an attractive order. There is no sense of a disorderly or anarchical arrangement. The old classification by material, period, and school still holds. Indeed the new gallery seems merely a sublimation of the familiar, more confusing sort. It yields fewer, finer, and more precise impressions. Only as we study the arrangement more narrowly do we perceive an innovation. For sound reasons of taste, there is some mixture of exhibits of various materials. The curators have acted on the principle that art is a product not of the classifiers but of an individual human life. The bad old days when Antonio Pollaiuolo, because he was at once a painter, sculptor, and goldsmith, must be sought in four Florentine museums, are passing rapidly. These new-style curators deem it folly to show Kôrin as painter, without at least representing him near-by as designer of lacquers and bijoux. They perceive that the low relief of the Italian Renaissance is only in a narrow sense sculpture at all, being really a form of graphic design in stone or metal. Hence, as occasion serves, they have not hesitated to show bas-reliefs, or even sculpture in the round, beside the paintings that it enhances or illustrates.

Repeated visits to these new galleries will reveal a new attraction — a variety within the prevailing uniformity. While the major exhibits remain unchanged, the incidental exhibits in each hall are periodically renewed. In this manner the finest portion of the more unmanageable collections is brought persuasively before the visitor in carefully selected groups.

We enjoy seriatim a whole class of lovely small objects at which we only gaped dismally when they were aligned by the hundreds in forbidding aisles of show-cases.

The museum itself is arranged to suit our convenience and to restrain our unrest. Each main department — painting, sculpture, textiles, etc. — constitutes a round in itself. One is not compelled to take a distracting course through alien exhibits to reach the galleries he seeks. An even greater comfort — one is not pushed or spilled from one hall into other and wholly unrelated collections. Seats are the rule and not the exception. At chosen points in each round there are resting-places, the windows of which give on gardens or courts. Everything makes for ease and reflection, and swift tours à la Cook are heavily penalized because one must always return to the distributing centre before attacking a new department. To commit the imbecility of visiting the whole museum in a half-day is physically impossible. The galleries, then, are absolutely free from anything like a procession of people who are merely finding their way about. One must choose what he will see, on entering. The visitors have no longer that vague harassed look which we so often noted in the old museums, for the chief cause of museum-fag has been removed. The most restless person must perforce limit himself to comparatively few, fine, and congruous impressions. The taste and intelligence of the staff have interposed between the vastness of the collections and the untrained zeal of the public.

As we frequently enter the great building or, rather, group of buildings, we gradually learn to appreciate how modestly and well it serves its purpose. It is treated simply as so many well-lighted boxes for the treasures it contains. It bespeaks not the pomp and wealth of our day, but reverence for the art of old times. It is monumental only in so far as its great bulk and carefully studied proportions make it so. It is nowhere

ornate, reflecting a high and even a beautiful utilitarianism, like a fine hospital. As our admiration for it grows, we recall with regret and even shame the many museums of our time that represent merely the vanity or the negligent opulence of their founders — impudent and irrelevant expressions of the most ephemeral art of our day, neither housing nor even lighting properly the works of art to which they have been nominally devoted; at best pale and remote echoes of the real palaces that for real reasons had become museums. But we shall bear this humiliating retrospect with the better grace, because we realize that in the past this simple and serviceable building must put an end to those old, dull, spendthrift days.

By this time our imaginary visitor will have the curiosity perhaps to visit the study department downstairs. A small group of Tanagra figurines has whetted his appetite for more. With some trepidation he approaches the doorkeeper, and learns to his relief that, to consult the curator of classical art, one need only sign a register. Going downstairs, our amateur passes several cabinets in which students are working, a lecture hall, and finally enters an office, which, since the curator is of course an expert archaeologist, contains a small working library. Before inquiring about the figurines our amateur's curiosity leads him to ask for general information about the arrangement of this strange museum, and the following colloquy ensues:—

AMATOR. Good day, Dr. Museologus.

MUSEOLOGUS. Please be seated, Mr. Amator.

AM. I am not a student and I fear to take your time, but I have traveled much and have visited many museums for my pleasure. Yours has given me many delightful hours and has never fatigued me. There seems to be some mysterious attractiveness in your system of exhibition, and I venture to ask you where the secret lies.

Mus. The matter is really very simple. We show in the public galleries only those objects that are beautiful enough in our judgment to appeal immediately to our average visitor. Beyond this we merely limit our exhibitions of small objects to the number that can readily be enjoyed. We change these small displays periodically, for the sake of variety, and to make it an object to visit our galleries frequently.

AM. Yes, I understand that. In fact I am here because I could n't wait for the next batch of Tanagra figurines. But —

Mus. (complacently). Yes, I thought that group must bring us recruits. You are the fourth. You see these little exhibitions are often an excellent bait. They draw people down here to the study collection. My assistant will gladly show you any or all of the terra-cottas.

AM. But I was going to say that your principle of selection does not wholly explain the charm of this museum. Your exhibits might be the finest and yet the effect confusing and wearisome. Here I find a remarkably simple and attractive scheme of exhibition. You hardly attain such effects without having some consistent principle.

Mus. You have an analytical mind, sir. Most of our visitors find the arrangement so inevitable that they give us scant credit for intelligence, and some even object to the simplicity you justly admire. Yes, we have a principle, — a very simple one: we try to discover and reveal the museum value of the objects we exhibit.

AM. Pardon me, but the word is new to me, and I understand it only vaguely.

Mus. Then, to illustrate: a Greek statue of a mediæval altarpiece has a primary value in its respective temple or chapel. The moment the statue leaves its temple or the picture its chapel that primary value is lost, except as we may try to reproduce it in the imagination. The statue may gain a notable secondary value in the villa of a Roman patrician or the garden of an Italian despot, but its

placing and lighting, indeed its æsthetic appreciation, must now be determined not by its original but by its new use. Suppose now the statue and picture come into a museum. Our task is merely to give them maximum effectiveness as museum exhibits. We could of course imitate their original setting, but that would be a costly stupidity — a mere theatric illusion of the poorer sort.

AM. But suppose you could get a portion of a real temple or even the original chapel of which you speak, would not that be the ideal setting? I recall the Bavarian Museum at Munich where many ancient interior fittings have been transported to serve as galleries. One sees the utensils of old time in the very places in which they were used. Suppose that this could generally be done, might it not be desirable?

Mus. Almost never. You did n't notice, I presume, that many of the interiors of the Bavarian Museum were mediocre modern facsimiles.

AM. No, is that so?

Mus. Naturally you did n't see it, because the difference between a mediocre but ancient interior and a bad modern copy of a fine ancient one is after all slight. Here is the real difficulty with your view: there are almost no interiors or fragments of buildings that are at once beautiful enough for museum exhibits and also available for that purpose. If we had such objects we should rarely show them upstairs. We should be very glad to get good examples for our study department.

AM. For museum galleries, then, you favor neither imitations of ancient interior decorations nor even the originals.

Mus. Precisely. For even if these transplanted decorations were intrinsically fine enough, we could use them as exhibition galleries only by offending both history and our modern sense of fitness. An old interior filled with miscellaneous objects of the period is a mere pretense archæologically. No such ensemble ever existed in the past. Again, if we over-

crowd it, it loses its effect as a composition; while if we use fine objects merely as subordinate decoration for such an interior, they lose that special museum value which it is our business to bring out. The point is to show to the public nothing that is false, misleading, confusing to the mind, or of slight æsthetic value.

AM. I think we agree, and that brings me back to what you had begun to say about museum values. They are, I suppose, considerably less than what you call primary æsthetic values.

MUS. Not necessarily so, or, rather, the two values are so different that it is futile to compare them. There are often obvious gains. An altarpiece may at least be seen in a gallery better than in the gloom of its chapel. Whole passages of delicate workmanship originally obscured become part of its museum value. Besides, it may be seen apart from ugly or incongruous surroundings. We at least may detach a fine work from the pathetic rubbish which the Church has massed about it. We can show it too among other beautiful works that serve as its foil or explanation.

AM. Pardon me, but I have sometimes thought that a noble work of art severed from the definite conditions under which it was made actually gains a kind of abstract beauty. By breaking the chain of historic association we have also released it from many accidental relations. Possibly we thus get nearer the ultimate endeavor towards beauty in the artist's mind — nearer the Platonic form of the picture, which certainly underlies and transcends the fact that it is a Holy Family painted for such a patron, in such a year, for such an altar. I talk vaguely, I fear, but it seems to me that in the galleries above you have managed often to get at this thing.

MUS. You have divined the spirit of the place. That is what we try to do, and if we have in any measure succeeded, you need not too greatly regret the temple that crumbles in Greece, the chapel that

has given place to the public square in Italy.

AM. In short we have the beauty that remains, and that must be sufficient.

MUS. To see that you really get that is the highest duty of an art museum. But I want you to realize that our function is after all a very simple and practical one. We merely have faith in the beautiful objects we keep. We believe they convey their exhilarating influence whenever they are really seen. Our part is merely to make it easy to see them. Thus we study with the greatest care, scientifically you might say, the lighting of our galleries, and the tinting of walls and floors. We treat every class of exhibits and every hall as a special case avoiding the old uniformity, and above all else, eschewing the old pseudo-palatinal ornateness. We show only a few things in any gallery, making them balance and embellish each other. Things that belong together as the work of one artist in several mediums, we put together in spite of our general classification. In short, we treat with human respect and simplicity the relatively few things we exhibit. We do as little as possible, trusting the light and the work of art to make their joint appeal effective.

AM. Very good, but I presume your successor, and even more your remote successors, will make great changes in the public galleries. Taste shifts, you know.

MUS. I certainly hope so. My successor must serve not my public but his own. If he finds worthy of the galleries many objects which I have kept in the study department, why, so much the better. His taste ought to be better than mine, his public more enlightened than that of to-day. Indeed, the strength of this kind of a museum is that it responds sensitively to the best contemporary taste, giving each generation what it is most prepared to appreciate. Because we realize the relativity of our own judgments we alienate nothing but duplicates. We are unwilling to tie the hands of those to come. And precisely in the flexibility

you note lies our advantage over the merely archæological museums. Their classification is abstract, impersonal, and rigid, with the result that at any one time half their galleries are dead as regards the people. We have no dead galleries.

AM. Only one more matter. As this museum grows, will it not from mere expansion come once more to resemble the old-style museums?

MUS. A shrewd and a fair question. No. As fast as we get finer objects we make place for them by removing relatively inferior objects from the galleries to the study department. For each public department we have fixed a limit of growth. Whenever that limit is reached, that gallery will remain stationary as regards size, improving, however, in quality as poorer are replaced by finer exhibits.

AM. Then, looking forward to the remote future, you will have public galleries always richer in beautiful works of art —

MUS. And so ever more productive of pleasure and culture for the people.

AM. And study collections ever gaining in size and representative quality.

MUS. Hence progressively more interesting and valuable to students and investigators.

AM. My dear sir, it seems ideal. You will permit me to congratulate you upon engaging in so engrossing a profession.

MUS. Rather let me congratulate the museum on receiving so appreciative a visitor. You must go? You are always welcome here. May I show you the terra-cottas?

AM. Not to-day. I must go upstairs again and take my museum values more intelligently, in view of what you have kindly said.

MUS. Not too seriously, I beg of you; enjoy yourself merely, and when you want to work, come down here. Good-day.

AM. Many thanks. Good-day.

Some such talk I seem to have heard in a dream, and I have learned to believe that the dreams of to-day are often the stuff out of which the realities of to-morrow are shaped.

ROSE MACLEOD¹

BY ALICE BROWN

VIII

Peter made up his mind to display, at last, all the guile he had; he would say nothing about Rose. If Electra had attempted to call on her, she might impart the fact to him or not, as she determined. But Electra did not wait to be asked. She turned to him with a serious air, inquiring, —

"When is Miss MacLeod likely to be back?"

"Rose?" Peter countered, obstinately. "At dinner-time, surely."

"I shall try to find her then."

Peter felt such an access of gratitude that, as he looked down at the charmingly gloved hands, holding the reins in the right way, he thought of conveying his emotion by placing his own hand over them. But their masterful ease had a message of its own. It seemed almost as if they might resist. He cast about for something to please her.

"Electra," he began, "I'm going to pitch into work with Osmond."

Electra looked at him over a chin superbly lifted. This was evidently sur-

¹ Copyright, 1907, by ALICE BROWN.

prise, but whether disdainful of him or not he could not tell. At any rate he felt whimsically miserable under it.

"Osmond works on the farm," she said merely.

Peter inferred some belittling of Osmond, and immediately he was at one with him and market-gardening.

"I belong to the Brotherhood," he said stiffly. "I don't propose to live like a bondholder while other fellows are hoeing. I'm going to work."

Still Electra said nothing. She had meant to stop at her own gate and let Peter leave her, if he would, but she had driven by, and now they were in a pretty reach of pines, with the needles under the horse's feet. The reins lay loosely, and Electra, who seldom did anything without a painstaking consciousness, even forgot her driving, and let her hands relax into an unlawful ease. They might almost tremble, she was afraid, she felt so undone with some emotion, — disappointment, anger? She did not know. But she kept her eyes fixed on a spot directly ahead, and in spite of herself, thought turbulently. She could not help feeling that Peter would be surprised if he knew how he seemed to her after this return, almost a stranger, and one who awoke in her no desire for further acquaintance. He was not ministering to her pride in any way. He was not in the least a person whom she could flaunt at gatherings of the intellectually worshipful, with any chance of his doing her credit. She herself had tried to talk art with him, and Peter grew dumb. She could not guess it was because she did not speak his language, which had become almost a sign language, touched here and there with idiom and the rest understood, — a jargon of technicalities, mostly, it seemed, humorous, he appeared to mean them so lightly. Before he went abroad, she, who had read exhaustively in art, used to impart fact and theory to him in a serious fashion, and Peter had humbly accepted them. But now, when she opened her lips

about his darling work which was so intimate a part of him that it was almost like play, he had a queer horror of what she was saying, as if she were beginning a persistent solo on a barbarous instrument; he could think of nothing but putting his hands over his ears and running off. But instead he had only been silent. She could not understand Peter's having read so few books and being in possession of such a meagre treasury of formulated opinion. The truth was that he had so many pleasant things to think about that books were only the dullard's task. His thoughts were not very consecutive or toward any particular end; they were merely a pageant of dancing figures, sometimes fantastic, sometimes dramatically grave, but always absorbing. This Electra could not know. Now it was running through her mind that Peter, though he had won the great prizes of art, was mysteriously dull and not what she considered a distinguished figure at all. His air, his clothes even — she found herself shrinking a little, at the moment, from the slovenly figure he made, his long legs drawn up in the carriage so that he could clasp his hands about his knees, while he went brightly on. For now Peter had found something to talk about. His topic shone before him as he handled it. This was almost like painting a picture with a real brush on real canvas, it grew so fast.

"We might found a community," he was urging as warmly, she thought, as if he meant it. "Osmond can dig. I can. I wonder if you could milk the cow!"

"I have certainly never tried to milk a cow," said Electra, in a tone that bit.

But Peter was n't listening. He was simply pleasing his own creative self.

"You should n't," he offered generously. "You should

'Sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And live on ripe strawberries, sugar and cream.'

Electra pulled the horse up, and though this was the narrowest bit of road for a mile, turned, with a masterly hand.

"How under the sun do you do that?" Peter was asking pleasantly. She interrogated him with a glance, and saw him hunched together in more general abandon. The happier Peter was in his own thoughts and the warmer the sun shone on him, the looser his joints became. To Electra he looked like a vagabond, but she was conscious that if for a moment he would act the part of a great painter, she would bid him sit up, try to get him into a proper cravat, and marry him tomorrow. Careless Peter was quite oblivious to the effect he was creating. He had forgotten Electra, save as some one possessed of two ears to listen.

"Turn," he pursued. "How can you turn? I never could. I remember I took you to drive once, ages ago, and I had to keep on in a thunder shower, round the five-mile curve, because I did n't dare to let you know I could n't cramp the wheel."

Electra remembered the day. Peter was timidly worshipful of her then, and she had found that quite appropriate in him. She remembered the lightning, and how satisfied she had been to go round the five-mile curve, if only to show that she was not timid in a storm. Then it seemed as if Peter had been unable to forego the delight of having her with him, but now it appeared that he could absently sit there hugging his knees, and guying the occasion.

"I believe I can cramp the wheel," he was saying sunnily, out of an absolute content in his limitations. "Only I never can remember which rein does it. Can you turn either way, Electra, right or left, one just as well as the other?"

Electra could not answer in that vein.

"Don't!" she said involuntarily.

In some moods Peter had a habit of not waiting for answers.

"It's beyond me how they do those things," he was saying, "drive, ride, swim. Should n't you like to be a fish? I should be mighty proud."

"Shall I leave you here?" asked Electra, drawing up at his gate.

Peter came out of his childish muse. He saw Rose in the garden, and knew it was better that Electra should find her alone.

"Yes, let me out," he said. "I'll run back and see if Osmond is where I left him."

Electra also had seen Rose, lying in the long chair under the grape arbor, and left her carriage at the gate. Rose was in white. A book lay in her lap, unopened. The idle hands had clasped, and her eyes were closed. Electra, coming upon her, felt a pang, an inexplicable one, at her loveliness. It seemed half lassitude, not alone to challenge pity, but a renewed and poignant interest when she should awake. At Electra's step her eyes came open slowly, as if there were nothing in that garden ground to move her. Then with a rush of color to the face, her eyes grew large. Life, surprised life, poured in on her, and she had gained her feet with a spring. Before Electra could insist upon her own decorous distance, Rose, with a charming gesture and an insistent cordiality, had her by both hands.

"How good of you," she was saying. "How good of you!"

"Not at all," returned Electra, with a stiff dignity she hated, as not in the least the armor she had meant to wear. "I came to see if you would drive over to the house." This she had not meant to ask, but it seemed easier to deal with problematic characters in the course of motion than face to face and standing. Rose was eagerly ready.

"My hat is here," she cried, "and my parasol. I thought I might walk up the road a bit, — but it was so hot. How good of you!"

As they went down the path together, Rose in her slender grace and eager motions the significant note in the garden, Electra felt the irritation of having, for any reason, committed herself to even a short intimacy with her. But presently they were together in the carriage, and Electra spoke.

"My grandmother is at home this morning. We have a guest for a few days, Mr. William Stark, of London. I thought you might be interested in meeting them both."

"I shall be delighted," returned Rose, still in that warmly impulsive tone.

Electra had a strong distaste for unconsidered things. They seemed to her to show lack of poise. Now she was conscious of the inconsistency of proposing that Rose should meet anybody, even Billy Stark. But in the moment of conceiving it she had remembered that Mr. Stark was a man of the world; he would know an adventuress when he saw one. Afterwards she would ask him frankly how his judgment had been affected by the siren's song.

At the house she led the way into the vine-shaded sitting-room where Madam Fulton and Stark had been engaged for an hour in a battle delightful to them both. Madam Fulton sat beautifully upright in a straight-backed chair, and her old friend, with her permission, lay upon a bamboo couch, where he held his eyeglass by its ribbon in one outstretched hand and gesticulated with it, while he urged torrentially upon her the rights of a publisher to the confidence of his author. Now he came to his feet and stood punctiliously.

"Ah!" said Madam Fulton. She had remembered a little lack in her reception of Rose when, hot and tired from her journey, she had found her in the house. "So here is our young lady again. I have been wondering why we have n't seen you, my dear."

While Rose, in her grateful sweetness, was bowing over her hand, Electra had said to the gentleman, with the air of its being quite the usual thing to say, —

"You know all about Markham MacLeod, Mr. Stark. This is the daughter of Markham MacLeod."

Somehow, save to Rose, it seemed an adequate presentation, and that instant Stark was bowing before her.

"I can't say Mr. MacLeod," Electra

added, with the elaborate grace that fitted what seemed to her that skillful preface. "He is quite too great for that, is n't he, Mr. Stark?"

Billy had no extravagant opinion of Markham MacLeod. He had rather the natural dubiousness of the inquiring mind toward a man whom the world delighted to honor and who had, according to dispassionate standards, done nothing, as yet, save telling others what to do.

"We don't say Mr. Browning, often," he concurred, "certainly not Mr. Shakespeare. But, my dear young lady, I don't forgive your father."

He seated himself, for Electra was now decorously smiling in a chair that became her. It had a high carved top like Madam Fulton's, and in these the older woman and the younger looked like the finest-fibred beings bred out of endurance and strong virtues. Rose was in a low chair near Madam Fulton's knee. She was leaning forward now, listening in her receptive way, and Billy Stark looked at her anew and wondered at her beauty and her grace. But he recalled himself with a sigh, and remembered it was the old commonplace — youth — and it was not for him.

"You don't forgive my father?" she repeated, with a slightly foreign accent that came sometimes upon her tongue, no one knew why, whether to enhance her charm or in unconsciousness. "Why?"

Billy Stark had thrown one of his short legs over the other, and held it with his well-kept hand.

"He is a renegade," he said. "He began to write, and stopped writing. You can't expect a publisher to condone that."

Madam Fulton was having a strange pang of liking and envy as she looked at the girl, one such as she never felt over Electra. Rose for her, too, had youth, beautiful and pathetic also. As the girl only smiled without answering, she said kindly, —

"Your father got very much interested in people, did n't he, my dear? the working classes?"

"Labor," said Electra, as if it were a war-cry.

Madam Fulton glanced at her involuntarily, with a satirical thought. Electra had a maternal attitude toward her servants, shown, her grandmother thought, chiefly by interfering in their private lives. She worked tirelessly at clubs to raise money for labor, and she listened to the most arid talks on the situation of the day. But did Electra love her fellow-man? Madam Fulton did not know. She had seen no sign of it. But Rose was returning one of her vague answers that always seemed significant, and, to any partial ear, quite adequate.

"My father founded what he calls the Brotherhood. He speaks for it. He works for it. But you know that already."

Stark nodded.

"I know," he said. "It is tremendous. He says to this man, 'Come,' and he cometh, and so on. I should think it would make him lie awake o' nights."

"No," said Rose, smiling brilliantly in a way she had when the smile had no honest mirth in it, "my father never lies awake. Responsibility is the last thing he fears."

Now Electra was smiling upon her so persuasively that Rose bent toward the look as if it were a species of sunshine.

"We want you to do something for us," Electra said.

"Oh, I'll do it," Rose was responding eagerly. "Gladly."

"We want you to give us a talk on your father."

Rose, painfully thrown back upon herself, looked her discomfort.

"Do you mean —" she began. "That was what you asked me before."

"For the Club."

"They want me to give a talk on my book," said Madam Fulton, looking at Stark with a direct mirth. Then, still with a meaning for him, she added, to Rose, "You do it, my dear. So will I, if they drive me to it. We'll surprise them."

"That would be very sweet of you, grandmother," said Electra, innocent of

hidden meanings. "Then we might count on two afternoons."

"What do you want to know about my father?" asked Rose, and Electra answered with a contrasting enthusiasm, —

"His habit of thought, something about his daily life as seen by those nearest him, anything to interpret a great man to us."

"I can't do it." Rose had answered with a touch of harshness strangely contrasted with her facile ways. "I really can't."

Now she saw why she had been summoned, and her gratitude sobered into dull distaste. She felt cold.

"That sort of thing is very difficult," said Stark, in a general desire to quell the emotional tide. "I often think a person next us has to be inarticulate about us. He does n't know really what he thinks of us till we are gone. You know a big Frenchman says it is like being inside the works of a clock. You can't tell the time there. You have to go outside."

Rose was upon her feet, a lovely figure, wistful and mysteriously sad.

"I must go back," she said. "Thank you for letting me come." She had turned away when Madam Fulton called to her.

"Miss MacLeod!" Rose stood, arrested. Madam Fulton continued, "Why not stay to luncheon with us?"

The girl did not answer. Apparently she could not. Tears were swimming in her eyes. She looked at Electra in what might be reproach or a despair at the futility of the fight she had to make. She returned to Madam Fulton and stood before her.

"You did n't know," she said, in a low tone. "No one has told you!"

"Sit down," said the old lady kindly. "What is it?"

Rose stood before her, proudly now, her back turned upon Electra, as if she repudiated one source of justice and appealed to another court.

"You called me Miss MacLeod," she said, in her full-throated voice. "I was your grandson's wife."

"Tom's wife!" cried the old lady, in a sharp staccato. "Tom's wife! For heaven's sake!"

Rose turned from her to Stark with an eloquent insistence. Electra, outside the circle of the drama, stood ignored. But Madam Fulton called to her, —

"Electra, do you hear?"

"I have heard it," answered Electra, with composure.

"You have heard it? Why did n't you tell me?"

But Electra made no reply. Madam Fulton gave way to her excitement. It seemed to put new blood into her veins.

"Sit down here," she said imperiously, pushing forward a chair. Rose sank upon it in a dignified obedience. "Now tell me, — how long were you married?"

"Two years."

"Did Tom —" there were many things the old lady, knowing Tom, wished to ask. But Tom was in his grave, and she contented herself with remarking, "I certainly am petrified."

Stark gave a little smiling nod to them, and began making his way to the door. It seemed to him emphatically that this was a family conclave.

"Billy," called the old lady, "did you ever hear of such a thing in your life? Tom had a wife two years before he died, and not a word. Did you ever dream of such a thing? Electra, I could trounce you for not telling me." Then, as no one spoke, she asked sharply, "Does Peter know?"

"Yes, Madam Fulton," Rose returned. "He brought me here. Not quite that. He assured me I might come."

"Come! of course you had to come. You belong here. Why are n't you staying with us? Electra, have n't you seen to it?"

Electra was immovable, and the other girl turned to her a mute glance. To Billy Stark it said many things. Reproach was in it, and a challenging, almost a hard appeal. Rose looked like a gentle thing that has been forced to fight. But she spoke to Madam Fulton.

"I must go," she said, with her exquisite deference. "I must n't tire you."

"Tire me! I'm never tired. Well, you must come again. You must come to stay. Electra will see to that."

But Electra only walked to the library door with the departing guest, and presently Billy Stark caught the white shimmer of a gown, as Rose went down the path. Electra was looking eagerly from him to her grandmother.

"Well, Mr. Stark," she said, as if she hurried him. "What do you think of her?"

Stark indicated a chair, with a courteous motion, and then allowed himself to be seated.

"She is a remarkably beautiful young woman," he returned, in his impartial way of shedding optimism.

Electra made an impatient gesture.

"I know — I know. It's easy enough to be handsome."

"Oh, is it?" commented Madam Fulton.

"But what do you think of her?"

"What do you mean, Electra?" asked her grandmother testily. She was prepared to hear that Electra thought the stranger lacking in poise.

A deep red had risen to Electra's cheeks. Her hands flew together in a nervous clasp. She had momentarily lost what poise she herself possessed.

"Can't you see," she urged, "that girl is an adventuress?"

Grandmother was leaning forward, enchanted at the prospect. She seemed to have before her an absorbing work of fiction, "concluded in our next."

"Now what makes you think so?" she inquired cosily. "Would n't that be grand! Stay here, Billy. If there's any scandal about Queen Elizabeth, you must share it."

Electra was speaking with a high impatience.

"Of course she is an adventuress. You must see it, both of you."

"Is that all the evidence you have?" asked the old lady dryly.

Electra blenched a little. She liked to have irrefutable fact on her side, and allow other people the generalities. Yet her certainty remained untouched.

"Does Peter say she is Tom's wife?" inquired Madam Fulton, in some scorn at herself for putting elementary questions.

"Yes. Peter says she was Tom's wife."

"There, you see!" But at Electra's look, the old lady cried out to Stark, in irrepressible annoyance, "No, she does n't see! It does n't mean a thing to her."

"It will be quite easy," said Stark soothingly, "to assure yourself, Miss Electra. She will no doubt tell you where she was married. That can be confirmed at once."

"She must present her proofs," said Electra. "I shall not ask for them."

"What do you hate the poor girl for?" asked Madam Fulton. "Is it the money? Are you afraid you've got to share with her?"

Billy Stark had been nearing the door, and now he was out of the room.

"Have you told Peter how you feel about it?" asked the old lady keenly.

Electra seemed to herself to be unjustly upon her own defense when she had meant to place the stranger there.

"He knows it, grandmother." She spoke as impatiently as decorum would allow.

The old lady watched her for a moment, steadily. Then she inquired,—

"Do you know what's the matter with you, Electra?"

"With me, grandmother?"

"You're jealous, child. You're jealous of Peter, because the girl's so pretty."

Electra stood still, the color surging over her face. She felt out of doors for all the world to jeer at, and without the blameless habit of her life. Nothing, Electra told herself, even at that moment, had the value of the truth. If she believed herself to be jealous, she must not shirk it, degrading as it was. But she would not believe it.

"You must excuse me, grandmother," she said, with dignity. "I can't discuss such things, even with you."

Madam Fulton spoke quite eagerly.

"But, bless you, child, I like you the better for it. It makes you human. Your decorum is the only thing I've ever had to complain of. If I could find a weakness in you now and then, we should agree like two peas in a pod."

Electra stood taller and straighter.

"At least," she said, "the young woman is here, and we have got to do our best about it."

"The young woman! Don't talk as if she were a kitchen wench. What's the use, Electra! What's the sense in being so irreproachable? Come off your stilts while we're alone together."

"But, grandmother," said Electra, with an accession of firmness, and leaving irrelevant strictures to be considered in the silence of her room, "I shall neither acknowledge her nor shall I invite her here."

"You won't acknowledge her?"

"Not until she brings me proof."

"You won't ask for it?"

"I shan't ask for it. It is for her to act, not for me."

"And you won't have her here? Then, by George, Electra, I will!"

Electra raised her eyebrows by the slightest possible space. It was involuntary, but the old lady saw it.

"You're quite right," she said ironically, "the house is n't mine."

"The house is yours to do exactly as you please with it," said Electra, with an instant justice instinct even with a dutiful warmth. "Any guest you invite is welcome. Only, grandmother, I must beg of you not to invite this particular person."

"Person! Electra, you make me mad. Be human; come, unbend a little. Take the poker out of your training. Do the decent thing, and ask her here, and then find out about her, and if she's a baggage, turn her out, neck and crop."

"I must refuse, grandmother," said

Electra. "Now are n't you getting tired? I will bring your food."

Madam Fulton spoke with deliberate unction: —

"Perdition take my food!"

IX

ROSE came down out of her chamber after supper on a warm still evening. She had stayed in retirement nearly all day. Grandmother had been suffering discomfort from the heat and was better alone. Peter had gone to town, and he had not come back. The girl stopped in the doorway of the silent house and looked out into the night. It was all moonlight, all mysterious shadows and enchanting stillnesses. The glamour of the hour lay over it like a veil, and her heart responded to the calling from mysterious distances, voices that were those of life itself springing within her and echoing back from that delusive world. She stood there smiling a little, trying to keep the wholesome bitterness of her mood, because she thought she knew what a deceiving jade fortune is, and yet with her young heart pathetically craving life and the fullness of it. Rose thought she had quite fathomed the worth of things. She knew the bravest shows are made by the trickiest design, and she had sworn, in desperate defense of herself, to "take the world but as the world" — a gaming ground for base passions and self-love. But to-night all the instincts of youth in her were innocently vocal. Here was the beautiful earth, again fecund and full of gifts. She could not help believing in it. She gathered her skirts about her, and stepped out into the dew, and with no avowed purpose, but, straight as inevitable intent could lead her, crossed the orchard and went down across the field to Osmond. She had selected that way, in her unconscious mind, when grandmother had that morning sent her into the attic to look at some precious heirlooms in disuse. Looking out of the attic window she had noted his little shack and

fields of growing things, and some impatience then had said to her, That would be the way to get to him. Before the last wall, she came out on a low rise where there was a spreading tree. It was an oak tree, and though there seemed to be no wind that night, the leaves rustled thinly.

"Where are you going?" It was Osmond's voice out of the shadow near the wall.

Rose answered at once, —

"I was going down to see you."

"I thought you would come."

He was sitting there, his back against the wall, and at once she sank down opposite him on a stone that made her a prim little seat. The shadow lay upon her in flecks, but the outline of her white dress was visible to him.

"Did you call me?" she asked. There was no trace of her unrest of the moments before, either in her manner or in her own happy consciousness. She felt instead a delicious ease and security that needed no explaining even to herself.

Osmond answered as if he were deliberating.

"I don't know whether I called you. I hope I did n't. I was thinking about you, of course."

"Why do you hope you did n't?"

"Because I have n't any right to."

"Does n't my coming prove you had a right to? You see you did call me, and I came."

After a moment he answered irrelevantly, —

"I'm a cowardly sort of chap. When I feel like calling you, I choke it down. I don't want to get the habit of you."

"Why not?"

"One reason — it will be so difficult when you go away."

A sense of freedom and happiness possessed her. Words rose tumultuously to her lips, to be choked there. She wanted to say unreasonably, "I shall never go away. How could you think it?" But instead she asked, with a happy indirection, "Where am I going?"

He, too, answered lightly.

"How should I know? Back into your cloud, I guess — dear goddess." The last words were very low, and to himself, but she heard them. Instantly and against all reason, she, who had never meant to be happy again, laughed ecstatically.

"Think," she said, "a month ago I did n't know you were in the world."

"Oh, yes, you did. Peter told you he had a kind of a brother, that worked on the farm. But I did n't know you were in the world."

"Of course," she deliberated softly, "I knew Peter had a brother. But I did n't know it was you."

The moonlit air was as beguiling to him as it was to her. Everything was different and everything was possible. He put his hand to his head and tried to recall old prudences. In vain. The still, bright world told him, with a voice so quiet that it was like a hand upon his heart, that it was the only world. The daylight one of doubts and dull expediency had been arranged by man. This was the home of the spirit. For a moment he felt himself drowning in that sea of life. Then, perhaps lifted by his striving will, he seemed to come out again to the free air that had touched him at her coming. Again he was at peace and incredibly exalted. He tried to bring lightness into their talk.

"I suppose," said he, "you are one of the charmers."

"What do you mean by charmers?"

"Don't ask me what I mean, when you know. If you do that, we shall forget our language."

"What do you mean by our language?"

"Yours and mine. Don't you hear it going on, question and answer, question and answer, all the time our tongues are talking? Those are the things we never can speak out loud."

"Yes, I hear them. But I could n't tell what I hear."

"Of course you could n't. Only when

we really speak with our lips, we must tell each other the truth. If we don't, we shall jar things. Then the other voices will stop."

When she spoke her words had a note of pain, mysteriously disproportioned, he thought, to the warning he had given.

"I don't think I have told you what was n't true," she faltered. Life had gone out of her.

The tenderest comforting seemed to him too harsh for such pathetic sorrow. But he clung to his lighter, safer mood.

"We've simply got to tell each other the truth. When we don't, it's like the clanging of ten thousand bells. Of course that drowns the other voices. So when I ask you if you are one of the charmers, you must n't ask what I mean. You must answer."

She began to laugh. His heart rejoiced at it.

"Yes," she owned gleefully. "Yes, I am."

"That's a good lady. You're very beautiful, too, are n't you?"

"Yes," she corroborated. "Oh, I'd swear to anything!"

"If it's true," he corrected her. "What are your accomplishments, missy? Do you play the piano?"

For his life, Osmond could not have told why he addressed her as he did, or how he got the words. Some strange self seemed to have sprung up in him, a self that had a language he had not learned from books nor used to woman. The new self grew rapidly. He felt it wax within him. It was loquacious, too. It seemed to have more to say than there would be time for in a million years; but he gave it head.

"I play a little," said Rose. She was meeting him joyously. "I sing, too."

"Yes, you sing. I guessed that. Let me hear you."

At once she folded her hands on her knees and sang like a child in heaven, with the art that is simplicity. She sang "Nous n'irons plus au bois," and Os-

mond felt his heart choking with the melancholy of it. His own voice trembled when he said, —

"You must not sing that often. It's too sad."

"Are we never to be sad?" She asked it in a quick tone full of eager confidence, as if whatever he told her was bound to come to pass.

"Not when we are together."

Premonition chilled him there. Why should they ever be together again? Why was it not possible that this was his one night, the first and the last? So if it was to be the last, he would taste every minute of it, and make it his to keep.

"Well," he said consideringly, "so you are a charmer. You can charm a bird off a bush. That would be one of the first tricks."

She answered, in what he saw was real delight.

"I can try. Want me to?"

"No, no. You can't tell what will become of the bird — in the end."

His voice sounded to her ineffably sad. Eager words rose again to her lips, and again she held them back, even against the glamour of that light and air.

"You broke your promise to me," she adventured presently.

"What promise?"

"You said you would come to the house."

"I said I might." He spoke with an embracing tenderness, as if to a child. She fancied he was smiling at her through the dusk. "Besides," he continued, "I shan't come to see you there anyway, I have decided that."

"Why not?"

"This is better."

"This?"

"This tree."

It seemed quite just and natural that she should meet him there. Why should she disclaim it?

"But you won't go to the house to see your grandmother?"

"Oh, I see grannie. She wakes before day. We have a little talk every morning

while you're asleep. The last time" — he stopped.

"Well!" she urged him.

"The last time I passed your door I heard your step inside. When I went out at the front door, I heard you on the stairs." It had apparently enormous significance to him. "The next morning I came earlier," said Osmond, in a low tone, "but I dropped a handful of rose leaves at your sill."

"I saw them — scattered rose leaves."

"For you to step on."

There was a moment's silence.

"But I did n't," she said. "I did n't step on them."

"What did you do?"

"I gathered them up very carefully in my handkerchief and left them in my bureau drawer."

"Now, why — " he spoke curiously — "why did you do that?"

"I hate to throw away flowers. They are precious to me."

There was silence again, and then he said reprovingly, —

"No, you must n't do that."

"Do what?"

"You must n't get up earlier to catch me scattering my rose leaves. That would n't be fair."

"That was what I was thinking." She mused a moment. "No, I suppose it would n't be fair."

"You see we shall have to play fair every minute. That's the way to be good playmates."

"That's what we are, is n't it — playmates?"

"It's about the size of it." Then he asked her gravely, across the distance between them: "Don't you hear a nightingale?"

She was taken in.

"But there are n't any nightingales, in New England!"

"I almost think I hear one. You see if you don't."

She caught the pace then, and listened. Presently she spoke as gravely as he had done.

"I am sure I hear one. Over there in the rose garden."

"I knew you would." He breathed quickly, in a gay relief. "Yes, in the rose garden 'her breast against a thorn.' Well, playmate, it's a wonderful night. I smell the roses, too, don't you?"

"Yes, and lilies. The nightingale sings very loud."

"Let us talk, playmate. Where have you been since I saw you last?"

"Since that other night I came down here?"

"Since that other year, so long ago. We must n't forget there are other years, though we can't quite recall them. If there had n't been, we should n't be hearing the nightingale to-night and talking without words. You see it's a good while since I saw you. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five! A quarter of a century. That's a long time. Well, what have you been doing all that twenty-five years?"

She seemed to shrink into herself, as if a hand had struck her.

"Don't!" she breathed. "Don't ask me to remember."

"Why, no! not if it troubles you."

"Troubles me! it kills me. Can't we begin now?"

"We will begin now. There, playmate, don't shiver. I feel you're doing it through the moonlight. Don't let your chin tremble either. It did, that night down in the shack."

"When I was talking about Electra?"

"I guess so. Anyway, it trembled a lot, and I made up my mind it must n't any more. Cheer up, playmate. Be a man."

"I wish I were a man." She spoke bitterly. The beauty of the night seemed to break about her, and this castle of whim that had looked, a moment ago, more solid than certainty, was crumbling.

"Now you're doing what I told you not to," he warned her gravely. "You have stopped telling the truth. You don't wish you were a man. Think how happy you were a minute ago, only because you

are a beautiful woman and you heard the nightingale."

She was struggling back into the clear medium that had been between them the moment before.

"I only meant — " she spoke painfully, hunting for words and pathetically anxious to have them right — "I only meant — I have been unhappy. No man would have been as unhappy as I have been."

Osmond smiled a little to himself, in grave communing. The uphill road of his life presented itself to him as a thorny way so hard that, if he had foreseen it from the beginning, he would have said it was impossible. But at the same instant he remembered where it had led him: he had come out into clear air, he was resting in this garden of delight. And she, too, was resting. He knew that with a perfect certainty.

"We have begun over," he warned her. "We don't have to remember. See the moon driving along the sky. We are going with her, fast. Look at her, playmate."

She looked up into the sky where the moon seemed to be racing past more stable clouds. It was as if their spiritual gaze met there, to be welded into a mutual compact. This was the ecstasy of silence. Presently a sound broke it, a whistle loud and clear from the other field. Osmond was at once upon his feet.

"Come," he said, "we must go. There's Peter."

"But why must we go?" She was struggling out of her trance of quietude, almost offended at his haste.

"Come with me. We will meet him in the field. It is too — too splendid, here. This is our castle under the tree. Don't you know it is? We can't ask anybody in — not even Peter."

"Not even Peter!" She tried to say it gayly, but a quick sadness fell upon her as she rose and went with him along the path. The moon had gone into a cloud, and a breath sprang up. The night was cooler. That other still languor of too

great emotion seemed like something generated by their souls, and dissipated when they had to come out of the world of their own creating. All her daily fears rose up before her in anticipation. She was again alien here in her own land, and Electra was unkind to her. But there was a strange confidence and strength in knowing this silent figure was at her side.

"Courage, playmate," he said, as if he knew her thought. "We shall think this night over, shan't we?"

"Yes. When —" her voice failed her.

"Every night," he said, with an unchanged assurance that amazed her like the night itself. "I shall be there every night. If you don't come — why, never mind. If you come —" his voice stopped as if something choked it. Then he went on heartily, "The house will be there under the tree, the playhouse. Nobody will see it by day, you know. Nobody'll run up against it by night. But you've got the key. There are only two, you know. You have one. I have the other. And here's Peter."

The whistle had come nearer, clear and pure now like the pipe of Pan. Peter stopped short.

"Rose!" he cried. "Osmond! What is it?"

Some accident seemed to him inevitable. Nothing else could have brought about this meeting. Osmond answered, stopping as he did so, when Peter turned to join him.

"I'll go back, now you've come, Peter. We were taking our walks abroad. So we met. Good-night! good-night!"

It seemed a separate and a different farewell to each of them, and he walked away. Peter stood staring after him, but Rose involuntarily glanced up to heaven to see if the moon, out of her cloud now, would give again the radiant assurance of that other moment. She longed passionately for even an instant's meeting even so with the man who had gone. Then an exalted calm possessed her. She and Peter were walking rather fast along the path; he had been talking and

she was conscious that she had not heard. Now a name arrested her.

"Had you met him before?" he was asking, — "Osmond?"

Her old habit of elusive courtesy came back to her. She laughed a little.

"We have n't really met now, have we?" she responded pleasantly.

"He said he was afraid of you." Peter put it bluntly, out of his curiosity and something else that was not altogether satisfaction. He was not jealous of Osmond. He could not be, more than of a splendid tree; but there was a something in the air he did not understand. He felt himself pushing angrily against it, as if it were a tangible obstruction. "He was afraid of you," he continued blunderingly, "because you are a Parisian."

Rose laughed again, with that beguiling gentleness.

"But he spoke first, I believe," she explained carelessly. "I was walking along and he asked me where I was going."

"What were you talking about?" Peter's voice amazed him, as it did her. It was rough, remonstrating, he realized immediately, like the mood that engendered it. He was shocked at himself and glad she did not answer. Instead, she gave him her hand that he might help her over the low wall.

"See," she said, "your grandmother has a light in her room. She is lying in bed reading good books."

"Does she read them to you?"

"A little word sometimes when I go in to say good-night."

"Grannie's a saint."

"Yes, and better. She's a beautiful grannie."

When they stepped into the hall, Peter, under the stress of his inexplicable feeling, turned to look at her. Instantly the eyes of the man and of the artist agreed in an amazed affirmation. The artist in Peter got the better, and gave him authority. "Wait a minute," he bade her. "Stand there."

She obeyed him, and looked inquir-

ingly yet languidly. The angry man in him told him at once that she could obey because she was indifferent to his reasons for commanding her. Out of that indifference she stood and looked at him, kind, friendly, yet as far from him as the remoter stars. He stared at her and thought of brush and canvas. Never had he seen a woman so alive. Her eyes, her wayward hair, her very flesh seemed touched with flame. Her lips had softened into a full curve, strange contrast to their former patient sweetness. The pupils of her eyes, distended, gave her face a tragic power. As he looked, that wild bright beauty seemed to fade. Her eyes lost their reminiscent look and inquired of him sanely. The lips tightened a little. Her languor gave place to a steady poise. Now she shook her head with a pretty motion, as if she cast off memories.

"Do I look nice to-night?" she said kindly, as if she spoke to an admiring boy. "Do you want to paint me?"

Peter turned aside with an exclamation under his breath. He had never, again he told himself, seen a woman so alive, so radiating beauty as if it bloomed and faded while he looked at her. She was beginning to mount the stairs.

"Good-night," she called back to him, with her perfect kindness. "Good-night, Peter."

X

Madam Fulton and Billy Stark sat in the library, wrangling.

"I say she'll come," said Madam Fulton.

"I say she won't," replied Billy, with a hearty zest. "No woman of self-respect would."

"Maybe she has n't self-respect."

"Oh, you go 'way, Florrie. Of course she has, any girl as pretty as that."

Madam Fulton looked at him smilingly. There were few left, nowadays, to call her Florrie.

"You see Electra never in the world would have invited her," she continued.

"I simply did it, and she had to confirm it or appear like a brute. Electra won't do that. She's willing to appear like a long and symmetrical icicle, but not a brute."

That was it. She had boldly asked Rose to luncheon, and then told Electra she had done it. Now it was fifteen minutes to the time, and the hostess had not appeared. Madam Fulton looked up from her work. There was a laughing cherub in each eye. Her work, let it be said, was no work at all, only a shuttle plying in and out mysteriously, and ly- ingly doing the deed known as tatting. She usually tied knots and had to begin over; still, as she said, she liked the motion.

"There was a reporter here yesterday," she remarked, watching the effect on Billy.

"The mischief there was! What for?"

"To see me. To ask about the book."

"You did n't talk to him?"

"Oh, yes, I did!"

"What did he ask you?"

"Everything, nearly. He wanted to see the Abolitionist letters I had quoted."

"What did you say?"

"I refused. I told him they were sacred."

"Did he suspect them? Was that his idea?"

"Oh, dear, no! he wanted to reproduce some of the signatures. Then he asked me about my novels."

"What about them?"

"How I used to write them — if the characters were taken from life. I said every time."

"Florrie, what a pirate you are!"

"Then his eye sharpened up like knives, and he wanted to know about the originals. 'Dead,' I said, 'years and years ago.'"

"You did n't use to be a freebooter, Florrie. You were just a bright girl."

"Of course I did n't. I was walking Spanish then. I was on my promotion. I always had faith life would do something for me if I'd speak pretty and hold out

my tier. I held my tier a great many years and nothing dropped into it. I'm an awful example, Billy, of what a woman can become when she's had no fun. This may seem to you insanity. It is n't. It's the abnormal and monstrous fruit of a plant that was n't allowed to mature at the right time. I am a mammoth squash."

"What did you tell him about your novels?"

"I told him they were n't written. They wrote themselves. My characters simply got away from me and did things I never dreamed of. I said they were more alive to me than people of flesh and blood."

"Do you suppose he put that all in?"

"I know he did."

"Have you seen the paper?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have n't dared to look."

Billy Stark glanced at the floor as if he wanted to get down and roll. Then he lay back in his chair and went gasping off. Madam Fulton watched him seriously, that unquenchable spark still in her eyes.

"I don't know what you can do next," said Billy, getting out his pocket handkerchief. "Unless you become engaged to me."

Madam Fulton laid down her tatting to look at him in a gentle musing.

"It would plague Electra," she owned.

"Come on, Florrie, come on! Get up early to-morrow morning and we'll post off and be married."

"No," said Madam Fulton absently, still considering, "I don't want to be married. Harsh measures never did attract me. But I'd like very well to be engaged. Tell you what, Billy, we could be engaged for the summer, and when you go back to England we'll call it off."

Billy rose, and possessed himself of one of her hands. He kissed it ceremoniously, and returned it to its tatting.

"You do me infinite honor," he an-

nounced, with more gravity than she liked.

"Don't get too serious, Billy," she said quickly. "It'll remind us of being young, and mercy knows that is n't what we want."

"May I inform your granddaughter?" asked the gentleman gravely.

"No, no, I'll do it. That's half the fun."

At that moment Electra came in. She was dressed in white, as usual, but her ordinary dignified simplicity seemed overlaid, to the old lady's satirical gaze, with an added smoothness of glossy surfaces. Her dress fell in simple folds. She seemed to have clothed herself to meet a moral emergency. Her face was pale in its determination. She was like a New England maiden led to sacrifice and bound, at all hazards, to do her conscience credit. Madam Fulton, seeing her, hardened her heart. There were few pirouettes she would not have essayed at that moment to plague her granddaughter.

"Electra, my dear," she said, in a silken voice, "we have something to tell you, Mr. Stark and I. We have become engaged."

Electra looked from one to the other, not even incredulity in her gaze, all a reproachful horror. Yet Electra did not for a moment admit the possibility of a joke on such a subject. She saw her grandmother, as she often did, peering down paths that led to madness, and even, as in this case, taking one.

"Please do not mention it," grandmother was saying smoothly. "The engagement is not to be announced — not yet."

Electra could not look at Billy Stark, even in reproof. The situation was too intolerable. And at that moment, flushed from her walk, eager, deprecating as she had to be in this unfriendly spot, Rose came in. She went straight to Madam Fulton, as if she were the recognized head of the house.

"It was so good of you," she said. "I am so glad to come." Then she turned to

Electra and Billy Stark with her quick beautiful smile and her inclusive greeting. This was not the same woman who had run away to trysts under the tree, or even the woman Peter had seen when she returned, glowing, lovely, as if from a bath of pleasure. She was the Parisian, as Osmond had perhaps imagined her in his jesting fancy, regnant, subtle, even a little hard. Electra felt for a moment as if it were wise to be afraid of her. But they sat down, and she essayed the safe remark, —

“I believe luncheon is late.”

“What have you been doing with yourself, my dear?” Madam Fulton asked Rose, who was looking from one to another with an accessible brightness, as if she only wanted a chance to respond to everything beautifully. She bent a little, deferentially, toward Madam Fulton.

“Reading aloud this morning,” she said, “to grannie.”

“You call her grannie, do you?”

“I begged to. I adore her.”

“Does she like it?”

“Oh yes, she likes it,” Rose returned, with her lovely smile. “Don’t you think she likes it?”

“I know she does. That’s what I can’t understand. Every time I hear Electra say ‘grandmother’ it’s like a nail in my coffin.”

“Grandmother!” exclaimed Electra, in an instant and quite honest deprecation.

“That’s it, my dear,” nodded the old lady. “That’s precisely it. Nail me down.”

Then luncheon was announced, and they went out, Rose with that instant deference toward Madam Fulton which suggested a hundred services while she delicately refrained from doing one.

“I know you,” said the old lady dryly, after they had sat down. “I know quite well what you are.”

“What, please?” asked Rose, bending on her that warm look which was yet never too flattering, and still promised an

incense of personal regard not to be spoiled by deeds.

“I know exactly what you are,” said the old lady, with her incisive kindliness. “You’re a charmer.”

Instantly Rose flushed all over her face, a flooding red. With the word she remembered the other voice out of the moonlit night, telling her the same thing. Now it was almost an accusation. Then it was a caressing loveliness of the night, as if an unseen hand had crowned her with a chaplet, dripping fragrance. In that instant, with a throb of haste and longing, she was away from the circle of these alien souls, back in the night where voice had answered voice. It was immediately as if she were hearing his call to her. “I will come to-night, to-night,” she heard her heart repeating. “Did you wait for me last night, dear playmate, alone in the dark and stillness? And the night before? Did you think I was never coming? I will come to-night.”

Meantime Billy Stark, seeing the blush and knowing it meant discomfort, was pottering on in his kindly optimism, throwing himself into the breach, and dribbling words like rain. He talked of Paris and continental life in general. Rose had been everywhere. She spoke of traveling with her father on his missions from court to court. When MacLeod’s name recurred upon her lips, Electra, who presided, still and pale, roused momentarily into some show of interest. But Rose would not be led along that road. For some reason she refused to speak freely of her father. At a question, her lovely lips would fix themselves in a straight line. Back in the library again, she seated herself persistently by Madam Fulton, like a dog who has at last discovered the person friendliest to him.

“Run away, Billy, if you like,” said the old lady indulgently. “You want your cigar on the veranda. I know you.”

Billy was going, in humorous deprecation, when there was a running step along the veranda, and Peter came in with a bound. And what a Peter! He

looked like a runner — not a spent one, either — with the news of victory. It was in his face, his flushed cheeks and flaming eyes, but chiefly in the air he brought with him — all tension and immoderate joy. Electra held her hands tight together and looked at him. Rose got half out of her chair. In those days when she thought continually of her own affairs, it seemed to her that nothing could be so important unless it had to do with her. Billy Stark by the door waited, and it was Madam Fulton who spoke, irritated at the vague excitement.

"For heaven's sake, Peter, what's the matter?"

He addressed himself at once to Rose.

"I have heard from him. I have had a letter."

"From him!" She was out of her chair and facing him. For the moment, with that hidden communion with Osmond hot in her heart and sharp in her ears, she had almost cried, "Osmond!" But he went on, —

"I have heard from your father."

Instantly the blood was out of her face. Billy Stark wondered at the aging grayness, and reflected curiously that youth is not only a question of flesh and blood but of the merry soul. Peter could not contain his pleasure. He cried out irrepressibly, like the herald beside himself with news, —

"He is coming here!"

"Here!" Rose made one step to lay her hand upon a little cabinet, and stood supporting herself. Electra, who caught the movement, looked at her curiously. Her own enormous interest in Peter's news seemed to merge itself in watchful comment on the other girl.

"Here!" Peter was answering. "To America! He writes me the most stirring letter. I did n't think I knew him so well. He has so many friends here, he says, friends he never saw. He wants to meet them. The best of it is, he's coming here — to us."

"Here!" repeated Rose again. She seemed to be sinking into herself, but the

tense hand upon the cabinet kept her firm.

Peter looked at her with eyes of innocent delight.

"Here, to us. I told him if he ever came over, we should grab him before anybody got a hand on him. I've told grannie. She's delighted."

"You told him that!" Her voice held a reproach so piercing that they were all staring at her in wonder. She looked like a woman suffering some anguish too fierce, for the moment, to be stilled. "You've been writing him!"

"Of course," said Peter. "Why, of course I wrote him. I sent him word when we first got here, to tell him you were well."

"How could you! Oh, how could you!"

At her tone, the inexplicable reproach of it, he lost his gay assurance. Peter forgot the others. There was nobody in the room, to his eager consciousness, but Rose and his erring self; for somehow, most innocently, he had offended her. He took a step toward her, his boyish face all melted into contrition. There might have been tears in his eyes, they were so soft.

"Sit down," he implored her. "Rose! What have I done?"

It was like a sorry child asking pardon. Electra gave him a quick look, and then went on watching. At the tone Rose also was recalled. She shook herself a little, as if she threw off dreams. Her hand upon the cabinet relaxed. Her face softened, the pose of her body yielded. She almost seemed, by some power of the will, to bring new color into her cheeks. Peter had drawn forward her chair, and she took it smilingly.

"I'm not accustomed to long-lost fathers appearing unannounced," she said whimsically. "Dear me! What if he brings me a Paris gown!"

But Peter was standing before her, still with an air of deep solicitude.

"It was a shock, was n't it?" he kept repeating. "What a duffer I am!"

"It was a shock," said Electra, with an incisive confirmation. "May n't I get you something? A glass of wine?"

Rose looked at her quite pleasantly before Peter had time to begin his persuasive recommendation that she should spare herself.

"Let me take you home," he was urging.

It was as if Rose had been drawing draughts from some deep reservoir, and now she had enough to carry her on to victory.

"No, no, Peter," she denied him. "I won't go home. Thank you, Electra," — a delicate frown wrinkled Electra's brows. The girl had never used her familiar name before — "thank you, I won't have any wine. Well, my father is coming. Let's hope he won't turn the country upside down, and keep the trains from running. Get in your supplies, all of you. He may instigate a strike, and if the larder is n't full, you'll starve."

"Stop the trains?" repeated Electra, who was not imaginative. "Why should he stop the trains?"

"Ah, Miss Fulton, you don't know my father," Rose answered gayly. She had seen that tiny frown punctuating her first familiarity, and took warning by it. "Don't you know how, in great gardens, you can take a key and turn on the fountains? Well, my father can turn on strikes in the same manner. He has the key in his pocket."

Electra warmed, in spite of herself.

"I should like —" she hesitated.

"You'd like to see him do it? You may. Perhaps you will. We'll sit in a circle and point our thumbs down and all the bloated capitalists shall go in and be killed." She was talking, at random, out of a tension she might not explain. Billy Stark, the coolest of them, saw that Madam Fulton had some vague inkling of it. Billy, as usual, began talking, but Rose had risen. Having proved her composure, she was going. She listened to Billy with smiling interest, and then when he had finished, humorously and

inconsequently, nodded concurrence at him and said good-by. She had a few pretty words for Madam Fulton, a gracious look for Electra, and she was gone, Peter beside her. Billy Stark followed and stayed on the veranda with his cigar. But Electra remained facing her grandmother. She looked at her, not so much in triumph as with a fixed determination. Suddenly Madam Fulton became aware of her glance and answered it irritably.

"For mercy's sake, Electra, what is it?"

Then Electra spoke, turning away, as if the smouldering satisfaction of her tone must not betray itself in her face.

"Do you realize what this means?"

"What what means?"

"She is terrified at his coming — Markham MacLeod's."

"Well, you don't know Markham MacLeod. Perhaps if you did, you'd be terrified yourself."

"But his daughter, grandmother, a girl who calls herself his daughter!"

Madam Fulton stared.

"Don't you believe that either?" she inquired. "Don't you believe she is his daughter?"

"Not for a moment." Electra had turned and was walking toward the door, all her white draperies contributing to the purity of her aspect.

Madam Fulton continued, in the same inadequacy of amaze, —

"But Peter knows it. He knew them together."

"Peter knew her with Tom," said Electra conclusively. "One proof is worth as much as the other."

At the door she turned, almost a beseeching look upon her face, as she remembered another shock that had been dealt her.

"Grandmother!" she said.

"Well!"

"You spoke of Mr. Stark —"

The old lady's thought went traveling back. Then her face lighted.

"Oh," she said. "Yes, I know. I'm engaged to Billy."

"Grandmother —" Electra blushed a little, painfully—"You can't mean — grandmother, are you going to marry him?"

Madam Fulton laid her head back upon the small silk pillow of her chair. She never owned to it, but sometimes the dull hour after luncheon brought with it a drowsiness she was ceasing to combat.

She smiled at Electra, who seemed very far away from her through the veil of that approaching slumber and through the years that separated them.

"We shan't marry at once, Electra," she said, dropping off while the girl looked at her. "Not at once. I expect to have a good many little affairs before I settle down."

(To be continued.)

AT THE MANGER

BY JOHN B. TABB

WHEN first, her Christmas watch to keep,
Came down the silent Angel, Sleep,

With snowy sandals shod,
Beholding what his mother's hands
Had wrought, with softer swaddling-bands
She swathed the Son of God.

Then, skilled in mysteries of Night,
With tender visions of delight

She wreathed his resting-place,
Till, wakened by a warmer glow
Than heaven itself had yet to show,
He saw his mother's face.

THE BIG TROUBLE AND THE LITTLE BOY

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

THE Boy was so small, and the Trouble was so big, that there seemed no way of getting over it, and as for getting around it, why that would take till the Boy was grown; and he felt that his heart must break if there were no sooner escape from the Trouble than the time-honored one of outgrowing it.

Perhaps you think that this was one of the common, absurdly magnified griefs of childhood? You are wrong if you do, for this was a grown-up grief for a grown-up heart, and the Boy was but ten, and not so big for that. For the Trouble was that he had lost a mother, and more, that he might not even speak of her. He was quite sure of this, although no one had ever said so much to him. But you do not feel like making confidences to a stepmother concerning a beautiful, lost mother, and as for talking to the father who had set the stepmother in her place — the Boy's heart would swell when he got this far; and if he were up in his room alone he would cry till his head ached, and he was quite sure he could not eat any dinner. But that was before he went down and saw the brown rolls, and the creamy milk, and the strawberry jam tempting him basely.

On a particular holiday afternoon in December, rather close to an important date, the Boy started off to join his chum. They were going to spend the rest of the day sliding on the ice, and getting their feet wet, and having a glorious time generally. The Boy felt almost like other boys as he strode along whistling a greeting to his chum who hung over the front gate. But just then the stepmother came out on the porch — “snooping,” muttered the Boy.

She was wrapped close in a great shawl, and her coiled brown hair showed

black against the white of the house.

“Oh, Bobby,” she called in a high, sweet voice, trailing off into softness.

The Boy scowled, and took another step toward the gate as if he had not heard.

“Bobby,” she called again at this, and he turned, sullenly reluctant, to see what she was bothering him about.

“You must n’t go out to-day, dear,” she said, coming to meet him. “You nearly had croup last night, you know, and papa said for you to be careful to-day.”

The Boy kept his eyes on the ground. He was too angry to speak. As if it were not enough to have the croup at his age, he must now be reminded of it before another boy, and told to keep in out of the damp like a baby. The sight of Tommy in his waiting attitude further enraged him.

“Aw, go ‘on,” he shouted. “What you waiting on?”

The stepmother was going up the porch steps by now, so that Tommy could safely gesture his derision behind her back. “Stepmammy’s baby,” jeered Tommy soundlessly. But the Boy knew well enough what he was saying when he twisted his impish mouth in that manner.

He made a wild dash down the walk, and Tommy ran away laughing loudly, to tell the other boys why the Boy could not go and slide on the pond. Oh, the Boy knew it — knew it as well as if he were to be there and hear him do it.

He pretended not to hear her speak to him as he went through the hall; and this time she did not insist, so he went on up to his own room. It was a big, bright, charming room, and any one could see at once that there was still some one to love the Boy, for no neglected boy ever had a

room of his very own like that. Nor was it a foolish room, but a perfectly fitting and suitable one; and although it might at first seem as if everything were there that a boy could desire, there had wisely been left many things for him to desire most ardently, — things you would hardly keep in your bedroom, — the riding-horse, for example, which he secretly expected to get on the date before referred to.

But he did not think of anything so pleasant now. He had come upstairs to brood over his wrongs, so he sat in his window-seat and brooded. And the longer he brooded the blacker they seemed, which is a law of the human mind. By the time the gong sounded the summons to dinner he was groping so blindly in the shadows cast by them that on opening his door — somewhat tardily — he stumbled against the stepmother. “Snooping again,” thought the Boy contemptuously.

She looked at him with a puzzled expression in her affectionate brown eyes.

“I was afraid you had n’t heard, Bobby,” she said apologetically. Her hand touched his shoulder with a gentle movement.

All the rage of the past year surged in the Boy — broke over her. He flung her hand violently away.

“Don’t touch me,” he cried in a strange, unchildish voice. “I, I *hate* you!” Then he saw big Bob.

He made a hasty step toward the Boy, such anger in his face that the Boy shrank. In all his life no one had ever struck him; but this must be how they looked when they were about to strike you. But the stepmother went swiftly to big Bob and put a hand on his breast. The boyish-looking father quieted under that touch, and his eyes considering the Boy were troubled now instead of angry. His hand dropped to hers and held it tightly, while he looked from his one dearest thing in the world to his other dearest thing in the world. His eyes grew more troubled. They were troubled to death.

But the Boy did not notice, being too

preoccupied with his own troubles just then. He was unable to endure the idea of being begged off by her. “I’d *rather* you’d hit me,” he flared out; but he knew that it was a lie. He got his head up and looked straight at his father as he said it. His heart was beating like a drum, and a sob choked him. They had been pals till she came — and now!

His father’s troubled eyes regarded him gravely. They were hurt and loving and bitter and puzzled all at once.

“Go to your room, Bobby,” he said at last in a voice that trembled a bit, “and stay there till I think you out.”

He drew the stepmother within his arm as he spoke and they went down together, leaving the Boy to a great loneliness.

He did not know of the pleading face lifted by the stepmother, or that she said, “It must be my fault, Bob. I’ve never been used to boys at home.”

But big Bob only kissed her in silence, and went around to his place.

“Take Bobby’s dinner up to him, Uncle Juste,” he said to the old colored man who waited on the table.

The next day when he came home in the dusk, the stepmother met him at the door and put both arms around his neck. His face had the worn look that comes when you’ve been thinking at a thing that won’t get thought out, try as you may; but he made it smile for her as he asked, “What is it, you wheedler?”

“Bob, he does n’t eat a thing — that baby.” Her voice shook.

Big Bob gave a sigh at this complication, and went hastily up the steps, only pausing long enough to throw his hat on a table. So it came about that he flung open the door and appeared on the Boy’s threshold, with his brow vexed, and his riding switch twitching nervously as it tapped his shoe. The Boy had started up from the window-seat as the door swung. At sight of his father he thought that he had been thought out at last. He got his head up again, and looked big Bob straight in the eyes as before, only the lonely rainy day had taken it out of him

and he was afraid. They were too much alike for his father not to read that look aright. A flush of indignation rose to his face. He flung the whip out in the hall, and strode forward.

"I'm no *damned* torturer, Bobby." He said it savagely, as to another man, oath and all.

Then a rushing tenderness mastered him, and he stooped to the Boy. "You thought *that* of me, pal?" He sat down in the window-seat, gathering the Boy to him. "Why?" he asked in real wonder.

The Boy hung his head, ashamed. "I thought you had thought me out — that way," he blurted. He trembled in the trembling arm that tightened around him.

The man laughed in sudden release from his tension. "I have n't thought you out any way yet, Bobby," he confessed. "No, I only ran up to find out why you don't eat your breakfast, your luncheon, your dinner. Anything wrong with them?"

"They choke me," said the Boy.

"Poor old chap," mused big Bob. He held him tighter while he drummed on the pane with his free hand. "Laddie," he said at last, "come down and have your dinner, and then we'll come back up here and thresh things out a bit."

The Boy said shyly, "I'd rather not, please, papa, just yet."

"Will you eat it here, then?"

"Pals?" asked the Boy. It was their old way of settling a difficulty.

"You bet we are," cried the man.

"Then I guess I can," said the Boy with a heartward movement. For a moment he forgot the stepmother. His head lay snuggled in an atmosphere of cigars and dead roseleaves — the stepmother had pinned the rose on in the morning, but the Boy did not think of that as his soft cheek crushed it against his father's breast.

Presently big Bob put him lovingly away, and turned on a light, two lights.

"Don't let me catch you moping in the dark again," he cautioned, and went.

It was much later than he had meant

when he returned. Callers had dropped in, and being gossip creatures, had lingered unreasonably. It was nearing ten when he tapped on the Boy's door.

"I'm awake," called the clear, eager voice.

"But I hoped you'd be asleep," said big Bob to the Boy, who sat up in bed, cuddling his knees, and shivering a little.

"I could n't," said the Boy. He looked three years younger in his scarlet striped pajamas, undone at the throat and showing the white childish breast to the second frog of his jacket. His chin looked round and babyish as he lifted his head.

A doubt assailed big Bob. Was it time yet for the last resort? And yet what else was left him? What else could he do? It was the only way he could think the Boy out. And it must have an effect of some sort. The idea that it might make things worse he put from him in hasty terror.

"Fasten that at the neck, Bobby," he advised. "It's nipping to-night."

The Boy fumbled it absent-mindedly, his hazel eyes searching his father's face. He lay against his propped-up pillows again, his head thrown back on his clasped hands. Big Bob sat down on the bed's edge facing him, and opened a magazine he had been holding.

He had opened it at a picture, and he sat gazing at it himself for some time before he could quite make up his mind to offer the magazine to the Boy.

The Boy took it with a puzzled air. He could not imagine what a ten-cent magazine had to do with the situation.

What he saw was the full-page picture of a beautiful woman in the superb costume of a chorus girl in a popular musical comedy. Under it was an alliterative stage name, and the Boy for a moment stared it down innocently and uncomprehendingly. Then his startled eyes met his father's eyes with a shock. He handed the magazine back abruptly, and big Bob let it slide to the floor out of sight as he leaned forward, speaking low.

"Pal," he said, bringing the truth out

straight and clear and man to man, "she's never been worth your grieving over. I might as well have told you the truth at first, but a man sounds like a cur to himself when he has to say this sort of thing—and it's frightfully hard to say it to you."

The Boy only gazed at him in shrinking silence, not helping a bit, and big Bob went on a little sternly, though the sternness was not for the Boy and the Boy knew it, miserable as he was.

"Bobby," said big Bob, "she could leave you for that. She could leave you for"—He stopped, his face sombre with what he left unsaid. "Do you think she loves you very much?"

A horrible, desolate mother-sickness swept over the Boy. He put his hand to his throat, and steadied his lips, trying to answer the direct question.

"She used to—love me," he stammered. He must have that.

Big Bob considered him irresolutely; then he answered, "She never wanted you, Bobby. When you were little she was vain of your prettiness. You were rather a nuisance to her afterwards."

The Boy wrenched his eyes away from his father's tender, relentless, troubled face, and lay with them fixed on the blank wall opposite. He was marshaling his mother memories. He was sitting on the side of her bed watching her dress for a dance. Sometimes she would smile at him, and let him hold a bracelet, or a fan, or a ribbon. When she was dressed and looked like a princess straight from fairyland, he might kiss her if he did not muss her. Sometimes they had gone driving together, and he had been proud when they passed other boys who had perfectly commonplace mothers who were not even pretty, perhaps, like the stepmother. And she gave him things, things enough for twenty boys. And she never bothered him, or put him to shame before other boys. She never came snooping around, feeling his forehead to see if he were feverish when he had been out in the wet all day and chanced to come home with a

sore throat. She had been an ideal mother in this respect. And he might kiss her as much as he wished when she was not too fragilely arrayed; in the morning, for instance, when she lounged in pale fragrant draperies, and nibbled chocolates, and chattered pretty nonsense to her women friends, or to big Bob,—but it was long ago, that joint memory.

His eyes slowly traveled back to his father's face. "Was it all her fault?" he asked.

Big Bob colored deeply. "It is never all any one's fault," he answered honestly; "but—do *you* think me a bad fellow, Bobby?"

"You are good to me," replied Bobby gravely.

"And I was good to her," said big Bob. "On my honor as a man, Bobby, it was her fault—most."

The Boy took this in pondering silence.

"When you were—littler—who told you stories, Bobby?" asked big Bob unexpectedly.

"You," said the Boy in a small voice.

"Who petted you? Who kissed you?"

"You did," said the Boy. His voice was even smaller.

"When you got sick who nursed you well?"

"A—a trained nurse," said the Boy, "and you."

"And," asked big Bob, "who always loved you best, Bobby?"

The Boy's lips quivered too much for speech. The piteousness of it smote big Bob to the heart. "Oh," he muttered between his teeth. Hitherto he had refrained from coercing the Boy's judgment with the persuasion of touch; but now he leaned closer and took Bobby quite in his arms. At that the long-restrained tears gushed out and wet big Bob's cheek where it pressed the Boy's.

"Pal," he said, his cheek on the brown head now, and his voice unbelievably tender, "she never had the mother heart, and that says it all—and, pal, my Mary has."

He let the Boy go, and rested the case.

The Boy lay cast across the bed, his head crushed in his straining arms. Sobs shook him at last.

The father bent to him. "Must I go away, Bobby? Must I stay?"

"Please — go," said Bobby between two sobs.

Big Bob turned out the lights, and went.

To pluck a mother from one's heart — one may not do that all at once. Long into the night the Boy lay there. Sometimes he sobbed convulsively. Sometimes he thought things out as consciously as he could; but all that came of it was that he loved his father better than any one in the world. No clear idea regarding the stepmother got into his tumbled, brown head. At length, worn out, he fell asleep, dimly conscious, as he was falling, of some faint commotion about the house.

When he woke next morning it was late, and brilliant, cold sunshine flooded the room. He blinked and sat up, rubbing his eyes open.

The unhappiness of the past night woke with him — dully; but he was only a little boy after all, and the counter-acting sense of his father's love for him could not but be sweet and warm at his heart; and to-morrow — why, to-morrow it would be Christmas.

He jumped up and dressed, and knelt in the window-seat, watching the show of the street, and waiting, for he felt that he would rather go down with a hand in his father's. But the hours went dragging, and big Bob did not come, and the Boy's heart grew chilled. His father might have been called up town, or even out of town; but the Boy did not believe that he would have gone off, and never a word left for him.

When luncheon came up he asked.

"Why no," said Uncle Juste. "Your pa's with Miss Mary, son."

Dumb anger surged in the Boy's tired heart. So he was not even to have his father, for her?

He pushed his plate away, and sat staring drearily through the open door.

Suddenly across his line of vision stalked old Doctor Hardin. A spasm of terror shook Bobby's soul. What had happened? He sprang up and followed down the corridor. The doctor disappeared within the stepmother's door, and a trained nurse came out with a tray. She raised a hand to warn him away as she passed.

So it was only her! The Boy turned and was going back to his room when a strange sound smote his ear. He had heard it in other boys' homes, and he recognized it after a stupefied pause.

"When the doctor goes, you can come in and see your little sister," said the nurse, repassing and smiling at him pleasantly. As she went in, his father came out, turning a laughing face over his shoulder. "I've been neglecting my Boy for this young woman," he was saying to some one. Then he caught sight of the Boy.

He shut the door, and hastened to meet him, catching him in his arms. "Were you looking me up, pal?" he asked.

The Boy pressed against him. Way down in his heart a tiny flower of wonder and chivalry budded and broke to magical bloom. So he, the Boy, had a little sister — to pet, to protect, to make behave herself when she should be bigger. It came to him in a revelation what a truly desirable Christmas gift she was. The stepmother's door opened again, and through it he had a glimpse of her face in her pillows, pale between two soft brown braids, so dark against all that white. And it came to him how roughly he had pushed her hand away that evening, and shame swept through him as it might have swept through a man, and the flower in his heart seemed blooming for her too.

Big Bob tilted his face up. "Well, you rascal?"

"I'm glad," said the Boy.

"So am I," agreed big Bob, with a look toward the door that was a prayer of thankfulness.

Then he looked back to the Boy with his questioning face, "Well?" he asked again.

"Papa," said the Boy, "may I tell her that I am — sorry?"

"Tell — whom?" asked big Bob softly.

The Boy hesitated — for you can't do it all at once, oh, you can't do it all at once! His eyes plunged deep in his father's, and he essayed it.

"M — Mary," stammered the Boy.

"It's the same thing," said big Bob. "Come along, pal."

WHEAT, THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man from sleep, and shaking her invincible locks."

TO-DAY the young men of Canada see visions where the old men dreamed dreams. Five years ago a far-sighted farmer from Alberta journeyed to Ottawa, to interest the Dominion Government in the sending of Canadian wheat to Japan. "Wheat for Japan!" was the pettish response from the seats of the mighty. "Why in the world can't they grow their own wheat?" Here was a brain of the same vintage as that of the boarding-house keeper who could not see the sense of killing his fat pig and getting another when that pig ate all the table scraps he had.

The fur-trader of Canada was no colonizer; the herder followed the trapper, and both looked askance at the farmer; wheatfields cannot flourish on fur preserves or cattle ranges, and the interests of Jean Baptiste and Piebald Pete and J. Solid Smith, the grain-grower, are felt to be antagonistic. But Solid Smith is winning out. The prairies west of Winnipeg produced in 1906 no less than 201 million bushels of grain, and the farmer driving in his 40-bushel wheat to the elevators snaps his whip at the cattle-man with, "Johnny Bowlegs, you must pack your kit and trek."

The Canadian cattle exported in 1907

put over \$12,000,000 into the pockets of the cow-men, but the cow-men have to get out of the way of the wheat elevators and whirling binders. A man rides away debonair to a round-up, and coming back ten weeks later rubs his eyes to see a brand new town with popcorn stands and His Majesty's Post Office where he had left bare range. It is swift work. One day the wind in the prairie, the next a surveyor's stake, two weeks later the sharp conversation of the hammer on the nail-head, the chartered bank, the corner grocery, another little blotch of red on the map, and a new city of the plains. For between the parallel of 49 and Arctic ice a nation is developing which will be able to furnish the world with bread as unfailingly as its vast territory for two centuries has furnished the world with fur. The evolution of modern Japan represents the progress of the last half of the nineteenth century; the awakening of Canada is the index of the genius of the twentieth.

Western Canada in 1906 had five million acres sown to wheat, — but one thirty-fourth part of her total 171 million acres suitable for wheat-production. In 1870, grain crops in Western Canada were a negligible quantity, the cultivated spots meagre fringes on the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and wheat elevators unknown. These great red storehouses of grain now dot the prairies north, east,

south, and west, representing (terminal elevators included) over fifty million dollars of invested capital. One hundred and eighty-seven new elevators were built within the last two years, making a total elevator capacity of over fifty-five million bushels. There are 956 elevators on the Canadian Pacific railway lines and 297 on the Canadian Northern, with twenty on other lines. Canada's exports for 1906 showed an advance of forty-four million dollars over those of 1905; her total foreign trade for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, was \$617,965,110, an increase of sixty-seven million dollars over the previous year. The three prairie provinces had 55,625 farms in 1901; last year they had one hundred and twenty thousand. And such farms!

Dreams of pay-dirt and golden nuggets drew with magnetic power young manhood to the Yukon, yet a surer harvest of gold lies at the feet. Manitoba, the smallest of the three wheat-growing provinces of Canada, produced in the year 1906 eighty-seven million bushels of wheat, which at seventy-five cents a bushel represents sixty-five million dollars. The Klondike, the richest gold field in the world, yields a yearly harvest of a scant ten million dollars, with cruelty and cupidity and cunning as necessary accompaniments.

The town of Indian Head, Saskatchewan, is an example. It proudly boasts that it handles more grain in the initiative stage than any other point in the world, for in 1906 over ten million bushels were harvested here. When the train sets you down at the station, you are confronted with a long row of elevators, twelve or thirteen in all, having a combined capacity of a third of a million bushels. The Government Experimental Farm here has, by summer fallowing and careful rotation of crops, secured for the last five years the splendid all-round average of 46.12 bushels of wheat to the acre. By actual measurement wheat has grown here two inches in twenty-four hours, and in mid-summer there are

eighteen hours of dazzling sunshine in each twenty-four, giving to growing "No. 1 hard" its virtue and its value.

At Lethbridge, Alberta, last year, the writer saw a wheat farm belonging to a Mormon from Utah. As far as the eye could reach, wheat, wheat, wheat, two thousand acres of it in one field, the heavy heads ripening for the harvest. A stalk pulled at random into our buggy as we drove along measured five feet six inches in height; the ear was nine inches long and contained 101 kernels. In this stalk we see the magician's wand that beckons the people of four continents to the last unoccupied half of the fifth.

As we drive on in silence through a landscape of wheat, beyond those nodding heads we divine acres illimitable of virgin soil with magnificent possibilities. And something else we see. Not very long ago the *Daily News* put before the thoughtful people of London a haunting object-lesson. The interior of Queen's Hall was divided into little stalls, each the model of a squalid London apartment. In these boxes of rooms sat women working at their usual day's task, each woman the type of hundreds of her kind. The maker of boys' shirts provides her own thread and her own machine and makes shirts at four cents a dozen. The manufacturer of matchboxes earns four cents for each 144 boxes she makes, and finds her own paste, and hemp for tying up. By toiling twelve hours a day she earns a dollar and a half a week, sixty cents of which goes for rent.

Workers who stitch buttons on their cards are paid two cents for each four hundred buttons, at the rate of seventy-five cents per hundred gross. Tennis-ball-coverers receive nine cents a dozen. Compare this with growing forty-bushel wheat on the Canadian prairies.

"God, for the little brooks
That tumble as they run!"

Is there any way of bridging the gulf between this soul-stifling sweat-shop and the all-sweetness of the prairies?

The labor-unions have not found it and church organizations miserably fail. One is jealous for man's material interests, the other seeks to save the soul. The Salvation Army attempts both, and it seems within the range of possibility that the great body militant called into existence forty years ago by General Booth may prove the most powerful force in solving the social and economic problems which have risen out of our complex civilization, for in 1907 it brought over twenty-five thousand assisted immigrants into Canada. For this purpose eight steamships were chartered. A labor-bureau is opened on shipboard, and so far as possible the destination of each newcomer is settled before he lands; officers of the Army accompanying each incoming contingent, every member of which is a "picked" man.

What kinds of people hear the call of the wheat and where do they come from? When the Dominion Liner *Canada* arrived in Halifax with a sample cargo of 1379 would-be Canadians, all bound for the West, the second-class and steerage passenger-lists showed Scots, English, Irish, Italians, Austrians, Russians, Norwegians, Welsh, Swedes, Greeks, and Hebrews. What could they do? Anything and everything one would think, except growing grain. In the little groups on shipboard, eagerly scanning maps and talking wheat, are cabinet-makers and upholsterers; machinists, engine drivers, and electricians; gardeners and goldsmiths; bricklayers, shoemakers, and stone-cutters; bookkeepers and butchers; clerks and cooks and sailors.

A lecturer on Canada and things Canadian accompanies each contingent, and many and diverting are the questions he struggles with. To Swiveller even some of them would prove "staggerers." "Are the Indians very dangerous?" "Do you consider moccasins or snowshoes the best for winter?" "Is it 'Igh Church, or Low Church?" "Do the game-keepers interfere with your shooting?"

But more important than Church or State, more insistent than anything social or ethical or æsthetic, is the question of money. The woman who all her life has covered gay sunshades in an attic at twelve cents a dozen does n't think over-much of prairie sunsets; her inquiry is, "An' 'ow does the oof go, you know? 'Ow do they brass up? Wot's the wages?" And following out some old primal law of self-preservation, the immigrants, as they approach the dock, gather in clusters according to their nationalities. It's good to hear your own speech in a land where even the birds twitter in a strange tongue.

The placard on the Halifax Inspection Building is a striking commentary on the cosmopolitan nature of Canada's citizens in the rough, who all summer long in thousands are knocking at her eastern gate. Here it is. If he who runs cannot read, he can follow the crowd:—

TO INSPECTION AND RAILROAD TICKET
OFFICE.

AU BUREAU D'INSPECTION ET DE BIL-
LETS DE CHEMIN DE FER.

TILL INSPEKTIONEN OCH JERNVAGAR-
NAS BILJET KONTOR.

TUTKINT DON SEKA RAUTATIC-PILETTI
KONTTORIIN.

DO BIURA INSPEKEVINEGO, I KASY
BILETOW KOLEJOYCH.

ZUM UNTER SUCHUNGS BURAU UND
BILLETTE-AUSGABE.

The extent of the Salvation Army Canadian immigration work is realized when one learns that in 1906 alone eighty-three thousand letters of inquiry reached the London headquarters and twenty-five thousand personal applications. Out of these, fifteen thousand men and women were selected and helped to a start in the Land of the Willing Hand, and of this number but nineteen were subsequently rejected by the Canadian authorities as unsuitable citizens. In fact there is room for every one on the broad wheatfields of Canada, but the Dominion Government

is anxious to get the best. As part of its immigration policy, a score of successful farmers, who have themselves made good among the wheat, tour England, Scotland, and Ireland, interesting the best people in this New Empire of Opportunity. Besides these, there are resident agents at York and Aberdeen and other centres.

Many philanthropic bodies are transferring the human overplus from the glutted centres of the old to the waiting fields of the new world. The Church Army brought out ten thousand people to Canada in 1907; the Self-help Emigration Society continues its work, the British Women's Emigration Association, and the East End Emigration body, with which Lord Brassey is prominently identified. Zangwill is anxious to get help to transplant a colony of Jews, and Peter Verigen promises the railways ten thousand Russian Doukhoborts from the Caucasus.

The Salvation Army, in addition to its own charter of special ships, made reservation for immigrants on all regular passenger boats sailing from Great Britain to Canada during 1907. A labor bureau was conducted on board each ship by experienced Canadian officers, who secured for each incomer a position before he set foot on the new land of his desires. On landing, all the passenger had to do was to pass the Government Inspection Officers, and then board the train waiting to take him to his destination. In each case a Salvation Army officer accompanied the man until employer and employed met and consummated the tentative bargain made on shipboard.

From the Governor General of Canada come the highest words of praise regarding the organized work of brotherly kindness. Earl Grey, on the occasion of the fourth departure of the steamship *Kensington* from Liverpool, wired to the Chief of Staff of the Salvation Army, "Glad to hear you are sending another really good selection of emigrants to Canada. They will be heartily welcome, as will others of

the same kind, for whom there is plenty of room."

For 1908, the Army has chartered ten steamships. Brigadier Howell says, "We will look after, and bring to Canada, all who apply to us, provided they are healthy and of good character, and will supply them with situations independently of their creed or nationality."

Among the devices which Canada employs to educate her mother country is the electric advertising car. This Canada-on-wheels, furnished with samples of grains, grasses, cheese, honey, oil, salmon, and the various kinds of woods, runs through the villages of rural England. At night the rustics swarm around this blaze of electric light as moths surround a candle, and scramble for the gay information booklets on Canada with a greedy celerity. Every precaution is taken by the Canadian government agents to keep the stream of immigration pure, and with faces turned toward the Wheat Belt, that great bread-yielding plain a thousand miles long and five hundred miles wide, the peoples of the earth are crowding into Canada.

The Atlantic portals are Halifax and the river-ports of Quebec and Montreal. Soon they will be landing away up the map at Fort Churchill on lone Hudson's Bay, where short steel lines will carry them into the very heart of the wheat country. On the Pacific side, at Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk will open another gateway; and Vancouver and Victoria daily pay their tale to the prairies, — Australians, New Zealanders, and Orientals. The Orientals are a problem, these people alien in color and strange in speech. What is British Columbia going to do with them?

When half a dozen faultlessly frock-coated young Chinese in Eton accents volunteered for service in South Africa, offering to find their own equipment, matters were a little complicated at the Victoria recruiting office; and the imperialist is puzzled to see a dozen thin, turbaned Sikhs, veterans in many an Indian

frontier sortie, trudge the streets of a Canadian town, cold and ill-clad and marked "scab" by the unions. The Hindoo Sikh claims our respect and sympathy; just now he is a square peg in a round hole; but he had grit enough to face new conditions under a new sky, and looking at the fine lines of that lean face one feels that this man will eventually make good.

When, early in March, 1907, the transatlantic steamship companies gave out that every available space on Canada-bound steamers was booked up to the end of July, and when the Immigration Department published its forecast that the year's immigration would total three hundred thousand, one looked in vain for the prophet-pessimist who coined the phrase, "Bauble Bubble of Winter Wheat!" The influx of 1906 shows an increase of five hundred per cent over that of 1896. Canada's 252,038 actual immigration for the year ending June, 1907, is a greater number than came into Canada from all sources during the whole decade from 1886 to 1896. For the first four months of 1907 the arrivals were over eighty thousand, an increase of forty-three per cent over those of the corresponding period of the previous year; for the month of April alone the rate of increase over April, 1906, was about seventy per cent, and for the year ending June, 1907, the increase over the previous year was thirty-three per cent.

Quality is more important than quantity. One man of the right sort in a new country is worth ten of the inert disgruntled kind, the supine misfits. And to those who have a wise look ahead there is encouragement in the fact that the preponderance of the incomers are of Anglo-Saxon stock. For the twelve months ending June 30, 1907, Canada received 120,779 new citizens from the mother land, 56,652 from the United States, as against 74,607 from continental Europe, and of these last a large percentage are of the hardy nations of the North, — Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, Danes.

For all those willing to swing pick and shovel there is construction work on the railroads. The pay is good. This gives the newcomer a nest-egg and a substantial step onward toward that day when he shall be lord on his own soil. "A free farm in Canada via the railway route" is what each sturdy young chap is squaring his shoulders for.

What of the trek from the south? The Secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade last season received no fewer than 6560 inquiries from American farmers desirous of settling in the one province of Alberta, most of them not homesteaders. They are anxious to buy, and some of them have spot-cash to pay for whole sections. Over the three wheat provinces these Americans spread, stepping across the imaginary parallel of 49 at Emerson, Gretna, North Portal, Coutts, — wherever the railways cross. Many of them do not go far from the great concentrating point of Winnipeg. Why should they? Land in the Red River Valley, the finest wheat land in the world and as good land for general crops as can be found in America, can be bought within a day's drive from town for ten dollars to twenty-five dollars an acre.

At the railway station in Regina it is again the American element that predominates, for here is the emerging point for the come-outer from Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. Regina, the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, is the wealthiest corporation in Canada, having recently come into possession of real estate holdings that the Dominion Government paternally held in its keeping from the days of the town's inception. It comes like the gift of a fairy godmother now, and Regina gets its roads paved, builds a new city hall, constructs water-works and sewerage, without the addition of one cent to the taxes.

But Winnipeg remains the great distributing centre for Canadians in the making. Close to the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Winnipeg is the new Immigration Reception Hall, big enough

to provide temporary sleeping room and housekeeping facilities for a thousand souls. Women willing to enter upon domestic service need go no farther than Winnipeg. Five thousand female domestic servants came into Canada from Europe during the last nine months, and the Commissioner of Immigration for the West reports there are not fewer than 2500 Galician hired girls in Manitoba alone.

There is no better field for women servants to-day. One tries to imagine the effect on those pale anemic workers of the sweat shops of such an advertisement as this, cut from the files of a Winnipeg paper: "Good general servant wanted. Highest wages paid. Every night out and a season's ticket at the rink."

More than farms are making on the prairies of the Last West. Here, on a wheat plain wider than those of Russia, richer than those of Egypt or India or the Argentine, out of strangely diverse elements a new Anglo-Saxon nation is springing, and to the finished entity every country in the world contributes its quota. The very names of the towns are a commentary on the polyglot elements of the new civilization of the North. Strathcona perpetuates the name of that picturesque and venerable figure who at eighty-six still does active service for Canada as High Commissioner in the motherland, and Lacombe does fitting honor to that pioneer Roman missionary who, coming out here half a century ago from Old France, gave up his life to the children of the plains, and thinks in Cree and talks in English. Carstairs is crystallized history. Lady Carr three generations ago joined names and fortunes with an Englishman, Stairs; their descendant, a young Carstairs of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, writes his name on the topography of the West. Saskatoon, the name of an Indian berry, Rat-Portage and Medicine Hat, and that other Indian name, Moosejaw (abbreviated for everyday use from The-Place-on-the-Prairie-where-the-Man-Mended-his-Cart-with-a-Broken Moose-

Jaw-Bone), all point to the days of the buffalo and the vanishing tepee. Prince Albert and Regina and Edmonton suggest Buckingham Palace and Old Westminster. Calgary harks back to a Scottish shooting-box in the Highlands. Lloydminster stands an appropriate monument to the revered archdeacon who preached patience and brought peace to the ill-starred Barr Colony.

Little bits of Europe dot the prairies. Up in Alberta is the thriving Swiss settlement of Stettler. Out from Edmonton is the French village of St. Albert, an arch-episcopal see of the Roman Catholic church, with a foundation counting back sixty years to a day when wheatfields were a thing unknown and long before the railroad was dreamed of. In this ecclesiastical centre of the northland the happy French and Indian half-breeds have built a flour-mill, a little elevator, and a saw-mill surrounding the spire of their thirty-five-thousand-dollar cathedral, and here, guided by the good Fathers, the little community works out its own destiny, has its own loves and hopes and sorrows. And not far away is the Scandinavian town of Wetaskiwin, which has built a forty-two-thousand-dollar school for its five hundred children. Quakers have opened schools for the young Doukhobors in their own villages of the commune, and the Mormon boys and girls of Magrath and Raymond and Cardston work among the sugar beets between sessions.

What is going to be the resultant amalgam of these coalescing races? One thing is certain,—adaptability is the quality vital to the widest success in the West. Each person coming in has his own problem to work out, different from that of his neighbor, with conditions widely varying from those left behind. Even to the Scot, the Englishman, and the Irishman there is no one thing familiar that touches him, with the single exception of the language, and even that in terms and tones and accents has an alien sound.

A day or two more and the prairies will have swallowed them; and next day others follow, and thousands after thousands succeed these, and still there is room. "Not one per cent of them fail," says the commissioner, and then, after a moment's thought, "If by failure you mean final, ultimate failure, I should say but a small fraction of one per cent."

Wise men who come from the East stay in the West, and the wisest is he who, starting a fresh page, treats his neighbors to no post-mortems of his former greatness. And this is where the English brother often misses it and the American scores. The British settler is very loath to part with his own ways and methods; he tries to square all things by an English ell-measure, in the process managing to rub his Canadian blood-brother the wrong way.

Many an Englishman has failed to grasp the meaning of Imperial Unity, — he regards Canada merely as a colony or outpost of empire. It is with him like a Roman citizen going up into Helvetia to settle, a century and a half after Cæsar's conquest, and in his speech and attitude one is reminded of that "certain condescension in foreigners" which Lowell noted years ago. Yet the gilded youths of Britain have much to learn in "the Colonies."

The American farmer does not take so long to adjust himself. Used from the cradle to regard the United States as the "land of the free," he is inclined at first to consider all other peoples, and especially British people, as being in hopeless bondage. At first there are a few gasps of astonishment when he realizes that Canadians do not pay taxes to England or send annual tribute for the upkeep of "Edward's" throne. "Monarchical institutions" at first hand are not the formidable things that his youthful history text-book told him about, and in short no one is looking for the chip on his shoulder. The man to the right hand of him and the one to the left are not hunt-

ing for chips, they are busy growing forty-bushel wheat.

The American farmer is a practical man; there is no cleverer-headed citizen in the world, and, moreover, he is frankly honest. When he finds in Canada a system of jurisprudence under which law is everywhere respected, when he learns that Canada has never seen a lynching, that Canadian history tells of no Indian wars, he is very willing to acknowledge that there is little here he would wish to change. The fact is that in his general views and attitude toward life no one is more like a Canadian than an American. The fact that they are subjected to similar environment and to the same broad sweeping continental forces readily explains how, by merely crossing north or south an imaginary boundary line, Canadian and American alike pass from one citizenship to another with far less friction than an Englishman can be transplanted to either American or Canadian soil.

The American in Canada can scarcely be called an immigrant; he is rather a solid citizen. He considers that Western Canada offers him better opportunities than his own northern tier of states affords, and so he comes in, bag and baggage, heart and soul, to the number of fifty thousand or sixty thousand a year. In 1906 he brought with him ten thousand dollars' worth of horses and cattle and mowers and steam ploughs and reapers, — what Wemmick used to designate "portable property," and he finds his welcome awaiting him. He says he discovered Western Canada. The Immigration Department of Canada in its turn has discovered him, and wants an increasing consignment. There is room for American and European and Canadian pluck and enterprise and initiative, all the way from ocean to ocean, from boundary line to ice-barriers.

The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific is beginning to open the eyes and understanding of the world to the size the fertility, and the latent power of New

Canada. How many of us realize that the Mackenzie basin covers an area one hundred thousand square miles larger than that of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes? "The Peace River country" is to most people a somewhat loose term for an undefinable and undefined region "away up north," somewhere in the neighborhood of circumpolar ice. Yet there are at a conservative estimate thirty-one thousand square miles of the Peace River country where Dr. Dawson in midsummer 1875 rode through vetches eight feet high and wild grasses to the saddle-top.

The vision of a prophet is not needed to see within a half-decade a large prosperous pastoral population occupying that almost level plateau with its slight dip to the valleys of the Peace and the Smoky. The St. Lawrence basin was at first considered frost-bound and sterile, the Fraser lands rocky and inaccessible, and the valleys of the Red and the Saskatchewan too far north to support a white population. The sons of the men who saw these pleasant lands blossom as the rose, following a creation-old instinct for expansion, are already laying strong hands upon the basins of the Peace, the Mackenzie, and the Athabasca, and platting townships in the latitude of 59. Colonization is no handmaid to doubting, and the kingdoms of this earth are taken by the right kind of violence.

Four years ago a Yukon miner with a mind big enough to take in more than gold nuggets sent down to a Canadian experimental farm three kinds of wheat grown in Dawson City in the latitude of $64\frac{1}{2}$ north. He wanted it tested for vitality. The official report returned to him was, "100 grains planted, 100 grains sprouted, 100 grains vigorous, and no weak plants produced."

The first atlases pictured Canada as an icy waste fertile to the south; the map of to-day shows us a wide wheat plain dotted by the people of the earth, with an ever-lessening region of barrenness. Year by year, these maps change their

complexion, and the "edge of cultivation," with the advance of colonization, moves steadily northward.

A farmer last year at Fort Providence, twelve hundred miles north of Montreal, grew a bumper crop of wheat in three months from seed-grain to seed-threshing. The Canadian West is capable of producing twenty times Britain's import of wheat; before 1912 is past there will be ten million acres under wheat there, yielding two hundred million bushels. And it is the best wheat grown; "Canadian No. 1 hard" is the highest priced wheat in the world, the relative values in the Liverpool market being: —

Canadian No. 1 Northern	\$1.14
Best Russian	1.05
Argentina	.99
Indian	.91

The fertility of this plain is now known, the people are crowding in, and the wheat is growing. The great question is transportation of the ripened grain, for all channels of egress are choked. Calgary is shipping her famed Alberta Red westward to the Orient, but the bulk of prairie wheat seeks Liverpool as distributing centre, the route being by the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. This is perhaps Nature's most wonderful waterway, supplemented, enlarged, and deepened by the hand of man.

To date Canada has spent over one hundred millions of dollars on her one hundred miles of canals, now maintained free from tolls. Through this portal pours the wealth of wheat. Three times as much tonnage in a year passes through the Sault Sainte Marie canals as through the Suez. But this route is long and expensive; by it the wheat needs storing at terminal elevators, rehandling, and trans-shipping. Moreover the facilities are inadequate, — some more direct way must be found. And the eyes of the commercial world, for a solution of the trade-problem, turn to a route north of the St. Lawrence and its lakes.

Here lies a hitherto neglected water-

way, a great inland sea, Hudson's Bay, scarcely better known to-day than it was when three hundred years ago its intrepid name-father perished in its waters. Hudson's Bay ranks third among the inland seas of the world, being exceeded in size only by the Mediterranean Sea and the Caribbean. The Mediterranean counts a million square miles, and Hudson's Bay more than half that area; and as the Mediterranean was the centre of the Roman Empire, so destiny decrees that Hudson's Bay shall be the heart of an empire larger and infinitely more fertile than that of imperial Rome.

But whereas the Mediterranean is fringed by three continents and ten times three nations, speaking two scores of diverse tongues, Hudson's Bay lies entirely within British territory, and no other power of old world or new extends here its sphere of influence. Hudson's Bay spreads far into the centre of the wheat belt of Canada, and transportation by water is ever cheaper than by land. We fail to realize the vastness of this inland sea; the Great Lakes with their connecting rivers contain more than half of the world's fresh water, and Hudson's Bay is six times the size of the combined Great Lakes.

The Hudson's Bay Company years ago built here Fort Churchill and a small trading post, York Fort, at the mouth of the Nelson, but for the most part the great waterway has remained through the years an ignored factor of commerce, a mere name on the map. Ignorance, indifference, and more than a touch of interested envy are responsible for the fact that this northern highway has been so long neglected; it is just one phase of the sleep of a giant unwitting of its own strength.

In 1884 and 1887, government exploring expeditions reported the straits leading out of Hudson's Bay blocked with ice for nine months of the year. Believing this report to be colored by the undue influence of Montreal capitalists jealous of a northern rival, further ex-

ploring parties were sent out in 1905-6. They denied the land's leanness and declared the navigation of Hudson Strait practicable for four or five months of the year. The railroad builders are not slow to grasp the importance of this pronouncement.

What does a rail route to Hudson's Bay and direct steamship communication with Europe mean? It means the canceling of one-fourth of the distance from wheat-field to wheat mart; it means two hundred million bushels of grain finding itself just a thousand miles nearer to its ultimate destination, and the consequent cutting in half of the cost of its transportation. The carrying rate per ton-mile on the Great Lakes is just one-tenth of the rate charged by American railroad lines. To the European consumer the new route means a bigger loaf, and perishable produce delivered in better condition coming over a colder sea-way.

From Regina to Fort Churchill the mileage is the same as from Regina to Port Arthur at the western end of Lake Superior. The salt-water transit from Churchill to Liverpool is the same length as from Quebec to Liverpool, so the Hudson's Bay route annihilates the distance between Port Arthur and Quebec, the whole of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence haul.

Great latent wealth all around the shores of this Baltic of Canada will be brought to view when the search-light turns upon this corner of the empire. Already a Scottish concern is developing deposits of mica schist on the north shore of Hudson's Strait; in the Labrador region are found Silurian limestone, granite, and gneiss; and all round Hudson's Bay the Eskimo exhibit household utensils hammered out of native copper. It is altogether likely that the history of all Canada will be repeated and another decade see here villages, towns, and bustling cities, while the trade journals of two continents give quotations on Hudson's Bay copper and iron, lumber and coal and fish. We hear the rumble of coming

trains and see Liverpool-bound steamers lying at the docks awaiting their cargoes of wheat. The Dominion Government has granted no less than eight charters to lines headed for Hudson's Bay.

The present is one of unprecedented activity among the railway kings of Canada. The Canadian Northern, originated by Mackenzie and Mann, with the Manitoba government as sponsor and fairy godmother, is essentially a twentieth-century growth. Beginning at Port Arthur and running by way of Winnipeg and Edmonton, through a thousand miles of prairie literally bursting with fatness, it has paid its way from the start. This line has a lower bonded indebtedness and consequently lower fixed charges than have to be faced by any similar railroad on the American continent. The entire system is free from objectionable grades and curves. From Pas Mission on the Canadian Northern to Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay is only four hundred miles, and Mackenzie and Mann for years have been firm believers in the Hudson's-Bay-Liverpool route; the seaboard extension of this line would seem an assured fact.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, operating now 9000 miles under one management, continues building with characteristic activity. The Grand Trunk Pacific prosecutes its trans-continental trunk line, and Hill hopes to divert some portion of Canada's wheat to United States funnels. President Hill has said, "The Great Northern has all the land we need for years in Portland and Seattle; we are now trying to secure mammoth terminals in Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnipeg. If our Canadian plans do not miscarry I expect within the next ten years to have a railroad system there the full equivalent of the Great Northern system in the United States. We will touch Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Port Arthur, and traverse the Peace River country with a line several hundred miles farther north than any contemplated Canadian road. Winnipeg will

be our general Canadian centre, and we start out with a Canadian developing fund of ten millions."

The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian people, a people of seven millions, are building, from the Atlantic to where the Japan Current breaks on the shores of British Columbia, a natural highway to cost as much as the Panama Canal, a work which the ninety millions of the United States characterize as gigantic and stupendous and wonderful, every shovelful of progress being greeted with firecrackers and every dump-cart of dirt with fanfare of trumpets.

The Secretary of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce explained the "Seattle spirit" in the words, "We get what we go after." The Canadian does too, but he is somewhat slower in the going and decidedly less demonstrative in the getting. Fertile soil, unminted mines, giant forests, untold wealth of the sea, and the "white coal" power of lakes and glacial-fed streams, all these will play a part in the commercial greatness of the Coming Canada.

It was Isham Randolph, the Chicago expert, who declared that the Winnipeg River alone is capable of forming for propulsion and mechanical purposes a million-horse-power. Canada is as big as Europe. Ignore Ungava and the unexplored north, and south of the 60th parallel (that is, below the parallel of St. Petersburg) in this great plain each of the two new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan is bigger than the German Empire. We place Germany, the Republic of France, and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland within these two provinces, and they fail to cover the territory of the rolling mesas, more fertile than the richest plains of Hungary.

The wheat plains of Canada are bigger than that rectangle in the United States extending from Ohio to the Great Lakes and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. To him who would rightly read the signs of the times, nothing is more

encouraging here than the activities of the railroads. The sanest and most conservative men in the world are railway men. Sentiment is eliminated as a factor from all their equations; it is a matter of dollars and cents with them. They know as no one else knows the country, its resources and its possibilities. President Hill, and Sir Rivers Wilson, Mackenzie and Mann and the president of the mighty Canadian Pacific Railway are not making million-dollar appropriations and hurling away money for the sake of spending it. I see no greater tribute to the country than the fact that from sixty thousand to

one hundred thousand men were employed in the preliminary railroad construction work in Canada in 1907, and that the whole economic condition of the country is about to suffer a sea change with the opening of competitive lines to Hudson's Bay.

The white ghost of Henry Hudson revisiting the glimpses of the moon, if still to be touched by earthly issues, would seem to say, —

"Open the Bay, which o'er the Northland
broods,
Dumb, yet in labor with a mighty fate!
Open the Bay! Humanity intrudes."

VIRGIL IN MAINE

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

I SUPPOSE that if it had been a favorable season for coasting and skating that winter the Thinkers' Club would never have been formed. We were enjoying what is called an open winter, and this especial season had proved to be of such a wide-open variety as to provide little material for rational employments; hence it was that we were driven to the abnormal recreation of thinking.

The French class, which had always deemed itself an organization of distinction, was reciting now on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The dark-eyed teacher came at three o'clock and was politely dispensed with an hour later, after which an hour or two remained for sitting around the big sheet-iron stove, watching the coming of the early winter twilight, and giving ourselves over to the discussion of high and improving topics.

Most of us had arrived at a period when we believed our mental horizons to be perceptibly widening. The uncouth lad, in particular, though uncouth still, was beginning to be instinct with imaginings and questionings for the formulating

of which these bi-weekly gatherings afforded a necessary outlet. We had intended to call ourselves the French Club, though none of us had as yet learned to regard the French language as an acquisition of importance; but when "the master," as we were wont to speak of our guide, philosopher, and friend, criticising our condescension towards foreign accomplishments a little impatiently, had declared, "I wish some of you would form yourselves into a *thinkers'* club!" the French class was not too modest to accommodate him. Were we not seniors? Who but ourselves *should* do the thinking for the school? We understood — none better — the true inwardness of the master's petulance. This was our appointed and accepted year for the study of Virgil, but the class had consistently refused to embrace its fate with enthusiasm. Perhaps some of us had more love for the great poet than we were willing to acknowledge; but our teacher, in this matter alone forgetting his wonted tact, made so irritatingly apparent his longing that we should strew the Virgilian path

with joy and exclamation points, that it became a matter of conscience with us to remain cold.

The master wished us to be filled with an unreasoning curiosity about Mantua, as Virgil's birthplace; to trace the course of the wanderings of Æneas with unquenchable thirst for information, and, above all, to stand ready to salute every great passage with tears of joyful appreciation. To us, unfortunately, the story of Æneas was not convincing, presented as anything but a fairy tale, and when we looked at the small space occupied by the Mediterranean Sea on the map, we felt that any or all of us could easily have explored its mysteries in an open boat.

The Thinkers' Club, sitting around the schoolroom stove on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, watching the red winter sunsets blur themselves into gray dusk, while the shadows of the big, homely room drew closer and closer about the cozy circle, had not as yet bothered itself much with discussing the Virgilian eloquence. Perhaps we should never have done so had not the class orator, who was perpetually foraging in literary corners unknown to the rest of us, chanced upon an eloquent sentence about the impossibility of comprehending any nation or any language without "first making an attempt to realize its ideals."

When the class orator acquired a new, choice, and mouth-filling sentiment, he was in the habit of spouting it with frequency in all the intervals of conversation. He liked to bring forth sounding bits of Latin as giving an impression of deeper learning, and previous to this last acquisition had been hammering us so continually with —

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniæ. Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et in-
gens
Gloria Teucrorum,"

as to impress the words indelibly on the memory of at least one of his hearers. There were tones in the class orator's voice which made us willing to bear with many inflictions.

On the Wednesday afternoon of which I am thinking it was the uncouth lad who began the conversation. It was often the uncouth lad. He was a youth possessing great initiative. The footsteps of the dark-eyed French teacher were no longer heard on the crisp snow outside; it was a lowering day, early darkening into twilight, and the fierce wind ravaging without gave us a feeling of emphatic shelter and comfort; fresh wood had been placed on the fire, and the door of the stove opened so that the streaming firelight might fill the empty bigness of the room with wavering shadows.

There were a few moments of silence. then the uncouth lad brought forth his treasures of thought. "Say, folks," he began abruptly, "education's a mighty funny thing, ain't it? I was lookin' round the school this forenoon when they was all here, seventy-six boys an' girls, some doin' sums, an' some buzzin' their lips studyin' hist'ry, an' Ammi Riggs makin' spitballs, an' this young female by my side a-pullin' Pauline's hair, an' 'Mandy Johnson crocheting under her desk, an' the chemistry class recitin' about the discovery of oxygen — an' we was all 'gettin' an education.' We've been grindin' at it for years now, an' we've got to grind. You may be strong as a hoss in your body; but if you ain't got some strength in your head you don't count for much. Somehow when I was thinkin' of it this forenoon, it all struck me as bein' awful funny."

"I don't know 's I call makin' spitballs or pullin' hair any part o' gettin' an education," the slow girl objected.

"Oh, yes," the school genius interposed quickly; "it all belongs. Doing sums an' buzzing your lips studying hist'ry lessons is only a small part of getting educated. Everything in life is teaching you something, though a good deal of it's what you might just as well not know."

"What is education anyway?" the slow girl persisted. "I never knew anybody had to be taught to make spitballs

an' pull hair. I thought they were things that come by nature."

"Education," the uncouth lad defined promptly, "is the trainin' of the faculties. If a man 'lects to spend his time in spit-balls an' foolishness, mebbe that's his way o' trainin' the faculties. It ain't mine."

The class orator was roaming about restlessly amid the remote shadows.

"Unless you have first made an attempt to realize the ideals of any nation or language, you can never fully comprehend the innermost message of either that nation or that language," we heard him rolling forth in mellifluous undertones.

"Sometimes I wish more pains was took to make trainin' the faculties interestin'," the uncouth lad went on thoughtfully. "Course we don't any of us expect to have square root fixed with pictures tacked on to it; but them sums back further in the book where two old fellers dickered together, or John Jones brought farmin' products to the store to trade for groceries, them helped me out wonderfully. I always used to see in my mind's eye my uncle's store to the Four Corners an' ole Abe Hewett an' Jim Perkins an' the rest droppin' in to talk an' bargain. Put a picture onto things an' you remember 'em a sight easier."

"What picture are you going to put onto oxygen from *oxus* acid and *genero* to produce, discovered by Priestly and Scheele independently of each other in 1774?" the slow girl asked with a sigh. Chemistry was her *bête noire*.

"That's easy enough. Anybody can do it." The class orator paused in his wanderings and began to improvise magniloquently. "'Two toiling scientists, unknown to each other, widely separated by intervening lands and seas, suddenly an' simultaneously chance upon the same wonderful discovery, a discovery hitherto unrecognized, though familiar as the air we breathe.' Ain't there a picture for you?"

The class genius here took up the strain "'Tis mine,' says Number One.

"'You l—, I mean, you don't tell the truth,' says Number Two; 't is my own.'

"'What you goin' to do about it?' says Number One.

"'I'll pledge you in a foamin' beaker of H₂O,' says Number Two.

"'The same to yourself,' says Number One."

The orator drew near once more. "Unless you have first made an attempt to realize the ideals of any nation or language," he boomed out in his deepest chest-tones, "you can never fully comprehend the innermost message of either that nation or that language."

"Say," exclaimed the uncouth lad, seized with an idea, "why ain't that jest what the master wants us to do? Why don't we go to work realizin' the ideals o' the Latin language?"

"How you going to do it?" we inquired in unison.

"Do it? Why, jest act it out. Take some o' these fool scenes we've been a-studyin' about, an', as he said the other day"—here the uncouth lad grinned widely, showing two rows of admirably sound teeth—"paint 'em upon the plastic canvas of our minds."

"'T wan't plastic he said; 't was virgin," the girl who never forgot corrected.

"Never mind," the school genius declared. "It's a good idea anyway. Le's do it. Each one choose his own scene. Mebbe we shall have to consult enough so we shan't all choose the same thing; but that's easy managed. Next Sat'day the French teacher's going to be away, so we can have the whole afternoon solid to jest realize ideals an' nothing else."

The next two days were busy and mysterious ones. Although we had vowed not to confide our purposes to any outside our own favored circle, it was impossible that some suspicions should not be aroused in an atmosphere so big with portents; yet we assured ourselves gleefully that we had revealed to a curious world nothing more incriminating than

the joyful fact of the possession of a secret.

My own rôle in this dramatic "realization" was soon chosen. The class genius and myself shared one habit in common — that of reading ahead. The rest of the Latin class had no sympathy with such unnecessary toil, being firmly convinced that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" but to us who toiled, the pleasure of browsing here and there in spots where the notes indicated something of unusually picturesque interest, amply repaid the labor involved.

Among the family relics, handed down from "worldly" and unrecorded gayeties in the past, existed a mysterious black domino with pointed hood, and with the remembrance of this garment in mind, how could I help feeling that the finger of destiny itself indicated my assumption of the character of the Sibyl who accompanied Æneas in his descent to Hades. With the assistance of my Christmas paintbox and a little inventive spirit I provided myself with a golden bough quite as flaming in hue as anything the Forest of Diana could ever have furnished, and naught remained but to accomplish a sufficient amount of translation to enable me to play the part with some fragmentary degree of intelligence.

The probability that none of my comrades would be able to claim even a bowing acquaintance with the Sibyl, since for them the sixth book of Virgil was still a joy in reserve, did not trouble me in the least, — I had "a tongue in my head" and could explain, — but I did find a difficulty in acquiring time and mood for translating the story of the sibylline wanderings. There are always days in our lives whose memory stands out with special distinctness, and these two still remain vividly in mind on account of the numerous and engrossing distractions which they offered to render my descent to Avernus anything but facile.

We had, I remember, a visitor who had been an official in Washington during the war, a man who could and would tell

stories, and who had organ tones in his voice. So many fascinating and tragic and heroic things he embroidered upon my researches into the ideals of the Latin language, that to this day the background of that dramatic afternoon in the old schoolhouse presents itself as a sort of judgment-day cartoon. Dido burning on her funeral pyre, the young Marcellus with gloomy night "flapping her sad pinions over his head," and even the mystic Sibyl descending tragically from the black-draped heights of the teacher's table to the level of the stove which, with covers removed, signified the fiery depths of Hades, seem inextricably mingled in my recollection with the vision of the first man whom our silver-tongued visitor ever saw fall in battle, the marching and counter-marching of blue-coated ranks, and above all the tragic mask of Mr. Lincoln's face haunting the White House. Thus, unconsciously, I put a girdle round the earth and incorporated American upon Latin ideals.

It was the girl who never forgot who chose the part of Dido. Helen was her baptismal name, and so fair of face was she that we thought our classmate a lineal descendant of her whose beauty —

"launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

The wood which, piled beside the stove, served to feed the schoolroom fire, having been shaped into necessary symmetry of form, was transformed into the love-lorn lady's funeral pyre. She sprang, this fair Helen of ours, from a family of wealth and tradition, and from their heirloom treasures she had drawn forth a satin cloak, threadbare, it is true, and ivory white with age, but softly-gleaming still, and lending its voluminous folds to classic outlines. When she had woven her dark ringlets into a Greek knot and spread a deep-red "double shawl" over the rough woodpile to lend picturesqueness to the funeral pyre, we all began to enter into the seriousness of our parts and to dream that at last ideals were beginning to be realized.

"I must say," the slow girl commented, "'t I never had much sympathy with Dido till this minute. When I look at you, Helen, I begin to feel 's if there was more to it 'n met the eye."

"That is to say," the class orator suggested, "when you was recitin' about her you drew the line at some of Dido's didos; but seein' her in the flesh you begin to think 't Cupid may ha' been some to blame."

The class orator had chosen to appear first upon the scene. "I'll furnish the beginning an' the endin' of the dramy," he assured us with an air of kindly promise. The orator, as the sequel showed, was not destitute of classical standards; but he had not been able to resist the temptation of incorporating his Uncle William's army uniform into the part he had chosen. He was a well-grown lad, and brass buttons and epaulets became him. It is to be feared that the uncle, who was that awe-inspiring thing, a Bowdoin graduate, had felt an unholy joy in promoting the incongruity of his nephew's outfit. When we emerged from the dressing-room, whither we had retired while the orator perfected the opening scene of the "dramy," we beheld our classmate gayly bedight with trappings of war and proudly marching to and fro amid an array of stacked muskets, while swords, pistols, bows and arrows, and butcher-knives were scattered about in deadly profusion. At the moment of our appearance, thus deftly depriving us of all opportunity for question or protest, he began in his most telling manner to recite, —

"Arms and the man I sing who, forced by
fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore,"

and continued to blazon forth "the long glories of majestic Rome," as interminably as our consciences would allow us to listen to the too-familiar tale. It is but just to say that we bore with the orator for a longer period than any other of our number could have hoped to attain. While he spoke, trumpets and

bugles seemed to accompany him, such was the magic of his method.

Some comment, however, was inevitable. It was the uncouth lad who remarked thoughtfully, loath to criticise unjustly, yet "wanting to know," —

"I don' know 's I see jest how United States army uniforms an' muskets fits into Latin ideals."

"So far's patriotism an' courage an' fighting qualities are concerned, the ideals of all languages have been the same," proclaimed the orator, strutting amid his muskets.

"Who told you so?" inquired the class genius.

"Uncle Billy," the orator replied, unabashed. "Besides, I ain't representing Æneas or any of those fellows now. I'm jest a sort of a chorus recountin' their deeds; an' Uncle Billy said 't was all right to begin with the present century an' work back. When the rest of you get through, I come on again, an' then you'll find I'm the noblest Roman of 'em all."

The slow girl, who came next, represented Hecuba trying to dissuade the aged Priam from warlike exploits. The slow girl was tall, slender, and angular, with blonde hair so pronounced in colorlessness as to merit the epithet "tow-head" which was, indeed, often bestowed upon her. She was suffering from a severe cold in her head which reddened her eyelids and gave a mournful thickness to her voice. She had filleted her hair and draped her tall form in a bright-hued plaid shawl arranged in classic folds. On her feet were rubber sandals, which, having no shoes under them, gave forth a gurgling sound as she walked, and in a tragic attitude and speaking mournfully through her nose she movingly admonished the venerable Priam, —

"Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis!"

The uncouth lad, always obliging, represented Priam. As the lad "did chores" for his board his resources for costuming himself in royal splendor were not great; but his landlady had accommodated him with an ancient and ragged white table-

cloth, which, worn toga-wise, and displaying coarse trousers hardly reaching to the tops of a pair of stout congress boots, assisted the Trojan monarch to make a most kingly appearance. A wig composed of white yarn raveled from discarded "footings" straggled hither and yon amidst the uncouth lad's own uneven locks and gave him a wildly venerable aspect.

"My fit-out ain't what I call first class," he explained with his usual good nature, "but I done what I could." In view of which fact, and because realizing ideals had for the moment become a serious occupation, I am glad to remember that we looked upon both Priam and Hecuba rather through the eyes of our imagination than with any critical estimate of their classic charms.

Indeed, when in the following "number" of the programme, the uncouth lad appeared before us in his own chosen character of Iopas, the bard of Virgil, the mingled fire and dignity of diction with which he surprised us caused his ragged toga to be forgotten as he sang,—

"the wanderings of the moon,
The sun eclipsed in deadly swoon;
Whence human kind and cattle came,
And whence the rainspout and the flame,
Areturus and the two bright bears
And Hyads weeping showery tears;
Why winter suns so swiftly go
And why the dreary nights move slow."

The uncouth lad developed haltingly, but he was already beginning to show the ruggedly-persistent stuff that was in him.

The Sibyl with the golden bough next appeared upon the stage. The class genius, as the only member of the Thinkers' Club who had ever before heard the Sibyl's name mentioned, took the part of Æneas and assisted the black-robed prophetess to descend safely into Hades from the lofty summit of the master's table.

"What'd she see when she got there?" the orator inquired, as he beheld the flames of the inferno bursting from the uncovered schoolroom stove.

"Trojan ghosts and the spirits of the unburied dead," the Sibyl answered, with the outward assurance of one to whom all secrets of purgatory had been revealed.

The uncouth lad looked himself over with genial impartiality. "I don' know of anybody 't looks more as if they'd ought to be buried 'n I do," he conceded. "Count me in as representin' the spirits."

The class genius next appeared upon the stage in the character of the young Marcellus, a youth

"by none excelled
In beauty's manly grace."

The genius was immaculately togaed in a voluminous white sheet; he wore white cloth-covered sandals on his feet, and a wreath of green artificial leaves filleted his brow. He had even put on white trousers to render his color-scheme uniform. The afternoon dusk was beginning to fall now, and the chalked face of the young actor gleamed from the shadows as if touched with a marble pallor. It is true that he remarked casually as he mounted the rostrum, "Of course you all understand that I'm dead;" but even the matter-of-fact tone of this statement did not prevent us from feeling that his aspect was delightfully meaning. Whatever the tone of the young Marcellus might be, we saw that

"On his brow was naught of mirth
And his fixed eyes were dropped on earth,"

and we were willing to shudder a little if we might only dream that we were at last beginning to enter into the old Grecian story.

The darkening room helped the illusion when the fair Dido mounted her funeral pile. The battered walls of the old schoolroom stretched away into a vista of classic shores. Some of us even heard the murmur of the sea, an inarticulate echo which we were too absorbed to try to interpret. We imagined Æneas looking back from the distant wave at the high-mounting flames which marked

the destruction of the hapless queen, and it was with a simultaneous start of surprise that we heard the voice of the class orator breaking the silence. The orator was now attired in flowing draperies which entirely concealed the glories of Uncle Billy's uniform. Yet, as he came forward, a sepulchral clank beneath his garments revealed the fact that he had not been able to tear himself from the weapons of modern warfare.

"It's gone off just great," he declared, "an' none o' the rest o' the school has so much as peeped all the afternoon. I did n't think we'd get off so easy. I know some o' the fellers suspected something. Now we'll wind up with a grand finale, as the show bills say. Dido stay where she is, an' somebody touch up the fire, an' then each one get into position on the stage, leavin' the centre for me to come forward in purple pomp like a Roman Senator an' recite my piece."

At this instant a sudden flash of the "touched-up" fire revealed the fact that the orator was in very fact clad in purple: but the inquiry about to burst in unison from our lips as to where he had acquired such splendor was never uttered, because just then something happened.

The uncouth lad officiated as janitor of the schoolhouse, and knowing that he had fast-locked both entrances we had rested secure from fears of intrusion. As each classic hero and heroine was mounting to his appointed place on the platform, however, the two doors at the back of the schoolroom opened simultaneously, to admit on one side the dignified minister of the Old South Church and on the other "crazy Miss 'Lizy." Miss 'Lizy was descended from one of the ruling families of the town, and was reputed to have injured her brain by over-study in her youth. She had intervals of being what we called "a little out," but usually presented the appearance of an uncannily bright-eyed person of precise diction.

She gazed around as she entered, at Dido serene on her funeral pile, the Sibyl

uneasily perching on the teacher's table, the young Marcellus stiffening into the proper corpse-like rigidity, and the slow girl opening her mouth in unaffected horror. The class orator hovered in the background, determined not to appear till the appointed moment, though the heavens fell; and the uncouth lad, whose presence of mind was not easily shaken, came forward as host, stately and hospitable in his ragged tablecloth.

"We did n't quite look for ye," he explained cordially, "but si' down. We've just got to the grand final. I," he mentioned with pride, "am Iopas, the bard of Virgil."

"Quite so; quite so," the minister assented, accepting a seat at the back of the room. "Perhaps I should apologize for this intrusion; but Mr. Ammi Riggs kindly assured me of a welcome."

"I also am indebted to Mr. Ammi Riggs for my invitation," Miss 'Lizy explained, enthroning herself in one of the senior seats. "He mentioned my well-known interest in classical studies. I find everything pertaining to that elegantly instructive period of Greece and Rome of profound significance. This exhibition seems most creditable." Miss 'Lizy's bright glance, even in the dusk, seemed to pierce us with intelligent criticism. The Sibyl, on her distant table, imagined the twinkle of the minister's eyes hidden by twilight and solemn brows.

Noise of another arrival now sounded, but not before the Virgilian bard, dashing to the front, had taken time to admonish the stage company:—

"Put a good face on it. Don't let that blame Ammi Riggs think he's upstod our programme!"

The newcomers proved to be a row of maiden ladies, who had encountered the guileful Ammi on their return from afternoon prayer-meeting. Hilltown was prolific of spinsters with literary tastes. The present installment seated themselves decorously, murmuring gently disjointed sentences regarding the unexpected pleasure of the occasion.

At the next opening of the doors whatever qualms of timidity or smoulderings of indignation might have existed in the breasts of the Thinkers' Club were swallowed up in curiosity and interest in an absorbing pageant. At one door entered Mr. Ammi Riggs, followed, it seemed, by the entire remainder of the school. Mr. Riggs himself was clad in draperies apparently gathered from discarded mealbags. Upon his head he wore a new tin pail, burnished and shining, and his broad breast was shielded by a barrel-head bearing the legend, "First-class family flour."

The long line of Mr. Riggs's cohorts alternated in presenting gayly diversified attire "adapted" from bed-blankets, bright-hued quilts, grandfather's cloaks, and other picturesque robes, and youths and maidens clad in the more sober costumes of everyday. Kettle-cover shields, and spears shaped from scantlings, abounded. As the door opened, the gallant commander of this legion sounded forth a sonorous, "Forward! march!" followed, as the long procession broke into squads and filed down the aisles, by another pair of trumpet-toned orders, "Halt!" and "Set!" At the latter word the assembly *did* "set" with an impact which might well have shaken the lofty walls of Troy.

It was evident, however, that Captain Ammi had not expected the entrance of "the master" at the other door. Had it not been for this opportune arrival I have always feared that neither the Thinkers' Club, the minister, the gentle spinsters, nor crazy Miss 'Lizy could have saved the situation. Possibly the class orator might have accomplished it, but one never can tell.

The master passed quietly to his accustomed place, his mien undisturbed even by the unwonted apparition of a Sibyl with a golden bough standing erect upon his desk with the air of one who dies but never surrenders. The young Marcellus remained persistently dead; but from the Virgilian bard the master

rapidly gathered the facts of the occasion. He took command so effectively that nothing more was heard from Captain Ammi except one whispered comment regarding the impropriety of "makin' kindlin'-wood of anything so pooty as Dido."

The cohorts, once "set," did not dare to rise again. The master, in a rapid summary of the objects and aims of the Thinkers' Club, gave that organization a dignity which it had never dreamed of possessing; he transformed the collapsing grand finale into a stable function, introduced the actors to their audience, and put the ideals of a great language and a great nation behind them.

In the flaring light of the renewed fire Dido's fair face and ivory satin cloak gleamed radiant, the young Marcellus looked like a statue by Pygmalion, the dark-robed Sibyl shone mysterious, a glamour touched the bard and the matron. The bright-hued draperies and even the gleaming kettle covers of the audience gave color and tone to the picture, and when the setting was complete the class orator came forward "in purple pomp."

There was no way of explaining the spell of the class orator except by admitting that he possessed personal magnetism — tons of it. He also believed mightily in his own powers, which, no doubt, helped the illusion.

He stepped into the circle of the firelight, and the house was still as death except for the muffled jingle of his hidden weapons. So serious had we become that even those who recognized the absurdity of this sound did not smile. The orator liked verses with sweep and rhythm to them. No one knew by what alchemy he discovered his selections nor how much he really felt them himself. He had a supple figure which lent itself to rhetorical grace, a slow black eye, dull at first, then kindling to a brilliance like flame, and a voice, flexible, smooth, rich with expression. When those black eyes began to smoulder into brightness it was

as if their owner painted a picture for us on the dusky winter twilight — a picture of the wonderful Italy he invoked. We listened, breathless, while he told the story, and to one youthful Sibyl, hearken- ing entranced from the master's table, the epic of her own land seemed to keep pace with the flowing rhyme.

Such the land that sent to battle Marsian
footmen stout and good,
Sabine youth and Volscian spearmen and
Liguria's hardy brood;
Hence have sprung our Decii, Marii, mighty
names which all men bless,
Great Camillus, kinsman Scipios, sternest men
in battle's press!

Hail, thou fair and fruitful mother, land of
ancient Saturn, hail!
Rich in crops and rich in heroes! thus I dare
to wake the tale
Of thine ancient land and honor, opening founts
that slumbered long,
Rolling through our Roman towns the echoes
of old Hesiod's song.

We always expected the orator to give us all the stanzas he could accumulate when he condescended to recite for us, and he seldom disappointed his audience in that respect; but in this instance the young Marcellus hardly allowed the last silvery accent to melt upon the air before coming suddenly back from the dead to announce peremptorily, —

"The exercises of the afternoon will

conclude with the singing of 'America,' in which the audience will please join."

Here was a mighty outlet for emotion. The master's deep bass, the class orator's sweet, soaring tenor, the tremulous notes of the spinsters, Dido singing like a bird from her funeral pile, and the great wave of sound when the cohorts lifted up their voices as one man, rose in a grand chord of melody, binding Greece, Rome, America, present and past, the world that has been and the world that is to be, in one realization of noble ideals. Then the fire sank low, and darkness wrote "finis" on the page.

I walked home with Dido and Marcellus.

"Did you hurry back to life and make them sing 'America' because you were afraid the minister would close with the benediction?" I asked the latter.

"Yes," he answered; "how did you know?"

"I knew by myself because I am a Sibyl. I was longing to have the unities preserved and a pagan day kept pagan."

The genius pointed to one pale streak of light long-linging in the west. "Behold," he said, "the last of 'the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome!'"

CHRISTMAS EVE

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

To-NIGHT is all the year to me,
When, out of all the ripened days,
Sorrow is sifted, Beauty stays, —
The winnowed grain of Memory.

Here all the months their emblems strew:
For April, there is Youth's delight;
For May, there are these blossoms bright;
For all Spring's love-time, there is You!

The Yule-tide flame snaps blithe below;
Bright holly berries burn above;
And Fancy builds a dream thereof —
A dream of Summer — 'mid the snow.

For Autumn, there is harvest hoard
Of all the toiling world's good will;
For Winter, there's the wondrous thrill
Of laughter round the laden board.

Methinks to-night my happy heart
Rides, like the Wise Men, from afar,
Back through the ages, with a star
For certain guide and errless chart; —

Back through the ages, unto Them
Who in the lowly manger lay,
Where stolid kine soft watched by day
Above the Babe of Bethlehem.

And all the hope — the joy — that He
Gave to all Christmas-tides of Time
Lifts here a pinnacle sublime. —
To-night is all of Life to me!

THE FISHERMAN

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

WE were running away — Eve and I and our son — running from the wrath to come. For it would surely come, as surely as time. And, although our son could not do any running to speak of, as yet, he was quite ready to be taken anywhere at any time. So he laughed mightily as Eve lifted him into the buggy, then held him with one hand while she climbed in herself. That had been a problem, that getting them into the buggy, for I felt it necessary to hold the horse by the bridle the while, lest he take it into his foolish head to run with his precious freight. But I need not have worried. Eve put the boy in and got in herself, very deftly and easily; and the horse only turned his head, inquiringly, to see what was making all that noise behind him. Having found that it was only a boy of two, — he seemed to judge the age quite accurately, I thought, — he dropped his ears and submitted contentedly to my firm hold.

It was some festivities at the great house on the hill that we were running away from; festivities of the second order. Festivities of the first order I should not dare to try to escape. It would be futile to try to escape them; like running from sin and death or taxes. But those of the second order I thought I might flee from with impunity. Mrs. Goodwin was to have a party; and a party is a party, call it what you will — tea, reception, bridge, or what not. I abominate bridge, chiefly, I suppose, because I do not know anything about it. For fear that I might like it, I have never learned.

I do not like parties. Not that I have any serious objection to parties, so long as I do not have to go to them. There are so many things in life that are better

worth while; and I am a busy man. I have to sit on the seat under my great pine and watch the play of light upon the water — with Eve beside me and my son on the grass at our feet to help me at my watching — at about the time that a party would be in full swing. I find it far pleasanter and more edifying to watch the water so, and to listen to the prattle of my son and to learn his language, — Eve is already learned in it, and she teaches it to me, so that I have some hope that I may become skillful at it by the time he is ready to talk my own, — I find it pleasanter to be so occupied, I say, than to listen to the kind of gabble current at parties. Still, I note with some surprise that, on the rare occasions when I cannot escape them, I enjoy myself very well. That is a mystery which I do not try to explain.

And Eve knows my weaknesses — she knows them all, I fear — and humors them, even taking upon her own shoulders burdens which should, of right, be mine. I remonstrate — to no purpose — and bless her. That very morning, having persuaded her to go, — a matter of no difficulty, — I remonstrated again.

She turned to me. "Adam," she said, her eyes shining, "whither thou goest, I will go; and —"

But, thereupon, I interrupted her in such fashion that she could not finish.

"Eve," said I at last, "you shame me. We will not run away, but I will send the horse back. I might turn him loose in the road, and I have no doubt he will find his way back to Shattuck's."

For it was yet early, barely light enough to see, and the horse might well think it the other end of the day. Indeed, when I went out, I found him sleeping patiently.

"No, no," said Eve. "Let us go, as you had planned. You would be miserable all day."

"Well," I said, "and so I would."

And we gathered up the baskets and went out.

I clambered in beside Eve; I am not graceful, and the wheel was cramped on that side, but I managed to get in, after a fashion, and sat, my son between my knees. He wanted something, but I could not make out what, although he conversed about it earnestly. And the horse would not start. I clucked to him and slapped him with the reins, even fished him, thinking that he might be used to that neck-breaking method, — it is much the custom among country people, among country women, if it must be said, — but he only pricked his ears and looked back at us patiently. I have rarely seen a more patient animal.

Eve was laughing hysterically. "He wants to drive, Adam," she said, as soon as she could speak.

I turned to her in some surprise. "The horse?" I asked.

"It is your son that wants to drive," said Eve. "Don't you hear him asking?"

For my son was still conversing earnestly. I listened to him with some care; but he might have been talking in hieroglyphics for all my understanding. I could not understand a word; but I was quite ready to take Eve's word for it.

"He may," I said. "I think it will be quite safe." And I put the reins within his little hands, still holding him between my knees.

He shook the reins and clucked to the horse, and that surprising animal started at once. He whirled us out of the yard — by good luck, he missed the gate-posts — and down the road at a smashing gait. My son was filled with glee and laughed loud and shook the reins again. It was a straight road; straight as far as Shattuck's.

"We might as well be in my father's car," said Eve in some alarm. "Don't you think, Adam, you had better —"

But we had reached Shattuck's — a bare expanse of shadeless yard worn to the gravel. The horse would have turned in there, but I had my hands upon the reins by this, and checked him. What any horse can see in Shattuck's to desire is beyond me; but the ways of a horse are past understanding. We were jogging gently along, now, very gently indeed. The horse had his ears down and they bobbed with every step.

"Not the same as your father's car," I said, with a chuckle. For I had a vision of Old Goodwin in his car, and he drove it himself; drove it as though the Devil were after him. "I wish your father might have come, Eve. He would have liked to come, I think — to-day."

"To-day, or any other day, Adam," said Eve. "He always likes it."

"We will come again, some day soon, and we will ask him. Although this is no motor car, Eve. We shall have time to see the beauties that are about us."

And again I had a vision of Old Goodwin driving his car, and I sat in the back seat, with Eve, and I found myself fully occupied with holding my clothes on. I could see nothing of the beauties about me — save Eve. I doubt if anything could prevent that. And this our son was not there in that motor car, for at that time he was not. He was not — and here he was, between my knees, as important a person as Eve or I; vastly more important than I.

And, as we jogged along the road, my son well nigh drunken with the joy of driving a real horse, I thought upon the manner of Old Goodwin's reception of the news of our running away — when he learned it. I could see him grin, could hear him muttering his comment. "The rascal! I wish I dared!" But he would not let Mrs. Goodwin hear him. And Mrs. Goodwin would sigh as one whose fate was hard, and smile as though it was of no moment. But she would grudge me Eve. And I know well that, in her heart of heart, she still grudges me Eve — always.

We were in the woods by this, mounting to the ridge road, and the horse was walking. I marveled that any horse could walk so slowly as he did, dragging one foot after another as though each one were weighted with lead. But I let him walk, for there was yet a quarter of an hour before the sun should rise and we were due upon the ridge.

A clear whistle sounded in the red woods to our right, and my son asked me questions which I did not understand. But I surmised the purport of them, and I told him it was a quail. The fact that it was not did not disturb me in the least, but rather gave me some pleasure. Let the naturalists name and classify as they will, — as I was once forced to do, but sorely against my will, sorely, — the bird that gives that clear whistle is none the less a quail. And two rabbits scurried across the road, and my son yelled with excitement. But, save for the yelling of my son and for the sound of our horse's feet and for the creaking of that old buggy, it was strangely silent in those woods. There were sounds — the soft sound of the wind in the treetops, the throbbing of the wood life — which but soothed the senses. The occasional call of some bird echoed afar. And we came out upon the crest of the ridge, into a great clearing, and I stopped the horse. He was quite willing to stop.

We were upon a backbone of land, and we saw, on one side, the little cluster of houses we had just left, close at hand. On the other side, farther away, was a village of fisher-folk, the houses scarcely more than huts, that stretched along a road, and the road gleamed white. Beyond the road was a narrow strip of beach, and beyond the beach again, the boats, each moored to its stake. The men were going to their boats as we looked. And beyond the boats were the waters of the bay, that were covered with a curtain of mist, — not fog, but a haze that was impalpable, — and the waters shone with the coming of the sun. It was all ghostlike, — the light, and seeing the

fisher-folk but hearing nothing. Our son, for a wonder, made no noise, for he was busied in watching the men going to their boats, and the boats setting sail, one by one.

And the light on the waters changed and was no longer ghostlike. It showed me that the sun was risen, but I could not see him. I was puzzled.

"Where is he, Eve?" I asked. "I cannot see him, although I know that he is up."

I felt that I was being cheated — and by the sun. I would not have thought it of him.

"See, Adam," said Eve. "There he is."

And I saw him at last. He was already risen and showed red through the haze. I looked long at him and at the water; and, as I looked, I remembered another sunrise that Eve and I had watched together. I turned to Eve — and found her watching me, a light in her eyes that makes them better worth looking at than any sunrise. Our groping hands found one another.

"And were you thinking of that time, too, Eve?" I asked, softly.

She answered me nothing, but she smiled and her eyes filled — with happy tears, I thought. And we sat silent long, until the sun had climbed somewhat and he was no longer red but yellow. My son again began his conversation, pointing, with an eager and earnest finger, toward the boats. They did but drift gently, with sails that did not even flap. There was not a breath of wind down there, for the land breeze of the night and the early morning had died out.

"What does he say, Eve?"

Eve smiled at me. She is very patient. I am afraid I should not be as patient with a parent who could not understand his own son.

"He wants to go down to the boats," she answered, interpreting. "And why not, Adam? We have the day before us."

Why not, indeed? If Eve but wished it — that was reason enough. And I

gathered up the reins, and clucked to the horse.

Whereupon the horse woke, heaved a tremendous sigh, and regarded us reproachfully; but he did not move. I, too, heaved a sigh, and handed the reins to my son.

It would have been a short journey if we could have gone straight down; but we could not go straight down. We had to go around; and even with these added miles, it was not a half-hour before we were driving along by that other shore, with the water not fifty feet away. It was as smooth as glass, save for a gentle swell that rolled in and broke lazily almost at our feet. And the surface of the road began to show an occasional fragment of a clamshell; and the clamshells showed more frequently as we went on, until the road was nothing but clamshells and the fragments of them. It was the shells that made the road gleam white when we had seen it from the ridge.

The place seemed deserted; all the population gone out in the boats, that floated, without motion, so near that a man could have thrown a stone with some hope of hitting them. But, even as I thought these thoughts, I saw that I was mistaken; all the population was not gone. For there, over her ankles in the water, which just wet the hem of her cotton skirt, stood a girl: a half-grown girl, seemingly, with her hair in a long braid down her back. She had her back toward us, and her shoulders were shaking with the sobbing of spent grief.

Eve, too, had seen. She laid her hands upon the reins and stopped the horse.

"Little girl," she called softly, "what is the matter? Come in and tell me."

The girl turned obediently and began to wade ashore. And, as she came, I saw that her eyes were all swollen with weeping, and I could see, by the look in her face, that she was very wretched. And Eve saw the wretchedness in her face and she knew what was in her heart.

"Oh!" she cried. "Let me out, Adam."

And she jumped from the buggy and ran to meet the girl, and she met her at the edge of the water and threw her arms about her. I thought that strange, that she should embrace a stranger — and a fisher-girl, at that — upon sight. I did not like it overmuch, for these people are apt to be — well — not as clean as Eve. But, as for what Eve had done, why, I have learned something in the last three years, and I have faith that whatever she does is right and wise.

The fisher-girl sobbed afresh when Eve took her in her arms, and she raised her eyes to mine, where I sat in the buggy; but I doubt if she saw me or even knew that I was there.

"My Dick has gone," she wailed. "He's gone and left me."

And she sobbed wildly, as though she would never have done. And Eve and the girl sat down upon the sands, and I supposed that Eve gave her what comfort she could, though I heard nothing. My son, by this, was lamenting with them, loudly; and Eve, hearing him, motioned to me to put him down. I had no sooner placed him upon the sand than he made his way to them on his hands and knees. And his mother and the girl made much of him, and he stopped crying and began his talk.

The girl was not so young as she had seemed when we first saw her shoulders shaking and the long braid of hair hanging down her back, and noted the short skirt and the bare feet and legs and not much beside. Now that I had leisure to look well at her I saw that she was, perhaps, twenty or thereabouts, and that she was strong and comely. She would have been beautiful if she had been brought up differently; if — if — it is hard to say just what, in such a case, but there was something lacking, — something that I missed. And her dress was of cotton — some cheap stuff — and it was well faded by the weather, and it was stained about the bottom with much wetting in the salt water. Not that it mattered, though. I would hazard a guess that the

girl looked better in her cotton dress, all stained as it was, than she would have looked in silks and satins.

And presently she was laughing at the efforts of my son at conversation, and Eve was laughing with her. For he was making most earnest attempts at it, and pulling at her dress and pointing. The girl seemed to understand him better than I, which vexed me somewhat. And she looked where he pointed, and shook her head and said something. Then I, too, looked, and I saw that the boats had gone upon their business, for a breeze had sprung up — enough to waft them gently on. It would grow into a wind, shortly. But one boat was standing to and fro, and I saw the man in the boat watching us, somewhat anxiously. Then, when he had watched a while, he seemed to grow tired of his watching, or impatient to get his fare of fish, and he stood off after the others.

I was growing impatient, too, by this. For I had come out with my wife and my son, thinking to spend the day in the red woods or jogging comfortably along behind a horse that would not require too much attention — except, perhaps, to keep him going — over roads that gave one a wide view of the country and the sea. And here was I, left alone behind that same horse, and there were my wife and my son talking a language that I could not have understood if I had heard it — and I could not hear so much as a word. And they seemed like to spend the day at it and to forget that I was, at all. As I thought upon the matter, my sense of injury grew and my wrath grew with it.

"Ahem!" I said, not wishing to break in upon their talk too suddenly. "Don't you think, Eve, that we might be going?" I had some hope that I should not seem angry.

But Eve looked up and laughed. She knows my weaknesses — all of them — as I said before.

"Yes, Adam," she said, "in a minute. But come with us, first. The horse will stand, I think."

"He is more likely to lie down," said I, getting out of the buggy. "But never mind. We can get him up again, with help."

And I left the horse standing, and the baskets with the luncheon and certain of our knives and forks and other silverware, and went to meet them. They had risen and were coming to meet me; but slowly, for my son had struggled to his feet and he had given a hand to each.

We met at the edge of the road. "This is my husband," said Eve. And the girl smiled, a sweet and patient smile, and held out her free hand. And I took it, and she gave me a strong and friendly clasp, but she said nothing.

"We are going to look at Myra's house," said Eve. "When the men are out with their boats, she digs clams — when the tide serves." Eve smiled as she added this, remembering some things.

"And is all this," I asked, pointing to the road, "the fruit of Myra's industry?"

Myra laughed. "The other women helps," she answered. "'T is a many years that we've had a shell road."

I took up my son, whereat he shouted and pummeled me lustily with his feet. "Horsie!" he cried. I have succeeded in learning what he wants when he shouts "Horsie!" and I accommodated him, prancing and galloping up to Myra's door, with him upon my shoulders.

"Come in," she said; "or, no —" She glanced about, quickly, as if she were half afraid — or half ashamed. There was nobody in sight. The place seemed deserted. "I'll show you Dick's. 'T is only a step."

And she led us to Dick's house. It does not seem right to call such a place a house. It was scarcely more than a hut — a cabin. Myra threw open the door, which was not locked. Indeed, I doubt if it was latched.

"You'll think it but a poor place," she said, as if apologizing. "But I'd have made it — I'd have done what I could — all that any woman could —" She

stopped, while the tears slowly trickled down her face.

Eve laid her hand on Myra's arm. "And you shall yet," she whispered; "you shall have the chance. Trust me." Then she spoke aloud. "Shall we come in?"

"Yes, come in," said Myra. Her voice was dull and hopeless, and the tears still trickled down her face, unchecked.

We went in. It was a poor place, beyond a doubt: a cabin of two rooms, the outer room evidently the kitchen and living-room, drawing-room and library, combined. I say library, for I saw a weekly paper — six months old — upon the table. There was a poor little stove in one corner, and the furniture was the cheapest of the cheap; much of it made of old boards which Dick had knocked together. But everything was spotlessly clean — as clean as two strong arms could make it. We did not go into the other room. Our courage failed us; we had no heart for it.

"I — I come over," said Myra, hesitating, and with a pretty color in her cheeks, "when Dick's away to his fishing, an' — an' red up a bit."

And again I saw Eve lay her hand on Myra's arm and press it. And she led Myra to a wonderful barrel chair, pretending an interest in it. She even made her sit down in it and was astonished, or seemed to be, — she would have fooled me easily, — that the chair fitted her so well. At which Myra blushed again and confessed that Dick made the chair for her. Then she was mournful at the very thought of it. And Eve had to think up some other way to cheer her up; and we stayed there half the morning, on one pretext or another, until Myra was light-hearted again.

"Never fear," said Eve, as we were going at last. "Never fear but we will have Dick back again — if you do as I said."

"I'd do anything," said Myra, "*anything*, if it would bring Dick back — as he used to be."

So we said farewell and went to look for the horse. We found him in the very spot where we had left him. He had not moved a muscle, apparently, and was sleeping soundly, his nose upon the ground. And we roused him and drove off.

We went to the red woods and searched until we had found a favored spot. It was just off a little road — hardly more than a path — that wound in among the trees, perhaps a road that was used in the winter by the wood-choppers; and there, presently, we came upon a clearing on the side of a hill. There was a view of the water in the far distance, and on every other side trees — nothing but trees: trees in the first flush of youth, baby trees, and trees so old that they had grown decrepit; and, underneath, the remains of others that lay and rotted where they had fallen.

"I think this will do, Eve," I said. "Do you take the boy and let him dig in the ground if he will. There may be sundry insects, but they will not hurt him — nor you."

And I unharnessed the horse — he seemed grateful, poor beast — and set his dinner before him, which he began to munch contentedly. And having finished it, he fell asleep again. I am afraid that Shattuck does not give his horses sleep enough. I must speak to him about it.

Eve, meanwhile, had spread a cloth upon the ground, and had put upon it the contents of the baskets. I was as glad as the horse that it was come time for dinner, for I felt a gnawing hunger. I said as much. And Eve smiled, but as if her thoughts were elsewhere, and she said nothing. Indeed, she was silent so long that I remarked upon it. My son, a cracker in one hand, was groveling on the ground and making a prodigious stir among the dead leaves.

"I know," said Eve, in answer, "but I cannot help thinking of that poor girl. Did you know, Adam, about that village?"

I confessed to some faint knowledge

upon the subject. I knew it was there and I knew what it looked like. Indeed, I knew some things about the village — or some of its inhabitants — that were not savory. But I did not tell Eve that.

And Eve was silent for some while, looking far out over the distant water; and she was thinking, or so I supposed. For the faint flicker of a smile played about her lips.

"Adam," she said, at last, "you are an essentially good man —"

"I am glad, Eve, that you have discovered that."

She laughed. "But there is Oliver."

"Oliver!" I cried, ready to be angry. I would have crushed this Oliver — would have pounded him to a jelly. "And who is Oliver?"

Again Eve laughed. "I do not know Oliver —"

I was relieved. "Ah!" I said, sighing. "Then I can listen with an open mind. I was ready to do this Oliver some hurt — I could even have murdered him, with pleasure. Who is Oliver?"

"He is a fisherman, I believe; at least, he lives in that village. And Myra —"

"Oho!" I cried. "So there is the snake in the grass."

Eve gathered her skirts quickly about her and jumped to her feet. "Oh, where? Where is the snake?"

"I was referring to this Oliver," I said. "You need not be alarmed."

She sank down again, laughing. "You should not speak of snakes, Adam. As well speak of mice."

"Well, then, there is the mouse at the cheese, if you will. A woman shall not be held blameless —"

"Myra is not, at all events, although she has tried only to be kind to him. But I gather that Dick does not like it."

"I should think not," I said. "And I suppose that Oliver was the cause of the quarrel. I am inclined to side with Dick. Oliver — Oliver," I said, struck with a sudden thought — a memory of some years back. "I have an idea that

I know your Oliver. He is young — not so young as Myra — and very good looking, as I recall him."

"And what do you know of him, Adam?"

"I know no good of him," I answered. "I could send him to jail if I but lifted my finger. But I would not, at the time. I wanted him to have a chance."

Eve clapped her hands softly, as I mentioned the word "jail." "Oh, goody!" she cried. "Then you can take care of Oliver."

So I could take care of Oliver. Why should I? I must have shown some of the surprise I felt, for Eve said at once that she had a plan; and the only thing that was awry about it was Oliver. I was expected to remove Oliver, which, after some remonstrance, I undertook to do. Eve always has her way.

My son was sleeping soundly on the ground, one little arm doubled under his head. I moved him into the shadow, for the sun shone warm; but he did not wake. Then I removed the ants and spiders and a large assortment of other insects from the cloth — its whiteness seemed to hold an attraction for them — and shook it out and folded it, with the help of Eve. Then, with a look about, I saw the red of the sumach and the maple and the yellow of the birches; and the seed pods lifting on their dry stems, and the rotting logs and the dead and dying leaves. It did not seem melancholy to me now. And I lay down upon the sod and watched the clouds and I heard the birds and the beasts of the wood and the creeping things.

I must have slept; for I was conscious, next, of some one sitting on my chest and shouting. It was my son, and there was Eve looking down at me and smiling. It was time to go. And, when I had harnessed the horse, we jogged peacefully home, unhurried and content. Old Goodwin, in his car, would have made it in ten minutes; we were three quarters of an hour at it.

Old Goodwin came in that evening,

after supper. He grinned as he took my hand.

"We were very sorry not to see you at our party, Adam."

I was somewhat embarrassed, but not so much as one might think. "We were detained," I said; "unavoidably detained. It is a matter of regret to me that Mrs. Goodwin should have been, in any measure, disappointed."

At which speech, Old Goodwin laughed aloud. "You scapegrace!" he said. "A fig for your regrets! And though I have no doubt that Mrs. Goodwin was sorry for your defection, I could not swear that she was surprised. She does not expect much of you, Adam."

"Then she will not be disappointed," I answered; "for I am not good for much, I find."

But Old Goodwin went on as though I had not spoken. "But we, who know you — we expect a good deal of you. And you are wrong in this, Adam, I believe."

I was silent for some while. "I may be wrong — let us assume that I am wrong, and that I know it," I said, at last. "I feel that I shall go on being wrong — doing as I have done — to the end of the chapter. I am too old a dog to learn new tricks. I think that Mrs. Goodwin will be able to forgive me, as far as I am concerned. But, as for taking Eve away with me — I am ready to acknowledge that that is wrong, without a doubt, and to ask Mrs. Goodwin's pardon for it — on my knees, if she prefer that manner of doing it."

Here Eve broke in. "And, father, we saw something — and I want you to do something for me. Adam will not mind, I know, if I tell you about it so that he shall not hear. Do not listen, Adam."

Oh, no, I did not mind. And I would not listen. For I have none of that idle curiosity that can let nothing pass without unhappiness. And I smoked my pipe in peace, and held a book in my hand, up near the candles. But I pricked my ears — I could not help it — and heard

nothing for my pains. And at last the candles were become but stumps, and Old Goodwin noted it and took his leave.

When he was gone and we were starting to mount the stairs, on a sudden Eve threw her arms about my neck.

"Adam, Adam," she cried, half laughing as she spoke, "I am glad, glad, that I have you safe."

I do not know what reply I made, — and if I did I would not tell, — but it must have satisfied her.

A motor car is a good thing for certain purposes, of which purposes seeing the country is not one; but, for getting to a place, it is an admirable device, and, the more power it has, the sooner will you get where you are going. It is better than any horse at Shattuck's — when Old Goodwin drives the car; the fact that you leave behind you, for miles, a thick cloud of dust and a villainous smell is beside the question. It is unfortunate for pedestrians — they have no business to be walking upon the roads, for it is well recognized that roads are meant to drive upon, and they that walk have no just cause for complaint if they are left alive.

That, in substance, is the feeling that I have when I am riding with Old Goodwin. When I chance to be walking and one of those devil-cars passes me, I choke and swear for hours; swear at the owner of the car and at him who drives — there is little hope that one will have the chance to recognize either, what with the pleasurable excitement of keeping one's body safe and with the disguise which they all wear. There is no telling one from another. And I have been so entertained by the excitement — the pleasurable excitement — of keeping my body safe, that I have even found myself in the act of climbing a tree, and the car more than a mile away. And then I curse them all roundly, even to the maker of the car, and wish that they might be toiling along the road, inno-

cently, and I in a car scraping their shins and letting out an extra burst of speed and a smell more villainous than ever.

For Old Goodwin had taken me over to the village — in a quarter of an hour — to see about the removal of Oliver. And Oliver was quickly found, as it chanced, in the shade of one of the huts, sorting short lobsters. He knew me and would have escaped if he could. I saw his glance around. And I did not mince matters, but told him, at once, to make himself scarce, to get out, unless he wanted to investigate a jail from the inside. And he looked darkly at me and swore under his breath, and left his short lobsters to crawl back into the water again, — I emptied his lobster pot for him, — and walked off along the sands. That was the last of Oliver, in that play. We were to see no more of him for a season.

Old Goodwin chuckled joyously as I rose from emptying the lobster pot and climbed into the car. "That was quickly done, Adam," he said, "and thoroughly. But I question if it was wise. You have made an enemy."

"He was that before," I answered. "I have done him a favor in the past, and he was afraid that I would be unable to forget it. And if I am to have an enemy I prefer that there should be no doubt about it; that the first attack should come from me. Eve would have talked with him and would have seemed to persuade him to cut off his own head, as like as not — he might have done it. Eve can do almost anything with a man — or with a woman. But it is likely that, when one was expecting Oliver's head to be delivered at the kitchen door, on a salver, she would find that it was some other man's head — some righteous man's — that had been delivered, ready trussed. At all events, it is my nature to do as I have done. I have found that going against my nature gets me into trouble. And Oliver is bad."

Old Goodwin laughed again. His laugh made me uncomfortable, somehow. And he started the car and, hav-

ing got it well started, he turned to me. It made me nervous to have him turn, and the car doing its sixty miles an hour — sixty miles, if it was a foot. He only wished to ask about the roads — whether there was another by which we could get home. I said there was not, which seemed to disappoint him; and he muttered something about our taking our own dust on the way back, and hurrying through it. It was a scant ten minutes from the emptying of Oliver's lobster pot to the time when I found myself sitting on my own doorstep, dizzy and almost sick.

Old Goodwin went again to that village, and more than once, as I have some reason to suppose; but he did not ask me to go with him, for which I was grateful. At least, I try to think I was. If the whole truth should be known, I suspect that it would be found that I was a little bit disgruntled — jealous, to put it plainly — at having been left out of Eve's plan. I knew well, at the bottom of my heart, that I had but to ask her — even to give her a hint of my feeling — and she would unfold it truly, to the smallest detail; and willingly — eagerly. And the reason why I did not ask it, I am afraid, is that thus I should deprive myself of the privilege of feeling injured. When I came to think upon the matter and found what my feelings really were, I was much ashamed.

And so it chanced that I showed no surprise, in either speech or manner, when it was Myra who brought me my breakfast on a morning not long thereafter. Eve was watching me, expecting something.

"Good-morning, Myra," was all that I said; and she flushed at — at I do not know what, unless it was because she supposed that I knew of Eve's plan, of which her presence was, no doubt, a part. But I did not know of it, and I would not ask.

"Good-morning," she said quietly. And, having deposited my breakfast, she went out.

Eve was looking at me and smiling.

Something was expected of me. I cast about in my mind lest I say the wrong thing.

"I hope, Eve," I said, "that your father did not kidnap her. If he did, you must not tell me."

But Eve laughed outright at that, saying nothing. I might draw what inference I would, for all the help she would give me. I was half inclined to believe that Old Goodwin had kidnapped her — with her consent. He was quite capable of doing it; and I knew well that, whatever he undertook to do, he would do thoroughly, chuckling good-naturedly the while. And Myra would have had a wild ride in the car and would have repented of her sins — if she had time — before she was whirled up to our gate.

And so it befell that we were all down on the shore, one afternoon, down by our clam-beds, Eve and Old Goodwin and his grandson and I — and Myra. And Myra was down on the sands with my son, and she frolicked with him, and dug in the sand and told him stories, and, at last, he would have her skip stones for him; which she did, for a long time, with great skill. And we sat upon the bank above, and Eve watched them, a smile on her face, and she almost cried out when her son shouted at the skipping stones. We spoke little or not at all. For Old Goodwin is no great talker, and never was; and I was content to see the colors on the water and to see my son so happy and to watch Eve. And at last, as I looked up, I saw a boat just coming past the point.

"What boat is that?" I asked. For I know all the boats that are used to come into that harbor, and this was not one of them.

And Myra heard me and looked up, startled, but as though she had been expecting it. Then she fled straight towards Eve. It was as if Old Goodwin and I had not been.

"It's Dick!" she cried.

"Oh, Myra, run!" cried Eve. But Myra was already gone, sobbing, up the

path among the trees. Eve followed her, swiftly.

"This is interesting," I said. "What is to happen next?"

Old Goodwin smiled his quiet smile of peace.

"If you wait here, you will see," he said. "I think I shall be wanted at the house. You will excuse me, Adam?"

And he arose slowly, and went. I doubt if he knew whether I replied or not. But my son, deserted thus suddenly, called out after him and he turned and waved a hand, then went his way again.

"Come, son, sit with me," I said, "and we will watch the boat." And I went and fetched him and set him beside me, and we watched.

The wind was light and the boat came in, uncertainly, until it grounded gently, far out beyond my clam-beds, for the tide was nearly down. Then the man let down his sail and took in his hand the light anchor, with its rope, and, in the other hand, a basket; and he waded ashore. And he dropped his anchor in the sand and stood before me.

"Mr. Goodwin?" he asked. He was not tall but he was broad-shouldered and stalwart and as brown as an oak leaf.

"Up this path," I said, pointing, "is the way to his house. Mr. Goodwin will be somewhere about."

I looked him in the eye as I spoke. His expression was grave, even sombre. I thought of Oliver. Then he glanced down at my son, beside me, and his eye lighted somewhat and he smiled gravely. Altogether, I thought him a manly sort of man. He turned and looked out over my clam-beds to his boat, and to the water beyond. A long time he looked; then he sighed and smiled again. It was a sad smile. I was glad that Eve was not there to see it. She would have told him everything in the next minute.

"This is a pleasant place," said he; "a pleasant place." And he sighed again.

"It is," I agreed. "If you are going up to Mr. Goodwin's, I think we will go with you — if you don't mind. We will

show you the way, and I have an errand there."

He nodded, still gravely. "Thank you," he said.

The errand that I had was nothing else than to find Eve. For she had been gone from me a quarter of an hour, and I was not easy. I am never easy long without Eve. And I lifted my son upon my arm, and strode on ahead, up the path, with Dick striding after, in his high rubber boots. My son turned and watched him, then began to talk.

"There is Mr. Goodwin," I said. For we had come to the end of the path, and I had caught sight of Old Goodwin pottering about at the side of the house.

Dick was smiling once more, smiling at my son's chatter. It was not a sad smile.

"Good-by, little man," he said. And my son bade him good-by, politely, and he was gone to meet Old Goodwin.

As for my errand, I should not accomplish it on the same side of the house with Dick. I went around to the other side and explored the piazzas most thoroughly. There was no sign of Eve — nor of anybody else, although one would have thought it would be found pleasant out there. There was a place at the end of the long piazza: a place screened from the winds of autumn by glass at one side; a place where the floor was covered with rugs, and easy chairs stood about a large table — just the place where one would have expected to find the Rich. Why, the price of the rugs alone would have furnished my house. And there was a telescope on a massive base, of which I approved. I looked through it, being there, and chanced to see the fishing fleet straggling in towards its village. Without the glass, I could not see them, for the boats of that fleet are very small. Then my son would look through the glass, and I wasted ten minutes in trying to show him how to do it.

When my son was tired of this sport I looked up and saw, just within the doorway, a starched and stiff functionary in

many buttons. He had evidently been watching me with some interest. Indeed, I caught him at it. And he relaxed somewhat of his starchedness and responded pleasantly enough to my greeting, really seeming human, for the moment. They know, these functionaries, what I think of their official stiffness, — I neither know nor care what they think of my opinion, — and they are ready enough to be a little human for me and Eve. But for Mrs. Goodwin, never! They might as well be carved out of wood — jointed dolls of men — for her. I went in, my son on my arm, and the man, once more a jointed doll, held the door open for me, bowing low the while. I could devise a spring that would do the work as well; but he was there for that purpose — as if, forsooth, I was not able to open a door for myself!

And I roamed about the house, meeting other wooden men at every turn. They, too, relaxed a little at my coming and became, for the moment, just men; men like myself and like Old Goodwin, yet not like us, either. No man is like another. And then we heard the swish of silken skirts, and they became expressionless and starched and stiff once more, and there was Mrs. Goodwin.

"Ah, Adam!" she said in a low and well-bred voice, and smiling. "No one could guess who it is that you are looking for. But I have sad news for you. She is not here." And her tone changed, but she still smiled. "You never enter my house unless it is to look for Eve."

I laughed, in some embarrassment. For it was true, in substance. And I murmured something about apron-strings. What was a man to say, taken by surprise like that? I need time to get up my lies and to make them sound like truth. It is hard work. But Mrs. Goodwin led the way to a room — we had been standing in the hall — and sat her down and stretched out her arms for my son.

"Come to grandmother," she said. And he went, most willingly, and rubbed his shoes over her dress unrebuked.

"Now, Adam," she went on, "I have a bone to pick with you, and I will pick it now. We may as well have it out. Why do you?"

I laughed again, but not in embarrassment. I was amused. "Why do I what?" I asked. "Why do I come into your house? To look for Eve, as you have said."

"Now, Adam," she said again, most earnestly, "you are evading, and it is not like you. For, whatever your faults may be, and you have faults, in plenty, Adam," — she laughed, lightly — "evasion is not one of them. You are straightforward and honest —"

"Thank you," I said.

"Too honest and too straightforward," she continued, "to make your attempts at evasion anything but failures. A week ago I asked you here. Instead of coming, you stole off with Eve and were gone all day. And that is but a sample. It hurts, Adam. That is the plain English of it."

The plain English of it! How much better it would be if plain English were more often spoken!

"I am sorry, Mrs. Goodwin," I said. "I did wrong in taking Eve, and I ask your pardon. As for myself, I do not imagine that it matters to you where I am at any time. And that is plain English, too."

The tears came into her eyes at that. "You are wrong there, too, Adam," she said gently. "I asked those people here especially to meet you. I wanted them to know you."

She might have let me know. But I was ashamed.

"Can't you forget the past?" she said. "I know that I was hateful to you and — I am sorry for it. And now, I should like to have you come here or not, as you wish; but I do not like to feel that —" she spoke wistfully, I thought — "I do not like to feel that you are avoiding this house — and for that reason."

For Mrs. Goodwin had not been — nice — or kind to me when I was en-

gaged to Eve, or for some time after. But again I was ashamed.

"I will forget it gladly," I said; "and, on my part —"

"Then we will never mention it again," she cried, interrupting me, "for, from this moment, it is forgotten, and you are my Adam as you are my husband's."

She rose and held out her hand to me; and I took it and, on the impulse of the moment, I raised it to my lips. She blushed, quite prettily, — she had not been expecting that, — and she smiled at me as I raised my head again.

"Very prettily done, Adam. Very nicely done, indeed. But you should have told me what you were going to do."

"Then," I answered, "I should have missed something. And, besides, I did not know it, myself."

She laughed happily. And I took my son, who had been looking on in wonder at such acts; and Mrs. Goodwin slipped her hand within my arm and we went out into the sunshine together.

"To look for Eve," she said; to which I unblushingly assented.

We did not see Eve, but we did see Old Goodwin, still standing where I had left him, and talking to Dick. I did not know that Dick, meanwhile, had been to the house, and had made his way, with difficulty, past innumerable flunkeys, with his fish; and then, with incredible swiftness, had been passed out again.

"Who is that man, Adam?"

"He is a fisherman," I said; "and I have some reason to believe that he is a friend of Eve's."

And she looked up at me, in some doubt as to my meaning. I looked at Dick. And Mrs. Goodwin seemed to have settled her doubts, for she laughed as if she were much amused about something.

"And are all of Eve's fishermen," she asked, "gentlemen in disguise?"

"I do not know," I answered, soberly enough. "But I am rather inclined to think that this one is."

She was silent, for she did not know what to make of my speech. But Dick was gone, having given a grave good afternoon to Old Goodwin, who stood looking after him as he went down the path to the shore. And, no sooner was he gone, than Eve appeared. She had been hiding in a thicket, where she had had work enough in keeping Myra quiet. And she spoke with her father for a minute, and then she caught sight of us. And she came near, and she looked from Mrs. Goodwin to me and from me to Mrs. Goodwin. We both were smiling.

Eve gave a little laugh of delight. "Oh, mother," she cried; "and oh, Adam, you make me so happy!"

And she clung about my neck and we were not ashamed.

Once more Shattuck's horse was waiting for us. It was the same horse as before. I had bargained with Shattuck for him, for I liked his leisurely manner. And he is safe. Shattuck guaranteed him safe. He even said, to show his confidence, that if any member of my family was killed — or, yes, only injured — and if it could be shown that it was from any misbehavior of that horse, I might bring him back, sir, and I need not pay a cent for hire; no, sir, not one cent. And I thanked Shattuck, humbly, as was becoming in me, and took the horse. What I do not know about horses would fill a considerable library. But Shattuck!

We were not running away, this time, the proof of which lies in the fact that Old Goodwin sat in one seat of Shattuck's old surrey — he nearly filled it — and Mrs. Goodwin was there to see us off. Wonder of wonders! She smiled and laughed and patted my arm, and, altogether, she seemed prodigiously happy; said good-by to Eve and me fifty times — she forgot to say it as much as once to her husband, who smiled quietly, thinking he would not be observed at it — and then she took my son on her arm and watched us start the horse. When, at last,

we had succeeded, it occurred to me to marvel at Mrs. Goodwin's unusual exuberance of spirits and to wonder whether it was due to the fact that she was to have charge of my son until we came back again. She is capable of almost anything to accomplish that. Then we were approaching Shattuck's and the horse demanded all my attention.

It was for our clergyman we were going, first. For, a few days after Mrs. Goodwin had come upon Dick, I saw his boat again coming in by my clam-beds. And then, to my — no, not to my surprise, I saw Dick himself taking his way along the shore. I thought that Eve might be glad to know of it, and I called up the stairs.

"Eve," I said, "did you, perhaps, expect any one to bring you fish to-day?"

Whereupon there was a great flutter, and Eve came running down. "Is he coming?" she cried. I thought that she seemed unduly excited over a few paltry fish. But she did not wait for me to answer. "I must tell Myra," she said. "It would never do for him to see her here — yet."

"Wait a minute, Eve," I called. But she was gone, without a thought for me; and an instant later I saw Myra take to cover. She seemed to feel that the house was no better than a cage; and instead of running and hiding in a closet, she scooted for the shelter of some trees and bushes that were near. There she lay hid while Dick was in sight. Only when his sail had again been hoisted and his boat was standing off did she appear, looking as if — but I did not look at her. It was Eve's affair, that of Myra.

And, as I still waited, came Eve, and smiled and — but what she did is neither here nor there. It pleased me.

"It is going beautifully," she said; at which I smiled and made no answer.

And the next day Dick came again. I saw Eve sitting beside him on the back steps and talking earnestly, whereupon I began a promenade up and down the

path from my garden to the gate. On the first lap Eve was talking earnestly and he was listening without interest, so far as I could see, and his face had the same grave, sad expression that I had noted. On the second lap he was listening still, but his face was gloomy and fierce. On the third, he was speaking bitterly and Eve was listening, and, now and then, she made him some reply. On the fourth, Dick had his face in his hands and Eve was talking; and, on the fifth, he was not there. But I saw Eve.

"Eve," I said in astonishment, "what have you done with your fisherman? Is it all over?"

She smiled as if she were happy and she took my arm.

"I think it is," she said. "Come with me — and softly."

And she led me to a spot from which we could see my pine and the seat under it. I had an affection for that seat. From it one could see the harbor and the bay beyond and the western sun; and it held memories.

"Look!" Eve whispered.

I looked as she bade me; and I saw Dick and Myra in the shadow of the tree, and he held her close and she was weeping on his shoulder.

"Come away," I said. And we went away as softly as we had come, and left them to their whispering and their weeping.

Eve would have had the wedding at our house. And Myra was grateful for the wish, but she had her heart set on her own poor house. And that is the reason why we were once more behind that horse of Shattuck's.

And we went to the village and got the clergyman — a youngish man with gray hair, who did not talk much after we had got well away, for which I was thankful. I do not like a talking parson. He is apt to make a parade of his religion; perhaps he feels obliged to.

But let your parson be a man, and interested in — but all this has been said many times before. Our parson was such

a man, I think; supposed to be pleasing to Old Goodwin, who is as rich as all the rest of us put together — and richer — and therefore to be pleased. And this parson of ours was supposed to hold no very startling opinions, although I am convinced that Old Goodwin does not care a rap what opinions he may hold, and never did.

And we left the village behind us, and the long, white road stretched out ahead, dappled and flecked with shadows. For we were in the red woods now. They were red no longer, but brown and gray, with here and there a patch of green that marked a clump of pine. For the trees had lost their leaves, for the most part, and stood bare, stretching their dry bones; and what leaves there were left on them had lost their colors of red and yellow and had become brown and brittle. And the leaves that had fallen were drifted in great heaps and windrows in the road, so that our horse's feet made a pleasant rustling as he jogged.

Eve and the parson, sitting in the back seat, had fallen silent this long time and looked out upon the woods and over the clearings that we passed and absorbed their beauties. Old Goodwin is no talker. And we jogged sleepily on, I waving the whip mechanically over the horse's back, giving no thought to the manner of his going but gazing to the one side or to the other as the fancy took me, soothed by the soft sound of his feet upon the road and, now and then, the pleasant noise of the dead leaves. And I thought upon nothing in particular, and there came over me a deep sense of peace and a great content.

And, presently, we came out of the woods, and as we came I heard the parson sigh deeply and then Old Goodwin did likewise.

"What a great deal of time," said the parson, as though musing and talking to himself, "man wastes in work!"

"Amen to that!" said I; for that is the kind of doctrine — rightly interpreted — that I like to hear. And the

parson had left the interpreting to me, so that I suited myself and offended nobody if I kept silent.

Old Goodwin looked at me as I spoke, and he laughed, but said nothing. And I said no more, either, but the parson seemed to feel uncomfortable about his remark, fearing, no doubt, that he might be misunderstood. And so, indeed, he might; but I have not found that matters are mended by explaining, and I did not encourage him.

We were jogging along the shell road, by this, with the little waves breaking almost at our feet; and, in the distance, but coming slowly nearer, were the houses of the village. The fishing boats were all in and moored, each to its stake. I noticed that, for it was noon and there was breeze enough and the tide served well, although the tide does not so much matter to a fisherman. I was astonished at it; and yet more astonished that I saw nobody about.

And we drove up to the house that was Myra's, and the horse stopped of his own accord, as though he knew we would go no farther. And we got out and marched, in solemn procession, up to the door, but we found nobody. This perplexed me somewhat; for how should we have a wedding with no bride? But it did not seem to worry Eve. She whispered to me that I was to fetch Dick, and, of course, I went. But I lingered, first, to see what Eve would do. She went and knocked upon a door; which was presently opened a crack, then wider, and Eve slipped through and disappeared. It seemed that Myra's father and mother were dead these many years, and she lived in this house alone. If I had known that, I should have been saved some perplexity. But I had not been told; indeed, there was little that I had been told. I went on to Dick's.

I found him sitting just within his front door — his back door, too, for there is but the one — on a box. He rose when he saw me and gave me greeting in his own grave manner.

"Is it time?" he asked. "Shall I come now?"

And I bade him come, and we went back together. We found Myra just coming from her room. She looked shy and really pretty, — Dick, at least, seemed to think so, — but there were traces of tears about her eyes that only made them the softer and the more gentle as they looked at Dick. And she clung to Eve a moment and turned away, her lip trembling.

So they were married, Dick and Myra, and Old Goodwin gave the bride away, while I stood by like any stick. But I chanced to glance out the open door, and I saw the whole population of the village, in pairs, trying, very quietly, to look in. And I made the newly married pair stand in the doorway and greet their guests. For there was not room inside for a quarter of them all. And Eve whispered to me to look in the carriage, under the back seat, and to bring what I should find there. And so I did, and it was a box, and the box was very heavy; and, being opened, there was disclosed a wedding cake, very dark and all that a wedding cake should be. They set it out upon a board, not having a dish that was big enough, and the guests filed into the room and each took a piece — it was already cut — and then filed out again. But I made my way outside, with difficulty, and joined Old Goodwin where he stood, looking out over the water.

I soon found what he was looking at. It was a boat, but not like those other boats that were moored to their stakes, for it seemed new and it was clothed in a glory of new paint, and its sail was new. There was one man sailing it, and he headed straight for Dick's boat, where she lay at her stake, and came alongside and grappled her and made fast. But there were fenders between. And Dick had come out and was looking on in wonder. He came straight to Old Goodwin.

"What is that?" he asked.

Old Goodwin smiled at him. "It seems to be a boat," he said.

"Yes," answered Dick, "but what for?"

"Why," said Old Goodwin, then, "to sail, of course. It looks as if it might be good to fish from."

"Well," persisted Dick, "whose is it?"

Old Goodwin laughed aloud. "It's fast to your stake," he said. "I think I should take possession of it; that is, of course, if you like it."

"If I like it!" muttered Dick. "If I like it!" And he brushed his eyes with the back of his hand. "I thank you," he said simply.

Then, for once, Old Goodwin was embarrassed. "Pshaw!" he said. "Myra is not to have all the presents. Go out and get that man and bring him ashore. And then take your wife for a sail. It will be a wedding journey that she will like well enough." But Dick was gone

to do his bidding. "It will be a quieter one than I had — or you, either, Adam." And then he whispered to me, "There will be a present or two along, shortly."

At which speech I smiled as if I had known about it all the while.

So, presently, we were watching that new boat, and Dick held the tiller, proudly, I thought, while Myra stood and waved to us. Eve had slipped her hand within my arm and stood beside me as we watched. And the boat was less and less until it dwindled to a speck upon the sparkling water and vanished in the glitter of the sun.

Then Eve looked up at me and smiled a tremulous smile; and I looked down at her and I smiled, too.

She squeezed my arm. "Come," she said softly. "Come."

And she led me away to our horse that slept peacefully, his nose to the ground.

THE CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL THEATRE

BY A. MINNIE HERTS

It will always be difficult to understand why the theatre has failed to obtain proper recognition as a factor in our educational system. Without aid of the imaginative faculty the intellect may become barren, colorless, inert. Dramatic instinct is a vitally focused phase of the imagination, whereby the vague pictures of the mind become tangible and tend to take form and place in the environment. This instinct is at the root of the creative impulses of mental and spiritual life. But, until the establishment of the Children's Educational Theatre, the operations of dramatic instinct have not been organized in relation to education, nor its product placed in the educational scheme.

To "act out," "to pretend," to "play it is," are among the first impulses of

childhood. These impulses spring from the dramatic sense potent throughout the development of the boy, the man, and society in general. Froebel made use of it in the kindergarten to develop the baby mind, the Children's Educational Theatre organizes it to meet the increasing need of the adolescent as well as the child mind. In our auditorium we meet the insatiable demand of the child to "see a show;" that the child is literally torn with craving to "see a show" is not advanced as theory merely, in view of statistics which show that eighty out of eight hundred and sixty so-called five-cent theatres, which are nothing but moving-picture exhibits, were closed in one week in New York, because they were patronized by children under sixteen unaccompanied by parents. Proprietors of penny-

in-the-slot arcades and cheap theatres often clear a hundred dollars a day, and they offer the child very meagre entertainment in return for his expenditure. Moving-picture theatres exist in all our large cities. Thus managerial thrift turns to commercial profit the child's fixed determination to seek and find satisfaction for its dramatic instinct. The educator has not turned to educational profit the same instinct.

Education fails, except as it meets or stimulates the craving of the inner living consciousness to realize itself outwardly, except as it engages the senses as the organs of the mind. The desire to "act" is a spontaneous effort towards this realization. The manager employs actors for his own profit, but the educator has failed to turn this eternal craving for expression to educational profit. Mind, body, spirit, this is the child. Gymnasiums do much for the child's body; the public schools aim to develop the adolescent mind. Until the evolution of the Children's Theatre, I can think of no constructive social enterprise planned to meet directly the outreach of the growing spirit.

When, four years ago, the writer undertook to reorganize the Entertainment Department of the Educational Alliance on the east side of New York, she was animated solely by a desire to supply the children in the neighborhood with entertainment of better class than the Alliance and other neighborhood amusement places had offered. It seemed that the improved entertainment should be of educational value. The Educational Alliance supplied a stage whereon plays suitable for children might be presented. The need of correct scenery, properties, and costumes was less promptly recognized. The most rudimentary entertainments, costumed and staged in any haphazard way and acted by careless or ill-trained amateurs or fifth-rate professionals, had always attracted young audiences. In the beginning arose the oft-put question, Why improve on what had

seemed to serve? None who asked the question realized that therein lay the reason for giving such audiences only the best. The question involved its own answer, namely, that every play presented in this auditorium on East Broadway should be equipped with correct scenery, artistic costume, and every possible response made to the clamorous cry of the child's imagination. The need for players was met in the way necessity presented. The usually available "amateur talent" offered by dramatic schools and the swarming dramatic clubs of the neighborhood had proved valueless. Professional talent was beyond our purse, and we therefore decided, in order to secure practical work on our stage, to choose our players from the neighborhood, training and developing the dramatic instinct latent in every human being, thus making the district responsible for the standard of its own entertainment.

The first regular season of matinées at the Children's Theatre began in October, 1905, with a presentation of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play *The Little Princess*. During the preceding summer, while the stage was building, the children and young men and women who were to form the cast of the play were chosen from among the neighborhood people. Rehearsals had not progressed far when it became apparent that a great mine of educational value was to be worked in the player as well as in the audience. Our task was clearly outlined. The imaginative faculty was to be roused on both sides of the footlights. We recognized that in our auditorium moral and educational value must result. In the long preparation for the performance the play was discussed in every feature and detail, the inter-relation of one character to another was suggested, with a view to working out these relations practically. Tremendous interest was awakened through the knowledge that all this activity was not to be left vague and purposeless, but was to be used for definite purpose,—the production of a play. A desire

to do was stimulated by doing, by creating. No effort was to be wasted. The great possibility of instruction through suggestion in this wide and hitherto unexploited field became at once apparent. No laziness or indifference balked effort. Confidence was established in the value of the smallest thing well done, whether that thing were tacking down a floor cloth or playing a leading part. Efficiency accomplished its work with as much credit in shifting scenery or managing lights, as in acting a scene. Wholesome competition stimulated coöperation.

As soon as the player felt the responsibility of translating into his own physical expression the relation between the thought and the responsive action of the body, the idea began to vitalize his entire being; this powerful human impulse, dramatic instinct, needed only proper direction to become creative, not merely imitative. It represented the player's own endeavor to realize and live out the idea which he possessed. Here was the cue which we had never been able to pick up elsewhere, to deal indirectly with the personality of the player, and with his coöperation to establish eternal principles of humanity by the study and playing of characters best expressing these principles. So intense was the interest in the general work of preparation that the children brought older brothers, not only to play but to help shift scenery, and older sisters, not only to wear but to help to make costumes. The desire that their play might prove a great neighborhood success stimulated them in all directions and widened the scope of the work inherently.

When Mrs. Burnett saw her play performed by these children of immigrant parents, she marveled, as have so many neighborhood teachers since, at the clean, flexible delivery of English. Several children who visited the theatre were asked to write compositions on the play. One wrote, "I like Sara Crewe because she speaks her words as though they were her own words out of her own

heart." The demand on the audience side of our footlights would have been met for the entire season by matinées of *The Little Princess*; but the same instinct which led the audience through the front door of our theatre, brought them also through our stage door with requests to study this or that part which they had watched from the front so carefully that, in many instances, they had memorized entire scenes. We awoke to the necessity of forming classes where every part in every play might be studied by half a dozen different persons.

Several elements were considered in selecting a play: its value to the audience and its value to our classes, its value as a production and as a study, its power to represent a suitable ideal to the neighborhood, its power to suggest things to our players. Those who come merely animated with the desire to play parts remain to be brought into intimate acquaintance with a variety of characters represented in dramatic fiction, thereby widening their circle of human contact, as would otherwise be impossible in their restricted lives. Under wise direction they study in ideal characters motives, possibilities, and purposes active in human nature. Indirectly our work secures the discipline of self-restraint, of devotion to duty, of promptness, of efficiency, and the rights of fellow men. Aided by the combination of characters in the play, we are not obliged to confine our moral studies to abstract ethics or even to a survey of life that bounds itself by facts. Life presents no perspective; often it confuses by a mass of unrelated particulars. In studying the play, the force of an ideal carried to practical solution, we make use of the opportunity to discuss impersonally the ways of men, their motives and impulses, whether of individuals or classes. Moreover, the study and production of the entire play reveals both to player and to spectator not only the aspect the individual shows to the world, but also the aspect which the course of events in the world

shows to the individual. Herein lies the great opportunity for using the drama as a means of moral instruction for the forming mind. The drama presents a finished whole. It exemplifies the rigid connection between men's moral natures and their fortunes, it shows that fate is largely determined by character. The interplay of spiritual and physical law, whereby spirit welds body to a likeness of itself, is recognized, not in inert ethical discussion, but as a living force operating on the very bodies of our players. The boy, cramped, dulled, uninterested in the barren round of school and work, perhaps finds no stimulus sufficient to bring home to his will a necessity for standing straight, squaring his chest, or holding up his head. He is told and he knows, but he perhaps fails fully to credit the fact, that the cramped body he is building around himself is not a fit expression of his ideal self. Deep in his heart is a conviction of qualities of courage, frankness, strength, but he is not stirred by his environment to shape these qualities into physical expression, even though his environment includes a gymnasium and the admonitions of teachers and friends. At any rate, he continues to cherish the ideal and ignore its physical expression, and educators distress themselves with the well-founded dread that, failing physical expression, the ideal will droop and perhaps die.

Confront this same boy, however, with the opportunity to "play a part." If the part is one which represents qualities, accomplishments, environment, that answer to his stored-away ideals, the law of the interplay of the spiritual and physical leaps into operation without any ethical prodding. The lover, the soldier, the hero, with whose being his nature claims kinship, demands by divine authority the gallant bearing, the high head, the clear eye, the ringing voice which, in divine acquiescence, the boy recognizes as a fitting expression for his ideal. Automatically (this is the wonder of the law in its educational value) his body begins to re-

spond. Where dulled cramped habit interferes, the boy's *will* springs to stimulate action. If need be, his body, cramped, sagged, stiffened by long misuse or neglect, is put through exercises the gymnasium never suggested. If on the other hand the part is one presenting the interest of motives and deeds which the boy acknowledges as lower than his own, then again the law of physical response summons his faculties into coöperation with imperative authority. The crouched body, the lowered eye, the shuffling gait, the loose-mouthed, sloven speech, all announce themselves as signals and shapings of the debased soul. The boy himself makes this translation from spirit into flesh and never again can his body speak that tongue misunderstood by him. Automatically the impulse operates whereby his own ideal of self tends to fling off expression alien to it and claims responsive physical shape and act; and because of this expression of idea and feeling, it is far more helpful than artificial gymnastics prescribed by others. To exemplify such principles to player and audience the Children's Educational Theatre has produced *The Tempest*, *As You Like It*, *Ingomar*, *The Forest Ring*, *The Little Princess*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Snow-White*, a play founded on the German fairy tale, and *The Prince and the Pauper*, a dramatized version of Mark Twain's book of the same name.

Our production of *The Tempest* was the first time that Shakespeare had been presented to the East Side of New York in any conformity with the traditions of the English stage. The study and presentation of the play awoke the people to its existence, and during its run no less than a thousand copies of the cheap editions, which had been put on sale at the theatre, were disposed of and read. The pronounced success of *The Tempest* encouraged the production of *As You Like It*. Every detail of stage business, of scenery and costume, received minute attention. In *The Tempest*, as in *As You Like It*, the intimacy of out-of-doors

was opened to a walled-in neighborhood. They saw people eating, sleeping, and discussing problems under forest trees and by the sea. From the smallest boy who played a page to the largest man who played the banished duke, all worked with equal enthusiasm. The very disassociation of the characters in this play from the everyday life of the players and audience rendered it of special value. Horizons hitherto narrowed by street, schoolroom, and tenement, widened as by magic.

A later play, *Ingomar*, vitalized a bit of the Grecian times and presented a story of the evolution of a brute passion into an ideal love. During the run of *Ingomar* a prize was offered by a New York daily paper to the one who should suggest the best bargain to be obtained in the city. The prize was won by a girl who suggested "An educational bargain, the performance of *Ingomar* at the Educational Alliance for ten cents a seat." Church, school, and special philanthropic effort, all struggle with the "sex problem." The theatre in general has always been recognized as a powerful influence in this direction. In the Educational Theatre that influence is directly focused. The sympathy and the understanding of our players come into accord with the story of Ferdinand and Miranda, of Orlando and Rosalind, of *Ingomar* and Parthenia. These are all subjected to broad discussion, love takes on new meaning, the little of truth the play tells is leaven for all life, and when the story is enacted on our stage and the note of truth and purity sounded by our newly-developed player, it finds lasting response in the audience, who carry it into the tall tenements and kindle the entire home circle into warm sympathy with the verities of the play.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* presents an ideal relation between mother and child, and it is interesting to note the manifest approval of it by the very "toughest" neighborhood gamin. We receive constant applications from probation officers for tickets for this

play. They tell us that a boy will report steadily for six weeks, encouraged by the promise of a seat for *Fauntleroy*.

Cedric Errol is a heartily approved favorite, because he is just as kind and considerate to Mr. Hobbs the grocer and to Dick the bootblack, as he is to his grandfather the Earl of Dorincourt. The scene between the boy and Higgins, the English tenant at Dorincourt Castle, in which the child exercises his new authority to permit his future tenant to remain on the estate rent free, always elicits a round of applause. The children like to remember that Cedric learned his good manners in the very poor little New York apartment, and was not by way of forgetting or changing them in the grand English castle.

In the *Forest Ring* was presented to the children a lesson of kindness and humanity towards animals, woven through a story of unusual charm. Every child in the audience felt personally responsible to see that the three little cubs, which had been stolen by Hank the hunter, were returned to the mother bear, and the fact that the three little cubs were impersonated by various small brothers and sisters of the spectators, made it especially important that the cubs should go back alive!

There is wide variety of opinion among both players and audiences at the Children's Educational Theatre as to which is the best play that has thus far been produced. I have listened to many serious discussions of this question, and the usual conclusion shows that *Snow-White* is the popular choice. I have asked several regular attendants of the theatre to explain this preference. One little girl voiced a universal sentiment. "I like *Snow-White* because the wicked queen is so cruel to Snow-White and tries so hard to kill her that I always have to cry." "But," I ventured, "that is sad, is n't it?" "Yes," said the child, "but the queen *don't* kill her. Snow-white marries the Prince, so you get glad again in the end." No problem plays which end un-

happily would suit these audiences. They are willing "to purify the emotions of pity and terror by a healthful exercise of them," but they always desire the happy ending, "to get glad again" after the pity and terror. Other children like this play because, having read the fairy tale, they are alive with curiosity to see whether the stage queen and the ladies and gentlemen at court fulfill their mental pictures. At the queen's first entrance in her gorgeous yellow gown, trailing from the shoulders a regal crimson velvet cloak, ermine-lined, a great thrill trembles through the audience and a prolonged ah-h-h of genuine satisfaction resounds. A different note of inflection in this ah-h-h, a sort of finished period of contentment, reverberates "molto con amore" when the handsome prince awakens Snow-White from her sleep of supposed death, and the two young lovers are happily united. Every one comes in for a share of applause at the fall of the curtain on this scene, because of the genuine gratitude to the seven dwarfs, who have been so practically instrumental in bringing about the satisfactory issue.

Many considerations entered into our choice of *The Prince and the Pauper*. It is a play of stirring action and employs many people. One hundred and thirty, including cast, scene-shifters, property men, electricians, musicians, dressing-room and make-up helpers, were at work for the initial production. Each matinée presents some change in personnel of cast, and so at least three hundred persons are concerned during the run of the play.

The scene of *The Prince and the Pauper*, laid in London about the middle of the sixteenth century, presents a realistic picture of Merrie England. Full advantage is taken of the opportunities for scenic effect and richness of costume. A daily matinée of this play would fill the house. The demand was insufficiently supplied by a single matinée a week, at which the crowds were enormous.

Interest in the play not only packs our

auditorium, but crowds our office with children and young people copying the manuscript parts of Tom Canty, the Prince, and other rôles. Individual study follows, helped sometimes by class or cast members. What industry, what effort of practice, gymnastics, and voice work is stimulated by the hope of possibly being able to present the parts at "class standard!" The privilege of playing but one performance is considered well worth all such work of preparation. The effort does not seem arduous, because love voluntarily elects to do it. At the termination of the first performance of *The Prince and the Pauper*, Mr. William Dean Howells, who accompanied Mr. Clemens to see the play, was asked how he had enjoyed it. He replied, "The play behind the footlights was admirably well done, yet I believe I enjoyed the play in front quite as well." Indeed, a visit to the Children's Theatre on a Sunday afternoon is a liberal education in the reality which the acted story presents to the child mind, and the stimulus of this reality upon the child's sympathies and imagination.

The audience literally lives in the play, whose every scene is punctuated by involuntary exclamations of the auditors. Thus, when Mad Anthony has tied the little prince to a beam in the stable loft and plans to kill him, the hero, Miles Hendon, enters with the query, "Where is the boy?" A dozen voices in the audience shout, "There he is, mister, up there." At this stage of the play every boy and girl in front has grown to love the valiant little prince and is consumed with desire to see him returned to his own. When, at the coronation scene, Tom Canty returns the regal garments and re-assumes his scanty rags, that the righteous prince may be crowned king of England, a rousing thunder of applause approves the act; and when the new-made king rewards Miles Hendon, not a heart is unstirred at this swift tribute of gratitude to loyalty.

The box office counts meagre returns,

but educationally we coin the very gold of young hearts into eternal profit.

The audience at the Children's Theatre is under no control whatever, except such as may be self-imposed. Attention is doorkeeper to the mind. The child's interest in what is going to happen keeps him from actively interfering with the play. When thunderous applause of the heroine or manifest disapproval of the villain becomes too prolonged, an emphatic hush-sh-sh vibrates through the audience, and the children bring themselves to quiet and decorum because they want to hear. The removal of hats is effected in the same way. It is true we print a request in our programme similar to that in other theatre programmes, but this is not half so effective as a dig in the ribs bestowed by the boy behind upon the one in front, accompanied by the admonition, "Say, take off yer cap. I can't see."

When entr'acte music was first inaugurated, the musical director felt that he should be allowed to demand quiet between the acts, so that the carefully prepared selections might be heard. This repression, however, was not allowed, because it was felt that when the children desired to hear the music they would themselves demand quiet and listen. Often the Orchestra Class patiently plays through a hum and sometimes a clamor of inattention. Frequently it happens that the audience remains in perfect silence during the playing of even classical selections, and it very often demands the repetition of a favorite.

The crowd that fills the auditorium is not the entire audience. During a performance of *Snow-White*, a little girl was "drawn out" in vain. The child's passionate attention to the play never swerved. At the end of the performance she was asked to name the most interesting event on the stage. She replied, "All, but this is the first time I saw *Snow-White* and I have to listen much, 'cause my parents will want me to act it for them like I acted for them *The*

Little Princess and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. I take off for them every part in the play."

We believe not only in the value to each child of the three hours in our auditorium, because he is for that time, at least, afoot with his dreams, in contact of heart and mind with his ideals, but in the reactive influence of these three hours upon his life and ambition. We know that the youngster who, with his best girl beside him, has thrilled to an understanding of Ingomar's splendid submission and equally splendid mastery, will judge love-making hereafter by new standards.

We are certain that the historic period of one of our plays becomes for our audience a piece of life as real, and perhaps more interesting than a slice of their daily environment. We know that we form and influence manners, customs, morals, and — oh, triumph indeed — fashion! I recall the production of *The Little Princess*, when thirty children were to be fitted out to attend Sara Crewe's birthday party. All the little dresses for the scene were fashioned of fine white India lawn, well cut and carefully made, but finished simply, with a deep hemstitch suitable for easy laundering. When the time of dress rehearsal approached, many members of the group brought suggestions from mothers that children be allowed to wear their own best clothes, which, profusely trimmed with lace, must be grander for a party. The children were persuaded to ask their mothers to wait and see the simple dresses, with their pretty blue and pink and white hair-bows and sashes. The result was extraordinary. The girls looked so dainty at performance, that before the end of the season the many hundred children who had interchangeably played the parts had asked the privilege of borrowing the costumes in order that parents might have their little girls' photographs taken in these gowns. The results being in all cases satisfactory, the fashion of simple "best dresses" for little girls came into

vogue, while the much overtrimmed cheap lace party and confirmation dress grew to be regarded as unfashionable and therefore to be avoided.

Every child who has enjoyed the performance of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* time and again has made comment on the simple denim suit the lad wears when he is sharing his mother's modest income in a small New York flat, and the expensive velvet suit in which he appears when he is enjoying the munificence of his grandfather, the Earl of Dorincourt's, fortune. The audience grows to understand and appreciate that the one is suitable to certain surroundings and station in life, the other to a widely different environment, and that in neither case do the clothes make any difference whatever in the boy. One charm of *The Prince and the Pauper* is that both prince and pauper are essentially unchanged by the transfer of garments. The nobility of the prince but shines the more glorious in the rags of his misfortune. The royal robes that mystify the people of the play, to the audience present only a fit garmenting of Tom's royalty of heart. Clothes are recognized by our audience as an outward and visible sign of life and character, and thus only as significant.

Critics have suggested that the wearing of finely wrought garments and the assumption of elegant manner and carriage may lead the mind of the player into unsettling channels of desire. If to the audience clothes become an "outward and visible sign" only, to the player this lesson is one that not only influences mind, imagination and ideals, but sunken shoulders are lifted, slouching gait corrected, sagging spine vitalized, in obedience to the law of suggestion set in operation by dramatic instinct. The garments of the queen are put on and off with the play; the grace and dignity acquired become part of our players' personal equipment. The dainty care required for the satins of the court lady reacts in the care of our players' own be-

longings. The very rags worn by our "vagabonds" become justly significant, as rags and dirt perhaps have never been before, and the world is seen with new eyes by our player, to whom our stage has been more real for a little time than any other lesson of real life.

The Children's Theatre distributes its tickets in the public schools, these tickets, exchangeable for ten cents at the box office for seats, being sent to a different school each week. For the first two years the price of a seat at the theatre was five cents, the decision to charge this sum being arrived at after deliberate consideration, and discussion with a little friend who was in exactly the position to know just what the poorer children could afford. She said, "A child can easily save a penny on Monday and one on Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday, mostly from chewing gum and candy, so by Sunday any boy and girl can have five cents." But the theatre will accommodate only seven hundred, and those turned away at each performance far outnumbered those who could obtain entrance. Although the doors cannot be opened until half past one, the children begin to line up at eleven and even earlier, their pennies tightly clutched in their hands, always alive with the hope that this time they may perhaps be able to buy a seat. The lines of expectant children grew interminable, and seats were put on sale at the box-office each day after school hours. No diminution in the length of the Sunday line resulted. Our limit of one matinée a week forbade an effort to accommodate the crowds, and the alternative of diminishing them grimly pressed towards a raise in admission price. Again the little girl was consulted. She looked grave at the suggestion of ten-cent seats and her reply came slowly, "Well, ten cents is just twice as much as five cents." A realization of all that answer implied was borne in upon the management; the inauguration of the ten-cent régime was carefully watched. The occasion was a matinée of *Little*

Lord Fauntleroy, a play which had been running the entire previous season. The waiting crowd was larger than ever, drawn from precisely the same class of children. That day I asked several boys in the audience whether their parents were willing for them to pay ten cents. They answered "Sure! Yer have ter pay fifteen cents fer a standee over ter Miners, and here yer git a seat fer ten and a better show." The latter part of the reply was of far more interest than the former, for although we doubtless offered a better seat than the Bowery managers, did we provide a better show according to the street urchin's standard? Evidently we did, because we continue to crowd the theatre week after week and to shut out more children each week than we can admit. Not one child has ever suspected our educational intent. The children come for amusement, and they get it. What they acquire by the way sinks deep into heart and mind — its quality we control, and its reactive effect is lasting, wholesome, up-building, for we have supplied an embodiment of the child's imagination, and our triumph is that his ten cents buys our entrance into his heart and life while

he spends it for a "show" which he counts a good bargain.

The Children's Educational Theatre is a constructive social enterprise that has developed to meet a pressing need of the lower East Side of New York, and has brought to view a need, the boundaries of which are not yet realized. It is an institution as abiding in its relation to adolescent humanity as church and school, since it has guided the manifestation of an elemental impulse to organized educational result.

Through eager pursuit of personal interest players and audience come into unforced relations wherein unconsciously they guide, reprove, punish, educate, and cultivate one another by varied incitements to activity, by coöperation, competition, and mutual restriction. Planned only to provide wholesomely for the amusement-seeking interest of the neighborhood children, it has disclosed itself an educational, moral, and civic force, not only for audience but for player. As such it is not merely a neighborhood but a communal need, and this need its further development will doubtless meet, since its beginning and its growth are the guarantee of its future.

WHEN LALLA ROOKH WAS YOUNG

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"And give you, mixed with western sentimentalism,
Some glimpses of the finest orientalism."

"STICK to the East," wrote Byron to Moore, in 1813. "The oracle, Staël, told me it was the only poetic policy. The North, South, and West have all been exhausted; but from the East we have nothing but Southey's unsaleables, and these he has contrived to spoil by adopting only their most outrageous fictions. His personages don't interest us, and yours will. You will have no competitors; and, if you had, you ought to be glad of it. The little I have done in that way is merely a 'voice in the wilderness' for you; and if it has had any success, that also will prove that the public are orientalising, and pave the way for you."

There is something admirably business-like in this advice. Byron, who four months before had sold the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos* to Murray for a thousand guineas, was beginning to realize the commercial value of poetry; and, like a true man of affairs, knew what it meant to corner a poetic market. He was generous enough to give Moore the tip, and to hold out a helping hand as well; for he sent him six volumes of Castellan's *Mœurs des Ottomans*, and three volumes of Toderini's *De la Littérature des Turcs*. The orientalism afforded by text-books was the kind that England loved.

From the publication of *Lalla Rookh* in 1817 to the publication of Thackeray's *Our Street* in 1847, Byron's far-sighted policy continued to bear golden fruit. For thirty years Caliphs and Deevs, Brahmins and Circassians, rioted through English verse; mosques and seraglios were the stage properties of English fiction; the bowers of Rochnabad, the Lake of Cashmere, became as familiar as

Richmond and the Thames to English readers. Some feeble washings of this great tidal wave crossed the estranging sea, to color the pages of the New York *Mirror*, and kindred journals in the United States. Harems and slave-markets, with beautiful Georgians and sad, slender Arab girls, thrilled our grandmothers' kind hearts. Tales of Moorish Lochinvars, who snatch away the fair daughters — or perhaps the fair wives — of powerful rajahs, captivated their imaginations. Gazelles trot like poodles through these stories, and lend color to their robust Saxon atmosphere. In one, a neglected "favorite" wins back her lord's affection by the help of a slave-girl's amulet; and the inconstant Moslem, entering the harem, exclaims, "Besshrew me that I ever thought another fair!" — which sounds like a penitent Tudor.

"A Persian's Heaven is easily made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade;"

and our oriental literature was compounded of the same simple ingredients. When the New York *Mirror*, under the guidance of the versatile Mr. Willis, tried to be impassioned and sensuous, it dropped into such wanton lines as these to a "Sultana."

She came, — soft leaning on her favorite's arm,
She came, warm panting from the sultry hours,
To rove mid fragrant shades of orange bowers,
A veil light shadowing each voluptuous charm.

And for this must Lord Byron stand responsible.

The happy experiment of grafting Turkish roses upon English boxwood led up to some curious complications, not the least of which was the necessity of stiffening the moral fibre of the Orient — which was esteemed to be but lax — until it could bear itself in seemly fashion be-

fore English eyes. The England of 1817 was not, like the England of 1907, prepared to give critical attention to the decadent. It presented a solid front of denial to habits and ideas which had not received the sanction of British custom; which had not, through national adoption, become part of the established order of the universe. The line of demarcation between Providence and the constitution was lightly drawn. Jeffrey, a self-constituted arbiter of taste and morals, assured his nervous countrymen that, although Moore's verse was glowing, his principles were sound.

"The characters and sentiments of *Lalla Rookh* belong to the poetry of rational, honourable, considerate and humane Europe; and not to the childishness, cruelty, and profligacy of Asia. So far as we have yet seen, there is no sound sense, firmness of purpose, or principled goodness, except among the natives of Europe, and their genuine descendants."

Starting with this magnificent assumption, it became a delicate and a difficult task to unite the customs of the East with the "principled goodness" of the West; the "sound sense" of the Briton with the fervor and fanaticism of the Turk. Jeffrey held that Moore had effected this alliance in the most tactful manner, and had thereby "redeemed the character of oriental poetry;" just as Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, ten years later, "reclaimed festive song from vulgarity." More carping critics, however, worried their readers a good deal on this point; and the nonconformist conscience cherished uneasy doubts as to Hafed's irregular courtship, and Nourmahal's marriage lines. From across the sea came the accusing voice of young Mr. Channing in the *North American*, proclaiming that "harlotry has found in Moore a bard to smooth her coarseness and veil her effrontery, to give her languor for modesty, and affectation for virtue." The English *Monthly Review*, less open to alarm, confessed with a sigh "a depressing regret

that, with the exception of 'Paradise and the Peri,' no great moral effect is either attained or attempted by *Lalla Rookh*. To what purpose all this sweetness and delicacy of thought and language, all this labour and profusion of Oriental learning? What head is set right in one erroneous notion, what heart is softened in one obdurate feeling by this luxurious quarto?"

It is a lamentable truth that Anacreon exhibits none of Dante's spiritual depth, and that la reine Margot fell short of Queen Victoria's fireside qualities. Nothing could make a moralist of Moore. The light-hearted creature was a model of kindness, of courage, of conjugal fidelity; but — reversing the common rule of life — he preached none of the virtues that he practiced. His pathetic attempts to adjust his tales to the established conventions of society failed signally of their purpose. Even Byron wrote him that little Allegra (as yet unfamiliar with her alphabet) should not be permitted to read *Lalla Rookh*; partly because it was n't proper, and partly — which was prettily said — lest she should discover "that there was a better poet than Papa." It was reserved for Moore's followers to present their verses and stories in the chastened form acceptable to English drawing-rooms, and permitted to English youth. *La Belle Assemblée* published in 1819 an Eastern tale called "*Jahia and Meimouné*," in which the lovers converse like the virtuous characters in *Camilla*. Jahia becomes the guest of an infamous sheik, who intoxicates him with a sherbet composed of "sugar, musk, and amber," and presents him with five thousand sequins and a beautiful Circassian slave. Left alone with this damsel, she addresses him thus: "I feel interested in you, and present circumstances will save me from the charge of immodesty, when I say that I also love you. This love inspires me with fresh horror at the crimes that are here committed."

Jahia protests that he respectfully re-

turns her passion, and that his intentions are of an honorable character; whereupon the circumspect maiden rejoins, "Since such are your sentiments, I will perish with you if I fail in delivering you;" and conducts him, through a tangle of adventures, to safety. Jahia then places Meimouné under the chaperonage of his mother until their wedding day; after which we are happy to know that "they passed their lives in the enjoyment of every comfort attending on domestic felicity. If their lot was not splendid or magnificent, they were rich in mutual affection; and they experienced that fortunate medium which, far removed from indigence, aspires not to the accumulation of immense wealth, and laughs at the unenvied load of pomp and splendor, which it neither seeks, nor desires to obtain."

It is to be hoped that many "obdurate hearts were softened," and many "erroneous notions" were set right by the influence of a story like this. In the *Monthly Museum* an endless narrative poem, "Abdallah," stretched its slow length along from number to number, blooming with fresh moral sentiments on every page; while from an arid wilderness of Moorish love songs, and Persian love songs, and Circassian love songs, and Hindu love songs, I quote this "Arabian" love song, peerless amid its peers.

Thy hair is black as the starless sky,
And clasps thy neck as it loved its home;
Yet it moves at the sound of thy faintest sigh,
Like the snake that lies on the white sea-foam.

I love thee, Ibla. Thou art bright
As the white snow on the hills afar;
Thy face is sweet as the moon by night, —
And thine eye like the clear and rolling star.

But the snow is poor and withers soon,
While thou art firm and rich in hope;
And never (like thine) from the face of the moon
Flamed the dark eye of the antelope.
The truth and accuracy of this last ob-

servation should commend the poem to all lovers of nature.

It is the custom in these days of morbid accuracy to laugh at the second-hand knowledge which Moore so proudly and so innocently displayed. Even Mr. Saintsbury says some unkind things about the notes to *Lalla Rookh* — scraps of twentieth-hand knowledge *he* calls them — while pleasantly recording his affection for the poem itself, an affection based upon the reasonable ground of childish recollections. In the well-ordered home of his infancy, none but "Sunday books" might be read on Sundays in nursery or schoolroom. "But this severity was tempered by one of those easements often occurring in a world, which, if not the best, is certainly not the worst of all possible worlds. For the convenience of servants, or for some other reason, the children were much more in the drawing-room on Sundays than on any other day; and it was an unwritten rule that any book that lived in the drawing-room was fit Sunday-reading. The consequence was that from the time I could read until childish things were put away, I used to spend a considerable part of the first day of the week in reading and re-reading a collection of books, four of which were Scott's *Poems*, *Lalla Rookh*, *The Essays of Elia*, and Southey's *Doctor*. Therefore it may be that I rank *Lalla Rookh* too high."

Blessed memories, and thrice blessed influences of childhood! But if *Lalla Rookh*, like *Vathek*, was written to be the joy of imaginative little boys and girls (alas for those who now replace it with *Allan in Alaska*, and *Little Cora on the Continent!*), the notes to *Lalla Rookh* were, to my infant mind, even more enthralling than the poem. There was a sketchiness about them, a detachment from time and circumstance — I always hated being told the whole of everything — which led me day after day into fresh fields of conjecture. The nymph who was encircled by a rainbow, and bore a radiant son; the scimitars that were so dazzling they

made the warriors wink; the sacred well which reflected the moon at mid-day; and the great embassy that was sent "from some port of the Indies" — a welcome vagueness of geography — to recover a monkey's tooth, snatched away by some equally nameless conqueror; — what child could fail to love such floating stars of erudition?

Our great grandfathers were profoundly impressed by Moore's text-book acquirements. The *Monthly Review* quoted a solid page of the notes to dazzle British readers, who confessed themselves amazed to find a fellow countryman so much "at home" in Persia and Arabia. Blackwood authoritatively announced that Moore was not only familiar "with the grandest regions of the human soul," — which is expected of a poet, — but also with the remotest boundaries of the East; and that in every tone and hue and form he was "purely and intensely Asiatic." "The carping criticism of paltry tastes and limited understandings faded before that burst of admiration with which all enlightened spirits hailed the beauty and magnificence of *Lalla Rookh*."

Few people care to confess to "paltry tastes" and "limited understandings." They would rather join in any general acclamation. "Browning's poetry obscure!" I once heard a lecturer say with scorn. "Let us ask ourselves, 'obscure to whom?' No doubt a great many things are obscure to long-tailed Brazilian apes." After which, his audience, with one accord, admitted that it understood *Sordello*. So when Jeffrey — great umpire of games whose rules he never knew — informed the British public that there was not in *Lalla Rookh* "a simile, a description, a name, a trait of history, or allusion of romance that does not indicate entire familiarity with the life, nature, and learning of the East," the public contentedly took his word for it. When he remarked that "the dazzling splendours, the breathing odours" of Araby were without doubt Moore's "native element," the public, whose native element

was neither splendid nor sweet-smelling, envied the Irishman his softer joys. *Lalla Rookh* might be "voluptuous" (a word we find in every review of the period), but its orientalism was beyond dispute. Did not Mrs. Skinner tell Moore that she had, when in India, translated the prose interludes into Bengali, for the benefit of her moonshee, and that the man was amazed at the accuracy of the costumes? Did not the nephew of the Persian ambassador in Paris tell Mr. Stretch, who told Moore, that *Lalla Rookh* had been translated into Persian; that the songs — particularly "Bendemeer's Stream" — were sung "everywhere;" and that the happy natives could hardly believe the whole work had not been taken originally from a Persian manuscript.

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

And not of Ispahan only; for in the winter of 1821 the Berlin court presented *Lalla Rookh* with such splendor, such wealth of detail, and such titled actors, that Moore's heart was melted and his head was turned (as any other heart would have been melted, and any other head would have been turned) by the reports thereof. A Grand Duchess of Russia took the part of Lalla Rookh; the Duke of Cumberland was Aurungzebe; and a beautiful young sister of Prince Radzivil enchanted all beholders as the Peri. "Nothing else was talked about in Berlin" (it must have been a limited conversation); the King of Prussia had a set of engravings made of the noble actors in their costumes; and the Crown Prince sent word to Moore that he always slept with a copy of *Lalla Rookh* under his pillow, which was foolish, but flattering. Hardly had the echoes of this royal fête died away, when Spontini brought out in Berlin his opera, *The Feast of Roses*, and Moore's triumph in Prussia was complete. Byron, infinitely amused at the success of his own good

advice, wrote to the happy poet, "Your Berlin drama is an honour unknown since the days of Elkanah Settle, whose *Empress of Morocco* was presented by the court ladies, which was, as Johnson remarks, 'the last blast of inflammation to poor Dryden.'"

Who shall say that this comparison is without its dash of malice? There is a natural limit to the success we wish our friends, even when we have spurred them on their way.

If the English court did not lend itself with much gayety or grace to dramatic entertainments, English society was quick to respond to the delights of a modified orientalism. That is to say it sang melting songs about bulbuls and Shiraz wine; wore ravishing Turkish costumes whenever it had a chance (like the beautiful Mrs. Winkworth in the charades at Gaunt House); and covered its locks — if they were feminine locks — with turbans of portentous size and splendor. When Mrs. Fitzherbert, aged seventy-three, gave a fancy dress ball, so many of her guests appeared as Turks, and Georgians, and sultanas, that it was hard to believe that Brighton, and not Stamboul, was the scene of the festivity. At an earlier entertainment, "a rural breakfast and promenade," given by Mrs. Hobart at her villa near Fulham, and "graced by the presence of royalty," the leading attraction was Mrs. Bristow, who represented Queen Nourjahad in the *Garden of Roses*. "Draped in all the magnificence of Eastern grandeur, Mrs. Bristow was seated in the larger drawing-room (which was very beautifully fitted up with cushions in the Indian style), smoking her hookah amidst all sorts of the choicest perfumes. Mrs. Bristow was very profuse with otto of roses, drops of which were thrown about the ladies' dresses. The whole house was scented with the delicious fragrance."

The *European Magazine*, the *Monthly Museum*, all the dim old periodicals published in the early part of the last century, for feminine readers, teem with such

"society notes." From them, too, we learn that by 1823 turbans of "rainbow striped gauze frosted with gold" were in universal demand; while "black velvet turbans, enormously large, and worn very much on one side," must have given a rakish appearance to stout British matrons. *La Belle Assemblée* describes for us with tender enthusiasm a ravishing turban, "in the Turkish style," worn in the winter of 1823 at the theatre, and at evening parties. This masterpiece was of "pink oriental crêpe, beautifully folded in front, and richly ornamented with pearls. The folds are fastened on the left side, just above the ear, with a Turkish scimitar of pearls; and on the right side are tassels of pearls, surmounted by a crescent and a star."

Here we have Lady Jane or Lady Amelia transformed at once into young Nourmahal; and, to aid the illusion, a "Circassian corset" was devised, free from encroaching steel or whalebone, and warranted to give its English wearers the "flowing and luxurious lines" admired in the overfed inmates of the harem. When the passion for orientalism began to subside in London, remote rural districts caught and prolonged the infection. I have sympathized all my life with the innocent ambition of Miss Matty Jenkyns to possess a sea-green turban, like the one worn by Queen Adelaide; and have never been able to forgive that ruthlessly sensible Mary Smith — the chronicler of Cranford — for taking her a "neat middle-aged cap" instead. "I was most particularly anxious to prevent her from disfiguring her small gentle mousy face with a great Saracen's head turban," says the judicious Miss Smith with a smirk of self-commendation; and poor Miss Matty — the cap being bought — had to bow to this arbiter of fate. How much we all suffer in life from the discretion of our families and friends!

Thackeray laughed the dim ghost of *Lalla Rookh* out of England. He mocked at the turbans, and at the old ladies who

wore them; at the vapid love songs, and at the young ladies who sang them.

"I am a little brown bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard."

He derided the "breathing odours of Araby," and the Eastern travelers who imported this exotic atmosphere into Grosvenor Square. Young Bedwin Sands, who has "lived under tents," who has published a quarto, ornamented with his own portrait in various oriental costumes; and who goes about accompanied by a black servant of most unprepossessing appearance, "just like another Brian de Bois Guilbert," is only a degree less ridiculous than Clarence Bulbul who gives Miss Tokely a piece of the sack in which an indiscreet Zuleika was drowned, and whose servant says to callers: "Mon maître est au divan," or "Monsieur trouvera Monsieur dans son sérail. . . . He has coffee and pipes for everybody. I should like you to have seen the face of

old Bowly, his college tutor, called upon to sit cross-legged on a divan, a little cup of bitter black mocha put into his hand, and a large amber-muzzled pipe stuck into his mouth before he could say it was a fine day. Bowly almost thought he had compromised his principles by consenting so far to this Turkish manner." Bulbul's sure and simple method of commending himself to young ladies is by telling them they remind him of a girl he knew in Circassia, — "Ameena, the sister of Schamyle Bey." "Do you know, Miss Pim," he thoughtfully observes, "that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople?" Whereupon Miss Pim is filled with embarrassed elation. An English girl, conscious of being in no great demand at home, was naturally flattered as well as fluttered by the thought of having a market value elsewhere. And perhaps this feminine instinct was at the root of *Lalla Rookh's* long popularity in England.

THE ETHICS OF SPECULATION

BY CHARLES F. DOLE

THE preachers and moralists call this a materialistic age. They deplore the mad rush of multitudes "to get rich" quickly. They call attention to the colossal fortunes which have been piled up by the kings of finance and industry, at the expense of the poor, within a single generation.

Every one agrees that this eager pursuit of wealth is somehow related to speculative methods in business. A considerable class of men are known as speculators. The great stock and produce exchanges in every big city are centres of feverish speculation. The quotations and fluctuations of stock are published in all the newspapers. Farmers in distant country towns, ministers,

often women, watch these quotations, telegraph orders to their brokers, and lie awake nights in alternate hope or fear. Periods of panic sweep like storms over the market, new deals are made, and fortunes are won or lost in a day. Tragedies, suicides, nervous prostration, and insanity follow these speculative fluctuations of value in the staples and the wealth of the world. Every one is interested perforce in this aspect of modern business. The successes and the ruin involved in both great and small speculation appeal to the popular imagination, sometimes with a wholesome alarm, and again more dangerously with a zest to enter into the arena and take its gilded ventures. It is difficult to see how the

fineness of moral standards, delicacy of spiritual insight, the ideals of public service, or the purity of domestic life can help suffering blight in the prevalence of an atmosphere of speculation.

We are generally agreed that what is known as gambling is pernicious and demoralizing both to winners and losers, that is, it is "wicked." We manage occasionally to catch in the meshes of our system of law the frequenters of gambling houses or Chinese dives, and we have largely driven the lottery out of existence, and made it disreputable. We are waging a legal battle against pool-selling, and public opinion is already attacking the nuisance of the "bucket-shop," which fatally lures multitudes of the poor to loss and many a young clerk to dishonor and ruin. Where now is the dividing line between undisguised gambling and the enormous transactions upon the stock exchange? In other words, is speculation always gambling? And if not, if speculation is sometimes right, when does it cease to be right and become wrong? Moreover, what precisely is the harm in gambling itself — a new crime in the world, unknown as such to our fathers — provided one can afford to lose the amount of the stakes? These questions, important as they are, are not so simple as they may at first appear.

Let us be sure that we approach our question with candor and without any cant. We must admit, to begin with, that we are all materialists, though we hope that we are not mere materialists. All civilization proceeds upon material foundations. Wealth is evidently the sum of the outward values by which man on his physical side holds the earth. It is a kind of power, whether held individually or by society. We learn all higher and spiritual values, justice, integrity, faithfulness, — the conduct of "the simple life" itself, through the accurate and honest use of material values. If it is not unworthy to love to exercise power, it cannot be unworthy to be pleased to handle wealth.

Again, there can be no harm in liking to "get rich" quickly. Let us call things by their right names. Avarice, greed, injustice are wrong; they hurt society and dwarf a man's own soul. But we are made to enjoy success in whatever we do. Does not a farmer like to have a grand crop — a hundred-fold over what he put into the ground? Does not every fisherman like to strike a school of mackerel or bluefish? All inventions and the labor-saving application of natural powers are simply means to bring about the most rapid production of wealth. The complaint never ought to be that riches are produced too rapidly, but that they are not fairly distributed.

Moreover, there is doubtless a speculative element, a factor of venture or "chance," in all human enterprises. This element, called wrongly sometimes "a gamble," was quite as prevalent in the primitive industries as it is anywhere to-day. Hunting and fishing were largely matters of "luck." The early unscientific agriculture seemed to depend on a series of lucky chances. There are some kinds of business to-day that are from their nature especially speculative; for example, mining, and the establishment of a thousand and one new undertakings in food and clothing and domestic furniture. The telephone was thus at first a great speculative venture. But this element of hazard did not make it wrong to buy its stock at a few dollars a share. In fact, if some people had not believed in it and risked their money, the world would have had to wait indefinitely for the use of this wonderful new instrument of civilization. We suspect that even Mr. Emerson would have been pleased with the results, if he had trusted the proceeds of one of his lectures in the infant enterprise.

Alongside of, and involved with this unknown element of venture, "chance," or speculation in all human enterprise is the constant factor of intelligence, skill, forethought, purpose, experience, — all of them names for some form of effort, activity, and cost. We draw on the

more or less unknown forces of nature, which continually challenge us to watchfulness, to patience, to accurate investigation, to the use of all our faculties and our energy. The best, or most successful, man is he who invests and ventures the utmost skill and force of will in his enterprise.

A profound law governs the processes of civilization. The law is that the civilized man always tends to minimize the variable element, or the risks of his business, and to depend more and more largely upon the use of clearly defined and intelligible means, the result of his own observation and of the widening experience of the race. Everything industrial becomes a science. The expert endeavors to predict how much gold or copper will be produced to every ton of the ore. Science teaches the farmer or the fisherman the conditions upon which he may quite confidently expect the largest possible yield. We shall have occasion presently to refer again to this significant law of progress in industrial civilization, whereby all legitimate business tends to become less a mere speculation and more completely a science.

Let us now try to see just what the mischief is in gambling. Here is a familiar sport of all barbarous peoples. The savage wants excitement, and finds it in venturing everything that he owns, even his wife or his own person. The idle class in a modern city gamble likewise for excitement, to titillate their jaded nerves. Thus bridge-whist with its genteel stakes represents the survival of a very ancient form of barbarism.

Gambling needs to be distinguished from good sport as also from good business. In true sport the element of intellect, patience, attention, activity, rises in value, and the factor of chance declines. The better the sport, the greater the activity of body or mind, the less the need of extra or factitious excitement. The players in the football game or at chess need least of all to bet on their own success. They have "fun" enough in

the effort itself. It is the idle minds with lazy and unintellectual games, or the hangers-on, watching the games of others, who buy a cheap excitement by betting on the sport. Theirs is not true sport. In fact, the more the brains or the skill is used in a sport, the less use have any civilized players for going over into the field of gambling. Pure gambling is based on ignorance; it deals in what we call "chance." Thus, the dice is a pure gambling game, for the reason that intelligence has no possible exercise in its use. On the other hand, the more skill or intelligence enters into a sport, the greater becomes the folly of those who, with little or no skill, put up their stakes on the mere chances of the game.

What harm, however, is there if the players like to enhance their fun by the excitement of putting up stakes? One easy answer is that the friendly or neighborly instinct in us is more or less offended in pocketing even a small gain at another's loss. This is a rational instinct, which grows stronger and more sensitive as one becomes more humane and kindly, and especially as we set before ourselves the ideal of living on terms of good-will with all men.

But the supreme objection to gambling in all its forms, whether in sport or in speculative business, is that it works harm and loss to society. As soon as any practice or conduct is found to be socially hurtful, it thereby becomes wrong, whatever men may have thought of it before. Does not all morality rise to consciousness through the fact of social advantage or injury? Now, the long and costly experience of mankind bears uniform testimony against gambling, till at last the verdict of civilization has become as nearly unanimous as human judgment can be that it is an intolerable nuisance. It is a dangerous or unsocial form of excitement; it hurts character, demoralizes industry, breeds quarrels, tempts men to self-destruction; and it works special injustice to women and children. We may not know precisely why mor-

phine preys upon the nervous system and has to be labeled "poisonous." The fact is the main consideration. So with the stimulus or excitation of gambling. Grant that I profess myself willing to pay for my fun. The fun is degrading, like the prize fight or bear-baiting.

But suppose, says the casuist, that the players have plenty of good-humor, and self-control enough not to take unreasonable risks. Suppose that mildest form of gambling, the raffle at a church fair, where a hundred people take tickets to pay for a piano, and then cast lots — surely a scriptural method — to determine who shall have the quite indivisible prize. The answer is, that at the best, you, the enlightened leaders of public opinion, who set up your tiny stakes and raffle in church lotteries, are playing about the edge of the very precipice which your own laws have marked "dangerous" for the public. Who are you who ask the special privilege of doing what you deem it foolish or wicked for common people to do? Moreover, the more "reasonable" you make the stakes of respectable gaming, or of gambling speculation, the tamer the game is. If you want extra excitement beyond what grows out of the normal use of skill and intelligence, you must bid high enough to hurt you a little when you come to lose. In other words, the psychological principle that underlies all craving for factitious excitements makes "reasonable" gambling either worthless for the purpose of excitement, or else a practical impossibility. The truth is that the normal interests of society grow continually more coöperative or mutual. Gambling on the other hand is by its nature divisive and therefore unsocial. It sets *meum* over against *tuum*, my gain against another's loss. Even in its more refined forms this tendency in gambling threatens petty jealousies, suspicion, and alienation.

It is a dry task and comparatively unprofitable merely to say, "Thou shalt not." Let us pass over now to the more

fruitful and constructive side of our subject. Let us trace the grand and positive law that determines and inspires all legitimate business. Let us define what is good business, and we shall at once set all kinds of bad business aside. The simple law, governing all social activity, is that each individual ought in some way to render at least an equivalent service for all that he draws or uses out of the common wealth. If you live in society, you must perform some useful function whereby to justify your existence. If the individual cell in the body only uses up and exhausts energy, without contributing any corresponding service, here is the beginning of death, menacing the whole body. If the tiny cell functions abnormally, putting its force or its substance to hurtful uses, here is a sort of fever or disease. Give account of yourself, says the body of society to every member or part; show what you are about; of what use you are; why you should eat and drink and be clothed out of the life-blood of society.

The Day of Judgment is coming sooner than many people are aware. The multitudes of the working people of the world are pressing with a new significance these searching and inevitable questions of social justice. There is no such thing to-day as individual independence or national independence. All men in all nations are dependent upon one another, involved in a vast network of mutual services and obligations. There is nothing to which a man, whether a capitalist or a workman, can point and say, "This is all mine. I created it." All the men in the world who are of any use, besides a host of the inventors and toilers of past ages, stand behind every act of creation or discovery or manufacture and claim their share in it. It is idle merely to "say grace" over our food. It is necessary to give thanks in the only way, under God's laws, by which we can render efficient thanks, namely, by trying at least with all our might to do our part to keep up the mighty tide of the

circulation of the life of the world. This is to give thanks to God through our mutual service to one another. So far from high position or wealth exempting any one from this law, the obligation is only made greater. This ought to be obvious enough to every one who has ever begun to ask the question, "Where does my living come from?"

It is easy at once to illustrate how this law actually applies to one after another of the trades and professions by which men "earn a living." Every trade and occupation as it comes up to-day for judgment is either approved or repudiated according to the answer of the men who carry it on to the question, "How are you serving society?" The farmers, for example, and a whole line of honest tradesmen, easily answer this question. But what if the farmer only raises rye or corn to turn into whiskey? Men's consciences already are righteously vexed over such issues as this. The teachers and educators easily pass the judgment seat. But suppose the teacher works for his hire and not for the sake of his pupils? The good doctors and nurses evidently justify their calling. The lawyers must pass examination at a more tremendous bar than any of their courts. Are they serving justice and helping to make justice prevail in the world? No glory of splendid fees will protect the man who has to say, No, to this master question. The ministers and churches may well tremble at the new judgment. Either their religion must make life in every way richer, or else the world has no further use for them.

We are ready now to distinguish between that which is socially useful and that which is injurious in business. Any honest man ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that his business carries some wholesome use or service for his fellows. For example, our grocer or our baker may be sure, if honest, that he serves society by the distribution of its products, as truly as ever soldier or policeman is supposed to serve it. His purpose to this

effect gives him the same dignity as any honorable profession gives its members. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how, for example, the larger part of the saloon-keepers can avoid the charge of being simply social parasites.

Suppose now a man gets his living by gambling. Possibly he keeps a gambling house, or he may be a "professional" gambler, or he may have made lucky guesses or bets in the stock market. His living certainly comes out of the toil of the people who work in fields and factories, or, anyhow, out of the people who by the use of their directing intelligence or by their wisdom or their active virtue add in some way to the value and worth of life. This man has done neither. Every successful gambling transaction of his has simply put moneys into his pocket which other people somewhere have earned. Why is not this the essence of stealing? Every one would see that this is so, if the more subtle gambling transactions were not veiled behind the vastly impersonal character of modern business. The man who lives by gambling speculations sees his winnings, while unfortunately he is rarely able to look into the faces of the people who are made poorer by the fact of his parasitism.

The imagination which revolts at the idea of hurting a man is not yet sufficiently trained to revolt at the idea of preying upon a corporation, upon a city, upon the national government, upon the corporate body of human society. The fact remains that the men whose business consists only in some form of betting upon the daily fluctuations of the values of the world evidently take from society, that is, from all of us, that for which they give no honorable return.

Pure gambling, however, as a means of livelihood, is practically almost impossible. The unwritten laws of the world are against it. As has often been said, it is not so much wickedness as folly. The gamblers, whether at the faro table or in the bucket shops, obviously have to support the group of parasites who in turn

wait upon them; and the sum of all their winnings must always be less than the amount of their losses. In the long run they can make success only by fraud, or, as occasionally on the stock exchange, by "tips," or bits of secret information, imparted by sagacious friends who possess previous or exceptional knowledge about the conditions of the market. Most of the gambling of the world is therefore synonymous with ignorance, and will give way only before the increase of enlightenment. No stringent laws against it are enough by themselves to prevent silly lambs from offering themselves to be shorn.

We have admitted that there is a necessary element of speculation or venture in all enterprises. Is there such a thing as honorable or useful speculation? It is at this point that the chief difficulty of our subject lies. There are three lines of justification of legitimate speculation. The original meaning of the word *speculate* suggests one use to which society puts a certain class of its members. They are scouts or outrunners, who, by their far sight or mobility, explore new routes by which the marching caravan behind them may proceed, or discover treasures and supplies for the benefit of the rest. The inventors and promoters are thus surely useful to the slower and cautious multitude. No one grudges them generous return for their forethought, patience, courage, and faith. The trouble with this class of speculators is that they have frequently failed entirely to see their relation to society. Their honorable business is to serve all of us. They have heretofore been suffered to imagine that they could appropriate for their selfish use whatever they might lay their eyes upon. Sent forward as scouts from the main body, upon whose approach they always reckon, and by whose continued support they are enabled to exist, they have confidently written their own names as proprietors upon the lands, the springs of water, the forests, the minerals, and all those natural resources which rightly

belong to the body of society, — never to a few of its members.

There is then a kind of speculation which is itself righteous, namely, the discovery and promotion of new means of wealth. The injustice begins when men set an excessive price of their own on their work, as if they had performed an act of original creation. We can applaud Mr. Carnegie's and Mr. Rockefeller's enterprise, but we denounce their system of tariff, their manipulation of railways, and their appropriation of mineral lands, through which their speculation has passed over from useful social service into the form of colossal extortion. We cannot even see the social use of any sort which has attended the building of the Astor and other similar fortunes. The scout in this case has merely seized and fortified a height above the city and become a robber-baron. We must say, however, by way of excuse, that these men have turned to their own selfish use legal enactments for which we are all responsible.

A second use of the speculator is as an appraiser of values. Here is the social use of the stock and produce exchanges. For the economists tell us that the maddening din of the vast exchange is not for nothing. The men penned there together like gladiators are helping to fix and even to maintain the values of the great staples of the world — the wheat and the cotton, or again, the values of innumerable stocks and bonds. Grant this fact if you will. Ask next who are these people who are crying prices up or down? There are really two sets of speculators, present in person or by proxy. One set are actual experts in valuation, whose business it is, as dealers or as manufacturers, to study crops and harvests and movements of traffic and labor. These men are playing the game by the use of experience and intelligence. They have a certain normal relation to the values in which they are dealing. It is evidently these men alone, — only a limited number, — who at the best can

claim to confer a social service by their speculations. These men also tacitly obey the law of which we have spoken earlier. They tend always to minimize the element of venture and to make their business as largely as they can a matter of intelligence and science. In other words, the good speculators endeavor not to gamble but to know. So far as they break this law, they injure society and put back the course of civilized business. Their valid use is to establish values, and not to manipulate them; to maintain the health of business and not to provoke fever and excitement. Let any professional speculator then be ready to answer this question: What effect, beneficent or otherwise, have such transactions as mine upon the economical health of the world? It is a shame to a man if he can give no honorable answer to this question. Moreover, society is going to press this question till men who cannot answer it will feel the shame.

Another group — a very large one by all accounts — represented in the transactions of the speculative exchanges, are people who are only ignorant guessers or bettors. No doubt they often act under advice of their brokers, but they contribute no particle of intelligent study in the appraisalment of values. This class surely are of no sound economic use in crowding upon the market. So far from helping to fix or maintain values, they probably add an element of exaggeration, excitement, and peril to the conduct of business. Their presence and the stakes which they wager tempt the *bona fide* or expert class of speculators to play upon their hopes and their fears, and to create artificial "booms" or panics, and actually to unsettle values. In short the people who "take flyers" are mostly gamblers pure and simple. They pay their money to support a considerable and expensive group of bankers and brokers. To the honest question: What actual social service do you render through your speculative transactions, such as might justify you in pocketing your expected

winnings, abstracted doubtless from the common wealth? they can give no rational answer. They are not merely trying to get something for nothing, — a harmless amusement, — but they are trying to get what does not belong to them.

There is one other ground on which a class of somewhat irregular speculators stand. They have a possibly legitimate function as traders. Some new stock, an invention, a Japanese loan, comes into view. Our speculator believes in the enterprise; he takes his risk with it and puts up his money upon a more or less hazardous margin, and buys. He does this upon the trader's confidence that his more cautious neighbors will in due time be glad to take the load off his hands and to reward him for holding it through the period of their uncertainty. He thus helps to market and distribute investments among those who can afford later to hold them permanently. All this is plausible. His gains (if he makes them) do not appear to come out of the losses of others, but to accrue from the normal rise in the values in which he had trusted. In short, the speculator in this case is a kind of promoter, a non-commissioned agent of his banker and broker.

The ground of this form of speculation, however, is rather slippery. Except as the man really becomes a regular banker, his field of quite honorable operation is both perilous and limited. Suppose now that, from helping to market promising ventures, he goes over to the other side, as he will surely be tempted to do, and takes an amateur hand in knocking values downward. Does he then help or harm his fellows? Moreover, his only chance of success is by virtue, not of the element of chance, but of prevision, skill, intelligence, — all very rare qualities, for the lack of which ninety-nine per cent of the people who try to follow his example will inevitably fail.

The pathos of speculation lies in this direction. It is not wrong that the village

schoolmaster, or the country minister, or the dressmaker with her scanty earnings, wishes to have a share in the fabulous wealth which modern society is accumulating. They rightly think "it would be fine" if their bit of investment in the wonderful mine described in their denominational journal turns out as successfully as they hope. What they do not see is that they have no business to hope for this success; they do not know enough. No one has taught them that every useful or promising kind of speculation depends upon effort, skill, experience, the play of intelligence upon the conditions of each new problem. Honorable speculation is a form of science. It is never mere cheap guess-work. But these innocent people — a great host of them — are daily matching their ignorance against the loaded dice of those whom their credulity tempts to make a

business of floating all kinds of plausible and worthless enterprises.

When will the world learn the supreme law of life? We have no right to expect to receive when we give no equivalent return. We have no right to expect ordinary gains, unless we give at least ordinary service. Much less have we right to extra gains from our investments, where we put in no extra skill, foresight, or other form of service. We only make fools of ourselves in expecting great dividends, where we have not the least knowledge of the conditions of business. Indeed, we have no right to live, even upon our own incomes, unless we are trying continually to make good to society for all that we cost. We are always servants and trustees for society or else we are robbing our fellows. No success, no secure or permanent happiness, lies away from the line of this law.

CHILDHOOD

BY JOHN ERSKINE

To be Himself a starry guide
 To bring the Wise Men to His side,
 To be Himself a Voice most sweet
 To call the shepherds to His feet,
 To be a child — it was His will,
 That folk like us might find Him still.

RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN LITERATURE

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

THERE are three kinds of literary experts: those who know books, those who know about books, and those who know about writers of books. The first are critics; the second, literary historians; the third, biographers. The author of *Shakespeare and the Modern Stage*¹ made his reputation as a biographer through his work on the *Dictionary of National Biography* and several monographs growing out of that work. He passed on to literary history in such contributions as those on the Elizabethan sonnet, though here his grasp is less sure and his equipment less adequate. In the present volume he appears not only as biographer and historian, but also as critic. It is important to attempt to appraise his method and achievement in each department separately, not merely for the sake of clearness, but because the public is apt to accept successful accomplishment in one of these fields as a guarantee of efficiency in the others.

Under the head of biography may be classed at least four of Mr. Lee's essays, since they deal either directly with Shakespeare's life or with the history of his reputation. In these the author writes as an authority. "Shakespeare in Oral Tradition" is an interesting collection of the statements about the dramatist that go back, not to documents, but to the lips of his contemporaries. Each in turn is valued in expert fashion, and made to give up its due amount of reliability and significance. In "Pepys and Shakespeare" the great diarist's comments on the forty-one Shakespearean performances which he records are taken as a basis for generalizations as to his literary and theatrical

taste. The tone and the method are perhaps a trifle ponderous for so light a theme; but any essayist on Pepys can be amusing if he quotes enough. Mr. Lee quotes a good deal. "A Peril of Shakespearean Research" is a vigorous attempt to expose finally the supposed letter from George Peele describing a meeting of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Edward Allyn at "The Globe." The history of the hoax is traced from its first invention by George Steevens through a long series of resuscitations. In such investigations as this Mr. Lee is at his best, research and exposition being alike admirable. In "Shakespeare in France" the essayist discusses M. Jusserand's book of the same name, makes some additions, and interprets the significance of Shakespeare's vogue on the French stage.

In these papers, as I have said, Mr. Lee writes as an authority. The trouble is that he also writes like an authority, if the pedantry may be pardoned; that is, he condescends in bestowing his information, and seems to take care that the reader shall remain his debtor for it, shall not go behind him and know for himself. Those who have used his *Life of Shakespeare* carefully are familiar with the irritating frequency of his use of "doubtless" with statements which, though probable, cannot be proved. No sacrifice of literary style is necessary to indicate precisely the amount of doubt which "doubtless" paradoxically implies; and from a scholar we have a right to expect this kind of precision. In the present volume there is more excuse for vagueness than in his more technical works; but here also it causes dissatisfaction. Take for example the passage in which he tells of Pepys's condemnation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. "It is in his favour,"

¹ *Shakespeare and the Modern Stage, with Other Essays*. By SIDNEY LEE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

says Mr. Lee, "that his bitterest reproaches are aimed at the actors and actresses. One can hardly conceive that Falstaff, fitly interpreted, would have failed to satisfy Pepys's taste in humour, commonplace though it was. He is not quite explicit on the point; but there are signs that the histrionic interpretation of Shakespeare's colossal humorist, rather than the dramatist's portrayal of the character, caused the diarist's disappointment." "He is not quite explicit on the point" — the docile reader must seek to know no more. But the interested reader would rather hear what Pepys actually says than read a paraphrase at once unsatisfying and verbose.

If Mr. Lee were always sure of his facts this lack of explicitness might more easily be forgiven. But he often permits himself a form of assurance that the state of scholarship does not warrant. "Without friends, without money, [Shakespeare] had, like any other stage-struck youth, set his heart on becoming an actor in the metropolis." This may be true, but no one can prove it; and it is to be regretted that a professional biographer should fail to draw clearly the line between fact and fancy.

Passing over those papers aimed at the reform of the modern stage — by simplifying scenery, by building municipal theatres, by establishing stock companies for the training of Shakespearean actors, — all sane and persuasive arguments, — we may look for a moment at the more purely critical essays. These concern "Aspects of Shakespeare's Philosophy" and "Shakespeare and Patriotism," and may be treated as one. At the outset we are warned against the danger of taking as Shakespeare's an opinion uttered by one of his characters, and it is suggested that in the repetition of an opinion at different periods of the poet's career we have a hint of personal conviction. With these guides the critic draws as his main inferences that Shakespeare was impressed by the human limitations of kingship, by the necessity

for social order, by the fact of moral retribution, by the freedom of the human will, and by the inferior capacity of woman to control her destiny. Most of these are familiar; some of them are sound; but few of them are argued in accordance with the principles laid down. It is surely to disregard dramatic appropriateness to call in evidence of Shakespeare's championship of the freedom of the will the words of Iago and Edmund, without reflecting that these words are put in the mouths of two consummate villains, one of whom, at least, is an habitual liar. Professor Raleigh uses precisely the same passages to prove the opposite contention. Again, the canon of frequent repetition is ludicrously disregarded in such an inference as the following: "Shakespeare seems slyly to confess a personal conviction of defective balance in the popular judgment when he makes the first grave-digger remark that Hamlet was sent to England because he was mad.

" 'He shall recover his wits there,' the old clown suggests, 'or if he do not, 't is no great matter there.'

" 'Why?' asks Hamlet.

" 'T will not be seen in him there: there the men are as mad as he.'

The present volume, then, affords no great hope that from Mr. Lee we are to expect profound or original criticism; it renews the assurance that he knows where to find a vast number of interesting facts about Elizabethan authors; and it makes us wish that he would guard with less jealousy the secret of his sources.

Professor Baker's *Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*² is more frankly a work of scholarship. This does not mean that it is poorly written or that it is dry, for it is neither; only that the author is scrupulously careful to give reasons for his opinions, and to state no conclusion with more assurance than the evidence warrants. It is primarily an examination of Shakespeare's progress in

¹ *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*. By GEORGE PIERCE BAKER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

craftsmanship, made by a scholar who adds to a familiarity with the printed dramas an experience of the methods and requirements of the stage as rare among Shakespearean critics as it is valuable. It is precisely in this combination that Professor Baker's special advantage lies, and he has employed it here with extremely valuable results.

The discussion of the plays themselves is prefaced by an account of the public for whom Shakespeare wrote, of the progress already made in dramatic technique by his predecessors, and of the stage conditions of his time. These preliminary matters are abundantly justified by the consideration that the acted drama is a product, not of the author's mind alone, but of the author in collaboration with the actor and the public. The value of much dramatic, and especially Shakespearean, criticism has been reduced by the ignoring of these latter factors; and for the tracing of Shakespeare's development as a writer for the stage it was highly important to remind us of the practical conditions which he was ever aiming to meet. But Professor Baker does more than sum up what was known on these matters: he seeks to advance knowledge. The various disputed points in connection with the Elizabethan stage are taken up one by one, the evidence marshaled, and the inferences tested afresh. On the question of the seating capacity of the theatre of that time, he is disposed to regard Mr. Corbin's estimate of nearly three thousand as excessive, and his arguments would justify a less cautious verdict. He practically disposes of the belief, founded on the well-known sketch of the Swan Theatre, that the balcony over the stage was occupied by spectators. As to the existence of signs indicating localities, he concludes that "there never were signs saying merely, 'This is a street,' 'This is a house,' etc., and that, though signs bearing the titles of the plays may well have been displayed, the use of signs to denote special places was

old, decreasing, and by 1600 unusual." The number and location of stage exits he believes to have been varied according to the requirements of the particular play. The usual statement that the public stage had absolutely no scenery is shown to be probably too strong, as there is at least a presumption in favor of painted cloths afforded by such entries as Henslowe's of "The sittie of Rome" in a list of properties. But the issue most elaborately argued here is that concerning the use of curtains. Professor Baker is strongly inclined to believe that in some of the theatres a curtain "somewhere in front," probably between the pillars supporting the "Heavens," was in use, giving four divisions, front, inner, back, and upper stage, — the upper stage being the balcony, the back stage the space under the balcony, and the other two being divisions of the platform that projected into the middle of the pit. The arguments for and against this arrangement are too elaborate for discussion here. We can only note that the author does not make the claim for all theatres, nor for any during the whole period of their existence. He has, it should be gratefully remarked, grasped the important fact so often ignored, that all the evidence points to a great diversity in usage among different theatres and at different times. An absolute negative of his position would be hard, we believe impossible, to prove. The whole of this part of the book is illustrated by an admirable set of maps and pictures.

In the main part of the volume Professor Baker's method is to derive, by elaborate analysis of structure and motivation, materials for tracing Shakespeare's gradual mastery of his art. The general trend of this development is convincingly made out and many illuminating points of view are suggested by the way. The result of so elaborate a study cannot, of course, be summed up in a phrase; but Mr. Baker's chief general inference may be shortly stated: The Elizabethan audience was primarily

interested in story-telling. Shakespeare was personally most interested in characterization. To satisfy popular demand he learned all his predecessors had to teach about the effective dramatic presentation of a story, and, enormously bettering his instruction, carried technique to a high point of perfection, earning his reward in great contemporary popularity. To satisfy his own artistic instincts he developed the art of characterization; and he succeeded in uniting and reconciling this with the more popular element in his work in such a way as to please his audience without degrading his art.

Without seeking to invalidate this general conclusion, one may be inclined to discuss further some of the steps by which it is reached. Much is made, for example, of the position that the chronicle play is not properly a literary "form" at all, because it can best be distinguished from comedy, tragedy, and the rest, by its material. It is clear that by "form" the author means species or *genre*; but one is inclined to suspect that he has been somewhat confused by the term chosen. For literary *genres* are differentiated in part by matter as well as by form; or rather the peculiarity of the matter often helps to determine the form. It is clearly impossible to define such acknowledged species as the pastoral, the satire, or the elegy, without reference to material. That material is an essential element in the defining of the chronicle play does not, then, exclude it from the list of dramatic species. Neither is such a fact fatal as that in the Falstaff scenes of *Henry IV* we have the germ of the comedy of manners. For it is in spite of, not because of, these scenes that *Henry IV* is called a chronicle play; and it was in no sense the chronicle that developed into comedy. The chronicle play had its own method, which is properly described in the present work as the method of the miracle play applied to secular history. It was, indeed, a primitive method; and this, along with

the lack of plasticity in the material, the inevitable exhaustion of that material, the passing away of the exceptional patriotic impulse that produced it, and the damaging contrast with the rapidly developing rival *genres*, are enough to account for its disappearance as a species, without our having to deny that it had ever been a species at all.

The stressing of this point may be the cause of what seems the lack of full justice to some of the plays. *Richard II* will seem to many students to deserve more respectful treatment than it receives here. In the delicate and elaborate portraiture of the king, and in the obvious fitness of his fate to his character, we have surely something more than "a kind of sublimated melodrama;" surely here Shakespeare did "discern behind the historical events the great laws and forces for which these kings, queens, and nobles were but the puppets." Yet these things are here denied. In such occasional yielding to the tyranny of a theory, and in the omission at times to allow sufficiently for the stubbornness of the original story, lie the chief limitations of this study. But, in comparison with the value and sanity of the work as a whole, they are trifling. One can hardly find in current literature a better example of the service that can be performed to art and the appreciation of art by scientific scholarship.

Many of us have speculated on the reasons which induced Mr. John Morley, as editor of the *English Men of Letters*, to omit from his list the greatest name of all. Was it due to a failure to find a worthy critic? or did it seem the safest way to pay the supreme compliment? Whatever the cause, it has failed to influence the editor of the additional series, who has boldly selected his man and given us the book.¹ The choice is, indeed, a sagacious one. By virtue of his chair at Oxford Professor Raleigh may

¹ *Shakespeare*. By WALTER RALEIGH. *English Men of Letters Series*. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

be regarded as in a way the official head of his profession; by virtue of his previous work he stands in the front rank of living English critics. The present volume raises the average of the series, and it sustains the admirable level of the author's previous volumes. Whether it entirely fulfills the hopes of Professor Raleigh's admirers is more doubtful.

To write a book about Shakespeare in two hundred pages and deal not with an aspect but with the sum of his achievement was indeed no easy task. Exhaustiveness was out of the question; the problem was one of selection and compression, and much had to be sacrificed. Thus at the outset, the author gave up any attempt to contribute new biographical facts. Instead, he condenses perfunctorily the results of the labors of the biographers, but hints that he is doubtful if their meagre sheaf was worth the trouble of gleanings. For minute scholarship he has, on the whole, something akin to contempt, which may account for the quality of his own results in that field. Take an instance. He wishes to illustrate "the alliance of poetry with the drama," and he chooses appropriately the creation of the Forest of Arden. "A minute examination of *As You Like It*," he says, "has given a curious result. No single bird, or insect, or flower, is mentioned by name. The words 'flower' and 'leaf' do not occur. The oak is the only tree. For animals, there are the deer, one lioness, and one green and gilded snake." Run over the play to cor-

roborate this, and you will find, besides the oak, the palm, the hawthorn, the bramble, the medlar, a "tuft of olives," and a "rank of osiers by the murmuring stream;" besides deer, lioness, and snake, mention of sheep (rams, ewes, and lambs) and goats, with incidental mention of horses, oxen, hogs, dogs, parrots, pigeons, and toads. Shakespeare's magic is real enough; it does not need to be proved by such "minute" research as this.

But this is merely an example of Professor Raleigh's stumbling when he strays out of his own field, and it is cited only to indicate his limitations. Within his own field, as a critic of Shakespeare's imaginative creations, he is always clever and sparkling, at times profound, and not seldom nobly eloquent. His interpretations of Falstaff, of Shylock, and of Othello are worthy of the best traditions of Shakespearean criticism, and could hardly be better written. It is in such appreciations of individual characters, or of single speeches and lines, that he shows greatest acumen. On the side of dramatic structure he has by no means the skill of Professor Baker; in the attempt to extract a philosophical significance from the world portrayed by Shakespeare he has neither the insight nor the synthetic power of Professor Bradley. Yet the book is distinctly a brilliant piece of writing, and one may doubt whether any one in our generation has in the same space said so many keen things about Shakespeare or has said them so well.

THE SEASONING OF MONSIEUR BAPTISTE

BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

MONSIEUR BAPTISTE bore natal marks of pasty humility on his sallow face, and yet did he not have cause for immeasurable arrogance? Was he not a maître d'hôtel, pardieu, a king among waiters, a dress-suited autocrat of aproned slaves, a condescending recipient of green-backed bills, passed discreetly to the hollow of his careless hand by eager patrons of this cream of restaurants? Diable! It was a waste of power. For Monsieur Baptiste was small and unimposing, his hair lay uncured on his lowly brow, his eyes were the palest of blues, his hands the most expressionless of appendages, his whole dwindling self the most washed-out of types. He had gained the glorious post of maître d'hôtel simply by constant stupid goodness. Twenty years a waiter, and not a night off, not a little spree to celebrate fête days — nothing. It is true that there were a few customers who showed preference for him, but that was again because of his painful goodness as he hovered over them, serving them himself, descending nightly from his lofty responsibilities. He never commanded, he never lost his temper, he never inspired; while there beside him, a brother in title only, stood Monsieur Jacques — a man of pride and strength to whom those beneath cowered, and about whom those above marveled. Graded into a very nicety of distinctions, he never bowed for nothing, nor did he scowl for nothing, but rubbed, waved, or shook his hands at psychological moments. Stormy, suave, pompous, impressive, he ruled in absolute monarchy his kingdom of steaming dishes. Furthermore, he dominated Monsieur Baptiste with overpowering insolence — and shame of shame, Monsieur Baptiste bowed down unquestioningly.

So matters ran in this realm of savories. The hungry ones who came to eat, and stayed to prolong its deliciousness, prostrated themselves in nightly adulation before Monsieur Jacques and most often ignored Monsieur Baptiste; while the latter, as if he had been a common servant, stepped to one side, and let the tide of gold and fame stream by him to the feet of his superior. The chef, a white-bonneted wag, suggested that the Bon Dieu had omitted to season Monsieur Baptiste — had sent him, in fact, down into the gourmand world saltless, pepperless, aspic-less.

There came a day when, above the melting spicy masterpieces of this chef, floated the far-off whiff of an important rumor. It was a delicious little rumor of a fête day, forty-five candles on a cake, and perhaps champagne. It had to do with Monsieur Jacques's *jour de naissance*, forty-five vital years ago. Now Monsieur Jacques believed in celebrations on any occasion touching his exalted self, and he had never yet allowed the proud day which had ushered him into a servile waiting universe to slip by undecorated; so it was his gracious custom to bid a few chosen ones whom he considered deserving, to a very chic supper on his magnificent night — a supper which took place by special dispensation of the Rulers who ruled Monsieur Jacques, in a private room, after the last crumb of a customer had been swept away from the main restaurant.

It was a coveted honor to be among those present, for as host Monsieur Jacques was quite perfect, smiling graciously at his guests and receiving their best wishes, their homage, their speeches, with benevolent deprecating waves of his hand. This year, actuated by an im-

pulse of greatness which stoops to cast favors before the less fortunate, he had requested Monsieur Baptiste "to give him the pleasure, etc." and Monsieur Baptiste tremblingly had accepted his so kind invitation.

The gala night arrived. Those unbidden tossed their heads in scorn, hurried into their overcoats, seized their hats, and departed unnoticed to the cheerless street; but the bidden smiled expectantly, cast satisfied glances into the mirror, hummed gay tunes, and prepared to bask in the benign presence of their host. Only Monsieur Baptiste was plainly ill at ease. As he followed the others down the deserted hall to the special supper room, his mouth twitched nervously, he fumbled with aimless fingers in his waistcoat pocket, and upon his entrance he mumbled his greetings to Monsieur Jacques, instead of flourishing a bow, as gentlemen do who are equals.

There were eleven convives — four of them ladies, Ah, no! if you please, I *said* ladies. Of these, the daintiest, the most impertinently irresistible, was Mademoiselle Amélie Demors, a ravishing, blue-eyed, red-cheeked creature of curves — and even then half is not said. To the amazement of all, she stared at Monsieur Baptiste until he flushed a lobster purple, and weak tears mounted to his eyes. Who can penetrate the motives of a woman? Was it to coquet, to tease, or to punish that she turned at last to Monsieur Jacques?

"I wish," she said, "to have that gentleman on my other side, since I am to sit at your right." So, abashed, clammy, cold, Monsieur Baptiste was placed near her. Never before had a lady as much as noticed him.

Unable to feel jealous of such a silent atom, Monsieur Jacques applied himself to his champagne glass and to Mademoiselle Amélie with equal gallantry. Was his attitude too self-assured — who knows? Certainly there lurked a decided independence beneath the plump lines of his favorite's fluffy bodice, and defi-

antly in measure as he courted her, *she* courted Monsieur Baptiste. Soon every one noticed the comedy, every one winked behind his glass, every one nudged his neighbor. Monsieur Jacques's serene hospitality began to grow thunderclouded. What! This uncooked worm, this pallid animal dared, even unconsciously, to taste forbidden sweets? He was actually going so far as to smile, at last, after many stupid blushes, and gulps of the food that he — Monsieur Jacques — had provided from his own bounteous pocket? Monstrous! Incredible! He must be publicly humbled. Awaiting an opportunity between the flowered speeches which acclaimed him emperor of head waiters, he addressed himself to the presuming one.

"Monsieur Baptiste," he said insolently, "I have forgotten my cigarette case, which lies downstairs. Be good enough to get it for me."

There was an amazed silence. A command from master to servant? What would happen! Monsieur Baptiste moved in his chair, and half stumbled to his feet, as if to obey, but quickly Mademoiselle Amélie pushed him back.

"Oh, but no!" she dimpled. "I cannot spare him. Go get it yourself."

Some of the guests giggled, some looked politely unconscious, all began to talk violently; Monsieur Jacques's brows folded themselves in furious wrinkles, Monsieur Baptiste bent a helpless glance of frightened gratitude on the preserver of his dignity, and the feast flowed mercifully, uproariously, over this space of awkwardness. But the mischief had been accomplished. The liquid eyes of the eternal woman had poured themselves in fiery rivers down the empty channels of Monsieur Baptiste's anæmic being, the capricious wave of Mademoiselle Amélie's favor had engulfed him, and slowly his impoverished temperament warmed and flickered at her feet; shyly he responded to her blandishments.

Meanwhile the company were celebrating the end of the supper, without its

leading spirit, for Monsieur Jacques sat morose, unresponsive, causing a few far-seeing ones to quake in their shoes at the thought of his temper on the morrow.

He even failed to interest himself in the talk of a great lottery, which was to take place the following month, and for which there were still a few numbers on sale. Henri Marron produced three tickets which he offered to dispose of for a mean five francs — one hundred cents only — apiece, a possible fortune dangling on the end of each bit of paper.

"Come, come, gentlemen, who will not seize this colossal chance!"

Mademoiselle Amélie bent over to Monsieur Baptiste.

"Allons! Buy one," she urged.

"I? — I?" he stammered.

"But yes — you," with an affectionate smile. Then she called aloud, "One for Monsieur Baptiste, if you please."

What could he do but obey? He counted out a hundred cents, and transferred ticket No. 213 to his pocket. And when the party at last disbanded, she rewarded him by asking him to come and see her some day, which invitation filled his being with excited tremors.

But the next night witnessed the utter abasement of one — Monsieur Baptiste. Maître d'hôtel only in name, he shrank again to bloodless insignificance. It was a wrathful, vengeful evening, of asserted authority, tyrannical commands, blustering winds which blew fiercely around the tables, hurrying slaves balancing hazardously tipped dishes on trembling palms, cringing, napkined subjects. In the centre of this outwardly orderly, but inwardly shivering scene, towered the stern unsmiling figure of Monsieur Jacques.

"Sacred monsters! Paltry crumbs!" he whispered ferociously to the waiters, as they scurried past him.

Monsieur Baptiste, with his lottery ticket in his shabby dress-suit pocket, and the undying memory of Amélie in his milky mind, resumed his position as a tasteless ingredient in the usual routine. Yet for him things were not of their old

monotony, for above the reach of grinding abuse, he cherished a shadowy plan to go, at the first possible chance, and pay his respects to the alluring Amélie.

Fate, with an aggressive eye turned upon Monsieur Jacques, accorded Monsieur Baptiste that chance within a few days, and from this tiny seed of assurance shot up the green stalks of courtship, for little Amélie, born a woman and bred a coquette, cast her wayward favor upon Monsieur Baptiste. There was, indeed, surely something appealing about his boneless personality, and, later, in his abject worship of her charms. He was satisfied with such nothings of attention. Eh bien, quoi! What was the harm?

One idea she had, firmly planted in her positive little brain; it was well for him to be her slave, but not also the slave of Monsieur Jacques. Decidedly no! She told him with many a stamp of her tiny foot, if he wished to please her he would show himself a man equal to another. Bah! Who was Monsieur Jacques, after all! A snap of the fingers, and he would crumble into dust. She knew him to be a gigantic puffed-out fraud. If he — Baptiste — loved her truly, he would down this tyrant, step boldly over his prostrate body, and become the sole dictator of the dishes and tables. Then she would see! But where there was no respect there could be no wedding ring. In vain Baptiste protested feebly that his head was too small to fit a crown, that his hands were too nerveless to reap in gold. A shrug of soft shoulders answered him, a "Well, then, my friend, I am not for you. I will have no imitation man as my husband." He wept and swore by the saints that he would return and wring Monsieur Jacques's burly neck, as a turkey's at Thanksgiving. But alas! Once back in the restaurant, face to face with his enemy, and *crac!* his courage fell like broken glass to the floor. Then, to punish him, Amélie would go out the next day arm-in-arm with the despised Monsieur Jacques. Ah! it was a trying world, where one must live a lion, or die

a mouse. Again and again Monsieur Baptiste tried to break through the paralyzing crust of his servitude. He even practiced a swagger in front of the cracked mirror in his little attic room; but somehow, although it was very fine as reflected in the cracked mirror, it collapsed entirely as soon as he entered Monsieur Jacques's commanding presence.

Amélie grew impatient — "Ah, ça!" she scolded. "Will you never amount to anything but a whisper of a maître d'hôtel?" Whereupon he would bow his head, his very submissiveness causing her to repent her harshness. "You are what the Bon Dieu has made you, I suppose," she would sigh.

One night, as he was standing all by himself in a corner of the big dining-room, apart from the noise, the clatter, the joy of popping corks, Henri Marron came running excitedly up to him.

"Tell me now," he cried, "what was the number of your lottery ticket?"

Monsieur Baptiste had forgotten all about it, but he drew it slowly from his pocket. "213," he answered.

Henri Marron seized it, stared at it, then at Monsieur Baptiste.

"Great Heavens, man," he said, and his voice rose almost to a shriek, "you have won the lottery. You have made your fortune. You are worth fifty thousand francs. The numbers were drawn yesterday."

Imagine now, the bursting of a bomb, from a peanut shell! One moment ago, Monsieur Baptiste had been a nonentity — in five moments he became a personage. The aura of gold surrounding him, his back was clapped by enthusiastic hands until it felt black and blue. The great tidings swam around and around his head like a big fish in a small pool. He still grasped the creased ticket in his hand, while he listened with slow ears to a chorus of congratulations, honest or envious as the case might be. The climax was reached when Monsieur Jacques, sauntering over to him, mag-

nificently condescending, said, "You are in luck, mon vieux." Even then, he could not summon to his shrinking body the necessary swagger, nor to his voice the proper swell. Only wishing to get away, — away from the lights, the curious faces, the noise, — he applied for and readily received permission to leave.

It was good to be alone — to allow the stupendous truth to dawn upon him. Here, walking up the street, the stupid, silent street, was he, Baptiste Henriot — a rich man, an important man, Bon Dieu! A man of men. Circumstances had changed — he owed himself duties now. All of a sudden he noticed that he was swaggering naturally, — with a swagger that appeared to have come to stay. He stopped short and squared his meagre shoulders. "Baptiste, my boy," he said aloud in a sonorous voice, "Baptiste, you have done well."

Ah! what a world of peace and plenty — of claret and chicken! How simple it was to become great! Buy a lottery ticket, messieurs! And Amélie? Another succulent thought. She would indeed be overjoyed, and rightly so, for decidedly she was a very lucky young woman. He would present himself immediately to announce the news. Visions of her rapture floating uncertainly across his feverish brain, he quickened his steps down the little side street where she lived.

At last! The house is reached; the bell is rung, boldly, loudly; the door is opened. Amélie, a divine rosette of a woman, stands before him. She cries, "Baptiste, what have you?" He cries, "Amélie, I have won the lottery. I am rich." They embrace; they dance; they sing; their hearts are flooded with ecstasy; they laugh; they weep. Then there is a pause — Amélie thinks deeply.

"And Monsieur Jacques — what does he say? — And the men at the restaurant?"

"I — I have not noticed," he stammers.

Volubly chiding him for his neglect in not immediately asserting his authority,

she becomes one brilliant waving tangle of head, hair, and eyes — a torrent of words, reproach, endearment. — “Ah! I have it,” she exclaims at last.

He, Monsieur Baptiste, has stood silent, bewildered, through her tirade, unable to follow this whirlwind. A thousand Furies! To what lengths can a woman go! Here he offers her fifty thousand francs, not to mention the addition of himself, and she still babbles of crushing his rival, humbling his tyrant, publicly demanding recognition where he has received insults. What is the use? When he asks only never to be a maître d’hôtel again — to buy the little shop he has coveted for so long; to leave in oil the place where he has lived in vinegar. But no! It was not to be! There must occur a dramatic scene — Monsieur Jacques once and for all dragged in the dust.

Listen! Amélie has the idea, which he need only follow to make her adore him for the remaining years of heavenly existence. He is to go back, as usual; he is to treat Monsieur Jacques, as always, civilly; he is to hand in a resignation secretly to the *propriétaire*; he is to breathe his plans to no one — no one. Then, on Sunday, his customary night off in any case, at half-past six, he is to come for her, his loving Amélie, attired as she has commanded. It is settled then. Not another word. She sends him from her, a creamy smile upon his lips, his head erect — a new-fledged Monsieur Baptiste.

The restaurant had bubbled over with expectation and surmise. “Tiens, if it were my fifty thousand francs, I should do this,” said one. “And I, this,” said the other. But they all agreed that such good luck was utterly wasted on Monsieur Baptiste. Nevertheless, preparing to salute his wealth, and show him that there was no hard feeling, they awaited with amicable sentiments his return, the following night. Conceive, then, of their disgust, when he slipped to his place with the same modest face, and the aforetime threadbare coat over his meek shoul-

ders. No word, no drinks offered, no plans discussed. Can one call that a gentleman? Monsieur Jacques, disposed, at first, to be graciously friendly, took his cue from the atmosphere and resumed his original intolerant manner. He was even heard to apostrophize Monsieur Baptiste as a “half-cooked chop,” which is an insult scarcely to be borne. It was a sickening spectacle to behold, a lottery winner in the person of one who receives insults in Biblical style.

Sunday arrived. Monsieur Baptiste was missing, but it was his night off, so no one questioned. What would be the eventual destination of the fifty thousand francs had already chopped itself into a hash of despairing conjecture — then, with many shrugs of the shoulder, had finally been abandoned, to grow cold on the shelves of unsolved problems. Monsieur Jacques, in a red pepper of a temper, victim to one of his periodical fits of indigestion, stormed heavily around among the little white tables. Nothing was right; everything was wrong; customers and waiters alike were fools. It was seven o’clock, and the room began to overflow with hungry ones — gourmets and gourmands, old dyspeptics and young bons viveurs, grandes dames and petites dames, the generous and the stingy.

Suddenly, in the big doorway, appear two oddly familiar figures. A wave of breathless excitement sweeps ahead of them — plates rattling in mid-air suspend their noise, napkins brushing off tablecloths cease their brushing, half-opened bottles hesitate, knives and forks tinkle no more. Activity becomes carved immobility — and Monsieur Jacques, frozen in his tracks, near the door, his hands crossed behind his back, glares dumbly at these two figures. Yes — no! — yes! Allow me to introduce to you my friends, Monsieur Baptiste Henriot and Mademoiselle Amélie Demors, — Monsieur Henriot arrayed in the newest, finest, most perfectly cut dress suit — padded, let us whisper, to conceal certain unim-

portant meagre imperfections of frame. Collar, tie, and tucked shirt are of spotless white, a cream-colored waistcoat, a camelia in his buttonhole, and a glossy high hat held daintily in his pearl-gray gloved hands, complete his costume. His hair has been waved — it is tossed back from his forehead in pomaded curves. Beside him, hanging affectionately on his arm, Amélie blooms like a thornless rose. She is all that there can be of the most elegant, from her little saucer-tilted hat, right down through the lace collar, the knot of cherry ribbon, the trim adjusted belt, the underneath cherry frou-frou of silk, to the shining mice tips of her black shoes. Altogether, this happy couple are steeped in a general air of impertinent prosperity and quiet assurance.

He has been well trained, has Monsieur Baptiste. He looks around him, with lofty disdain, then, detaching himself from Amélie, he advances slowly towards the motionless Monsieur Jacques, a suspicion of a swagger marking his progress, his face slightly flushed, his bearing indicating unflinching superiority. Many curious ones hover in his wake. The near encounter is awaited with pleasurable anticipation by those who manage to be within listening distance. Monsieur Baptiste draws himself up, faces Monsieur Jacques, and with a lordly gesture of his hand, says in clear, commanding tones,—

“Garçon, a table for two.”

Monsieur Jacques stands apoplectically still, his eyes become bloodshot. Bon Dieu! He — will explode! Amélie rustles up behind Monsieur Baptiste.

“Did n’t you hear this gentleman request you for a table?” she demands. “Is this the way you serve your customers? Attend immediately, or you shall be complained of.”

“Yes,” echoes Monsieur Baptiste manfully, “you shall be complained of.”

Monsieur Jacques stares at the two in front of him, while they stand their ground. It is a contest of wills, of bravado — old and new. But Monsieur Bap-

tiste is dressed like a grand seigneur, there is gold — lottery gold — in his pockets, he is gorged with effrontery, and flanked by a young woman of dramatic tendencies. There must be no scene and no scandal in the restaurant. Monsieur Jacques turns, suddenly docile, and conducts them to a distant table. It is a triumphant march. Monsieur Baptiste struts, — Amélie minces just a trifle. They bow gravely, with the condescension of the great to the small, as they sink into their seats. Monsieur Jacques hands them a table-d’hôte card.

“We shall dine à la carte,” pronounces Monsieur Baptiste impressively. “Be good enough to take my order.”

The dinner which he proceeds to command is a rapturous repast — short and succulent, a harmony for the palate, a perfume for the nose.

“I beg of you to pass me the wine card,” continues Monsieur Baptiste, while Amélie is daintily fingering her roll, pointedly avoiding Monsieur Jacques’s eyes.

“I shall take,” slowly begins Monsieur Baptiste, rolling out each pompous word with careful relish, “I shall take a quart of Pommery 1893.”

It is done — the last nail is driven into the tyrant’s heart.

When they are left alone, at their little table, they do not look at each other for a moment, and there is the brief lull of a mighty ceremony accomplished. Finally Baptiste leans forward.

“Eh bien?” he questions, smug satisfaction lurking half daringly in his voice.

“Eh bien,” answers Amélie, dimpling suddenly. “Eh, bien, mon ami, ça y est.”

Then they commence to converse with a certain constrained responsibility. Conscious, beneath the eyes of all, they nibble their food, they sip their wine, — Baptiste rigidly gallant, Amélie politely responsive. With an idle flourish, Baptiste produces a silver cigarette case, holds it carelessly so that all may see, removes a cigarette from its well-filled interior, and puffs rings of luxurious smoke. Their

table is the "clou" of the evening. It is passed, repassed, pointed to, exclaimed upon, laughed at, grunted at. Monsieur Jacques, who protests to the *propriétaire*, is told that Monsieur Baptiste has resigned his place and has a right to do as he wills.

It is a night of celebrity and celebration, as the dinner draws to its stately close. Monsieur Jacques's prestige is decidedly on the wane and he is the object of many witty remarks. At last Monsieur Baptiste drains the final green drop in his liqueur glass, and rises slowly, with the lazy gesture of a man who has dined well and wisely. He seems already to have grown more ample in proportion, as with sleek fingers he pulls down the end of his waistcoat, adjusts his boutonnière, flecks a crumb from his lapel, and swaggers over to Monsieur Jacques, who has obstinately turned his back on such a specimen of ingratitude. But Monsieur Baptiste is not dismayed. Unctuously he draws a crisp green bill from his pocket, tenderly he gazes at it — fully aware that many white-aproned slaves cluster curiously behind him. And why should he hide from them such an act of benevolent generosity? He hands it to Monsieur Jacques. Will it be torn to a thousand shreds? Who would be such a fool! Monsieur Jacques eyes it with hot scorn — tempered, let us hastily add, with longing — for it bears the legend V on its flapping ends.

"The dinner was excellent, my good

friend," says Monsieur Baptiste, resolutely tendering the luscious morsel.

"Ah! Ah! certainly — certainly," answers Monsieur Jacques in a would-be distant voice, as the bill disappears in the ever-ready yawning cavity of his pocket.

"I wish," continues Monsieur Baptiste, still pouring his newly-made wine into a golden cup, "I wish also to leave an order with you, which you will greatly oblige me by personally superintending. I beg of you to offer, in my name, a round of champagne to my old comrades here, that they may drink my health and happiness, for to-morrow I am to be married to Mademoiselle Amélie Demors. About the little formality of the account, please have it charged to my old address. It will be all right, as I hope to become one of your most constant patrons, in the future."

Where are now the scathing words, the bread-knife glances with which Monsieur Jacques was wont to cut Monsieur Baptiste into a thousand pieces? There is no sign of them — none. Monsieur Baptiste swaggers by, without waiting for thanks or curses, while from the door Amélie watches him proudly. He joins her, she takes his arm, they turn their backs, and shake from their feet the dust of menial office.

Their heads are very near together as they reach the street. "T'es un homme enfin," whispers Amélie.

"J' crois bien," answers Baptiste, curving out his chest.

THE YEAR IN GERMANY

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

THE attention of the German people has for a year been occupied more with home than with foreign affairs. The entire aspect of home politics has been changed since my last letter in this series (*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1906) was written. The sharp corner turned about the middle of December will apparently be of high significance for the course of domestic affairs within the next few years. Hence it will be most expedient to begin this article with a survey of home politics for a year.

In the article just referred to I spoke of the unrest and discontent prevailing among the people. This state of popular feeling was at its height when the Reichstag assembled at the middle of November, 1906. It was evident at once that the government would have to meet an unusually strong current of criticism. Even the newspapers most friendly to it had manifested a deep-seated dissatisfaction with the course of home and foreign politics. The *Kölnische Zeitung* — in the domain of foreign politics the most trusted mouthpiece of the Wilhelmstrasse — admitted that the internal harmony of the people was broken; they had lost their conviction that Federal Council, Reichstag, and Imperial Chancellor were working together upon the basis of the constitution for the welfare of the country; and hence the army of pessimists, whom the Kaiser had declared that he would not tolerate, was swelling in numbers from day to day.

It had become apparent, too, that the monarch himself was the cause of much of the discontent. He was exposed to uncommonly frank criticism in the most loyal section of the press; even the organ of ultra-conservative and aristocratic traditions found it "easy to be explained

that the people are looking up to their ruler with a certain nervous disapproval." Radical newspapers were naturally still more outspoken; the leading one remarked that "the personality of the Kaiser was making itself felt in foreign affairs in a most unwelcome manner and with the worst results." On one of the first days of the Reichstag session the leader of the National Liberals — a party that had long been in the leading-strings of the government — frankly objected to the Kaiser's hand in foreign politics. The Germans were displeased, he said, with too many telegrams, speeches, amiabilities. The early weeks of the session were marked by more plain speech about the ruler than had ever before been heard in the debates; and the general discontent of the country was daily reflected in the proceedings of the House. Never before had the Reichstag met in such an ugly, critical mood.

It was especially in the colonial debates that this feeling found its sharpest expression. The Clericals, Radicals, and Socialists vied with one another in merciless attacks upon the colonial administration. Here, however, the government had one distinctly strong force in its favor. In the late summer Bernard Dernburg, a successful banker and reorganizer of distressed joint-stock companies, — a self-made business man of the American type, in the best sense of the term, — had been appointed director of the Colonial Bureau; and he had set about the task of reorganization and reform with such vigor and straightforwardness as speedily to have won the confidence of the country. It was Dernburg, too, who was to become the pivot in the transformation of home politics just alluded to.

That transformation was brought

about by the Clerical Party, or the "Centrum," as it is called in the current political vernacular. The party had been for above a decade the dominant force in legislation and had won a powerful influence over the government's general policy. "Centrum is trumps" is an expression that was very often quoted to describe this strong position of the party. It reached that position through peculiar circumstances. The government has never had a majority of its own in the two conservative parties, and for some years the added strength of the National Liberals had not generally sufficed for the support of its policies. The Socialists and Radicals steadily opposed the government's measures, and so did the Poles and other small groups living upon petty special antagonisms. Hence the Centrum easily took up the rôle of political umpire between the government and opposition parties. It had the "casting vote," and its decisions nearly always became the law of the land. Its compact organization, backed up by the powerful religious and traditional forces of the Catholic Church, — even, to some extent, by the confessional and the pulpit, — made it the strongest party in the Reichstag, and thus brought it to pass that less than one third of the German people practically determined the course of legislation for the Empire.

The Centrum is one of the queerest, most paradoxical parties to be found in any country. It is usually called ultramontane by its enemies because it has its *raison d'être* in safeguarding the interests of the Catholic Church; yet it has not scrupled at times to disregard the wishes of the Vatican in respect to German internal affairs; and the Vatican, on its part, carefully avoids identifying its interests with those of the Centrum, since it is sure of getting better results through direct diplomatic action at Berlin. "The Centrum is an incalculable party," said Prince Bülow last winter in a campaign letter; "it represents aristocratic and democratic, reactionary and

liberal, ultramontane and national policies." The party lives upon a reminiscence, its defeat of Bismarck in the *Kulturkampf*; but since that time it has been without any sound reason for its existence. Its ecclesiastical interests are in no danger whatever, full freedom of conscience and worship is enjoyed by the Catholics, their clergy is supported by the state on the same basis as the Protestant clergy, and in general Prince Bülow was fully justified in saying that the Catholics fared better in Protestant Germany than in many Catholic lands. In secular matters the party is quite without any body of fixed principles. It apparently exists solely for political power, for love of the game of politics, and for the far-off hope of making Germany a Catholic country.

Having secured its dominant position in the Reichstag, the Centrum failed to use it with a wise self-restraint. Its motto appeared to be that all questions of legislation must be ultimately settled according to its wishes. Its steady policy was, when new measures were in their incipency, to refuse to commit itself to anything, to keep its counsels, and finally to step in at the decisive moment and dictate what was to be done. The party also extended its influence over the administrative acts of the government, — often, too, by back-stairs methods, if the Ministers are to be believed. The government chafed under the Centrum's yoke, without seeing a way to get free of it. By the time the Reichstag assembled, however, Bülow had already decided, contingently, to break with the party. When accordingly Herr Roeren made a peculiarly savage attack upon the colonial administration, Dernburg came forward with evidence that precisely this champion of the Centrum had, by mischievous and perhaps illegal meddlesomeness, tried to bend the government's course to his will. That party therefore vented its wrath by voting down a small supplementary appropriation for winding up the campaign in

Southwest Africa, and by trying to enforce a more rapid withdrawal of the troops than the military authorities thought safe. That was the immediate cause of the dissolution of the Reichstag, but it was not the sole cause, — it was rather a “last straw.”

According to surface appearances the dissolution looked at first like a huge political blunder. The point of time selected, as well as the question at issue, could not, apparently, have been more unwisely chosen. The widespread discontent of the people — for one thing, over the high price of meat, which the government had done nothing to alleviate — gave the Socialists a situation which they hailed with jubilant anticipations of victory. Their leaders boasted that they would make large gains of seats; and even Count Posadowsky expected them to be reinforced by two dozen new members. Besides this, a dissolution on account of Southwest Africa was little calculated to stir the enthusiasm of any considerable section of voters. The government's attempt to break the power of the Centrum had already been tried by Bismarck in 1887 and again by Caprivi in 1893, and it had failed. Bülow's step was accordingly a display of courage which the country had not been accustomed to expect from him.

His breach with the Centrum, however, proved a most popular issue with the non-Catholic electorate; a thrill of exultation was its first response to the dissolution, and this feeling persisted throughout the campaign. Many of the most intelligent voters had hitherto stood aloof from politics owing precisely to the predominance of the Centrum; but they now greeted with enthusiasm the opportunity to extricate the government from its yoke. University professors, artists, and literary men organized an “Action Committee” which plied these stay-at-home *Intellektuellen* with campaign literature. The government, too, abandoned its accustomed attitude of supinely observing the course

of the campaign. Bülow addressed the “Action Committee” in defense of his policies, besides writing a public letter on the issues of the campaign. Dernburg was still more active, arousing great enthusiasm at huge mass meetings with his new colonial policy. This departure of the government from its old-time aloofness, and its coming into democratic contact with the electorate had a most attractive effect upon voters.

A still more striking change in the government's policy was a quasi-alliance with the Radicals. By accident they had voted with the government on the division which led to the dissolution, they having come forward with a compromise amendment which Bülow accepted. This suggested to him that it would be possible to “pair the Conservative with the Liberal spirit.” He announced this as his policy, and the Conservatives, National Liberals, and Radicals conducted the campaign largely in sympathy with it.

The result of the election was a huge surprise to the country. The Socialists lost nearly half of their seats, and their gain of two hundred and fifty thousand votes was much less than the normal increase of the population would have entitled them to receive. On the other hand, the three little Radical groups, which had effected a close alliance among themselves in November, increased their vote by nearly forty per cent and raised their strength in the Reichstag to fifty members. This gain of the Radicals, who represent approximately the Anglo-American type of democracy, was one of the most significant and encouraging results of the elections. The gain, indeed, was in part due to Conservative and National Liberal aid, where they wanted to defeat Socialist or Clerical candidates; but it was also due still more to a decided drift of the younger voters toward radical political views. Radical candidates received unexpected support, too, from Socialist workmen, who deserted their party by reason of its

tyrannical electioneering methods. Thus the Social Democracy lost many of its strongholds. Important cities which it had held securely for years elected Radical or other burgher candidates. But the "Centrum-tower" withstood all assaults. The Clerical force in the new Reichstag is even slightly above that of the old. This was due in part to a trade with the Socialists, who, on their side, saved at least a dozen seats by the aid of the Centrum. In the course of the campaign a so-called National Catholic movement was inaugurated by many influential Catholic citizens who were out of sympathy with their party's recent policy; but this diversion failed to influence the result at any point.

Upon the opening of the new Reichstag Prince Bülow made it his first concern to sever the last tie between the government and the Centrum, and then to announce that certain concessions would be made to the Liberals. The Bourse Law, he promised, should be reformed, and an Imperial law should be passed for securing to the people the right of assembly and association. He had already publicly declared that the policy of social reform legislation, now that the power of the Socialists had been broken, would be carried forward with undiminished zeal. His proposal to "pair the Conservative with the Liberal spirit," while it had been greeted with a certain jocular skepticism by the parties to be paired, led nevertheless to a *bloc* of the government parties; and this union held together satisfactorily during the brief session of the new House last spring, when, indeed, it was put to no severe test. The Centrum at once shaped its tactics with a view to splitting it, but its shrewdly conceived motions and interpellations were without effect.

From the standpoint of the Radicals, whose coöperation was necessary for the success of the *Bloc*, the chief obstacle in its way lay in the Prussian Cabinet. How, they asked, can Bülow as Imperial Chancellor make concessions to Liberalism

and oppose the Centrum in the Reichstag, while as Prussian Minister-President he maintains the existing three-class, "rotten-borough" suffrage system and is dependent upon the Centrum for support in the Prussian Chamber? The Chancellor had no liking for the rôle of a "Pooh-Bah," and he found occasion to reject it by making several changes in the Ministry. In June Count Posadowsky was dismissed from his position of Imperial Secretary of the Interior, and Herr von Studt from the Prussian Ministry of Culture.

Posadowsky fell because he was out of sympathy with the *Bloc* and had given it but a lukewarm support in the Reichstag. He did not approve of Bülow's breach with the Centrum. That party had generally supported Posadowsky's social reform measures, and he thought it unwise politics to thrust it aside as anti-national. It had shown a preference for him, and, as was currently believed, wanted to have him appointed to the Chancellorship, if Bülow, as was expected, should be swept away by the elections. It was surmised that Posadowsky himself cherished such hopes, and for this reason kept himself discreetly in the background during the campaign. Under these circumstances Bülow could not regard him as a suitable coadjutor for carrying the *Bloc* policy into effect. He was accordingly forced to resign, and von Bethmann-Hollweg, till then Prussian Minister of the Interior, was appointed to succeed him. Posadowsky affords a good illustration of the semi-socialistic tendencies at work in Germany. When he entered the Ministry above a decade ago he was regarded as a *Scharfmacher*, or stalwart believer in police and military as the proper and adequate remedy for social turmoil. Closer contact with the great employers and the labor-unions, however, greatly modified his views, and he became more and more the active exponent of social reform ideas; he gave offense to employers by advocating humanitarian conces-

sions to labor; he came to recognize a certain justification for the Socialist movement; and the Social Democrats, as well as most of the Radicals, regretted his retirement.

The dismissal of von Studt was a concession to the Radicals and National Liberals, in a measure also to the Free Conservatives, who had latterly turned against him. The Minister failed to take account of the government's changed attitude toward the Centrum, and went on welding Clerical and Conservative majorities in the Diet just as if the rupture with the Centrum had never occurred. Some features of his common-school policy had offended the Radicals, National Liberals, and Free Conservatives, who last spring brought in a resolution requiring that inspectorships be given exclusively to men with a distinct pedagogical training. His administration of the universities had also aroused sharp antagonism both in the Diet and — more or less covertly, but none the less intensely — in the great majority of the professors. The liberty of the faculties had been circumscribed, their selections of professors often ignored, and other appointments made irrespective of their choice. His extreme deference to the wishes of the Centrum made it appear as if he would become the gravedigger of the *Bloc*. Bülow saw the danger and forced him to retire. This step showed plainly that the Chancellor was resolved to carry the Conservative-Liberal coalition into Prussian politics, — a decision which was still further emphasized by the appointment of von Bethmann-Hollweg to the vice-presidency of the Prussian Ministry, in addition to his Imperial office.

It is precisely in Prussian politics that the *Bloc* will be put to its severest test. The Radicals are vigorously demanding the reform of the election laws upon the basis of manhood suffrage. The National Liberals insist upon a far-reaching reform, but with certain restrictions upon the power of the poor and ignorant

voters; and even the Free Conservatives admit that the existing system cannot be maintained in its entirety. The Centrum also wants changes which have not been clearly specified. The German Conservatives and their Agrarian and Antisemitic satellites, on the other hand, are stoutly opposed to any reform however mild. They will not have this stronghold of their power touched, and their newspaper organs are saying that an election bill would explode a mine under the *Bloc*. For all this, it appears that the government is preparing a measure of reform. Necessarily this will fail to satisfy any party; and the coalition will be exposed to serious strain at this point.

Another grave danger for it will be the projected legislation on the Polish question. In a previous article in this series (*Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1905) I described how the Prussian government was trying to Germanize the provinces of Posen and West-Prussia by acquiring landed estates, dividing these up into small parcels, and settling German peasants upon them; further, how Polish banks and other agencies adopted the same policy and were more successful than the government in this settlement work; and, finally, how the Diet attempted to counteract this Polish activity by passing a law which should make it impossible for private institutions to buy and divide up lands. Even this drastic measure, however, has failed to promote the transfer of Polish estates to German hands, the owners having shown themselves less willing than ever to sell to the Settlement Commission or to individual Germans. It was declared recently at the annual convention of the *Ostmarken-Verein*, an organization for promoting the Germanization of the two provinces, that more German lands are still passing into Polish hands than vice versa.

The full significance of this confession is strikingly illustrated by a statement found in a government document reviewing the history of the first twenty years of the Settlement Commission's

work, which has recently been published. According to this official report the commission paid for the lands bought in 1901 prices averaging 78-fold more than the average annual net profits from these lands, but by last year the price had risen to 138-fold. That the Poles steadily refuse to sell their lands to the government at such attractive prices and can even buy more German lands than the commission can secure from them is remarkable evidence of their antipathy to the Germans. Indeed, the intensity of feeling between the two races is unhappily growing still deeper. When the *Ostmarken-Verein* was holding its convention in August at Bromberg a Polish counter-demonstration was made in an adjoining town, where the convention was denounced as "an orgy of hatred and *Hakatist* deceit." ("Hakatist" is a name applied in ridicule to the *Ostmarken-Verein*.) The Bromberg Convention passed resolutions quite in the spirit of "might goes before right," demanding the dispossession of the Polish landowners under the law of eminent domain, the local authorities to have power to prohibit all sales of lands not regarded as in the German interest. "Whether right or wrong is done to the Poles," exclaimed one of the leaders, "is a secondary matter; what becomes of the Poles is no concern of ours."

Incredible as it may sound, it appears practically certain that the government has decided to bring in a bill for the forcible purchase of Polish lands. The public document above mentioned closes with asserting it to be "the imperative duty of the State to find a way to acquire land for the commission according to a definite plan;" and the reiterated statements of the government press plainly foreshadow a bill empowering the local governors to buy lands under condemnation proceedings, as well as to prevent sales to undesirable persons. The newspapers are able to quote a speech of Bismarck's in which he explicitly favored such a law. The government's plan is,

apparently, not to acquire Polish estates generally and indiscriminately, but to take possession of those adjoining German settlements, so as gradually to widen the borders of these and insure their permanent German character. Of course the market price will be paid.

The embitterment between Poles and Germans was intensified by the "school strike," which broke out toward the end of 1906. This was a refusal of the Polish children in the lower schools to answer in German during the hour devoted to religious instruction. It had been the wise policy of the Prussian government to make German the language of teaching in the schools, with the exception that religion was taught in Polish in the lower schools. This arrangement was quite satisfactory to the Poles, as they wanted their children to learn German; and it should certainly have satisfied the authorities, since it gave the Polish children an adequate knowledge of German. The Minister of Culture, however, was not content. With the bureaucrat's zeal for leveling everything to a common formula, and with no perception of the imponderable human factors involved, he ordered the lower schools in the East Marches to begin to teach religion in German. This gave to a number of fanatical priests and Polish nationalist agitators an opportunity to appeal to racial antipathies, and the "strike" resulted. That it was largely artificial is clearly proved by the fact that many Polish parents who instigated their children in the primary schools to refuse to say their prayers in German had raised no objections whatever to their older children doing so in the higher schools, where no Polish has been used for some years. All the same, the government's course was, in its practical effects, extremely unwise. About a hundred priests, editors, and other persons were punished with imprisonment, and so the "strike" was at length broken down. The government carried its point, indeed, but at what a cost! The Polish children will not receive an appreciably better knowledge

of German; while, on the other hand, they have been so embittered as to be quite lost to all Germanizing influences. *Tant de bruit pour une omelette!*

Such are the difficulties in the way of the *Bloc*. There are other dangers in the Empire, which, however, seem less serious. The German Conservatives are by no means pleased with the Chancellor's announcement of a measure for the reform of the Bourse Law. The greater part of them are also opposed to a liberal law of assembly and association; and some National Liberals are in sympathy with them. It seems certain, however, that the forthcoming bill on the latter subject will go far toward meeting the best modern conception of popular rights, and that the wide discretion hitherto allowed the police in Prussia and several other states to dissolve public meetings will be abolished. Until now this matter has been left to the individual states, some of which have quite liberal laws on the subject; hence the Imperial law must be at least as liberal, else it would fail to satisfy the latter states.

Upon the whole, these Imperial measures will hardly wreck the *Bloc*. The difficulties in Prussian politics, on the other hand, are so great that many supporters of the coalition are already predicting that it will prove but a short-lived arrangement. Even some Conservatives are raising objections to the dispossession of Polish landowners, and it is certain that all the Radicals and Clericals will oppose it. So far, too, as the general attitude of the Radicals is concerned, they will go to considerable lengths to meet the government's wishes, if they can but keep the Centrum from regaining its dominant position; still they do not propose to be put off empty-handed. They went into the coalition with the expressed hope of promoting liberal reforms; but if these are denied they will forthwith obey the watchword already given out for such an event by one of their leaders: "Back to your breastworks!" The Centrum has already

grown heartily weary of its isolated position and will persist in its efforts to disrupt the *Bloc*. It has begun to throw out baits for regaining the government's favor; its leader recently announced in a public speech that there must be an increase of above fifteen million dollars in the appropriations for the army and navy at the next session.

The Social Democrats, too, have found their influence in the new Reichstag greatly shrunken, — and not merely as to numbers. Indeed, that party has never been so thoroughly discredited as now in the public opinion of the country. During the election campaign they made their chief attack upon the Radicals, the only burgher party with which they had any prospect of keeping in practical contact for purposes of democratic reforms; and the attack was delivered with such savagery, such blind malice, as completely to destroy the remnant of sympathy that was still entertained for them among the Radicals. Through this fatuous indulgence in the "swineherd's tone" — as their ruffian manner of speech is popularly characterized — they have rendered unpopular and impossible all thought of coöperation with them on the part of the more advanced Radicals; and their party stands to-day completely isolated. By reason of this fact still more than their mere loss of seats in the Reichstag, the government has begun to treat them as almost negligible, having apparently reached the conclusion that the Socialist movement has passed the danger point and begun to ebb away.

The Socialists, on their part, keenly felt the blow that was dealt to them in the elections. Their behavior in the Reichstag has accordingly been less supercilious and self-satisfied. The party has been engaged in deep heart-searchings since its mid-winter reverse, and some of the elder leaders are ready for new policies. At the annual convention of the party at Essen in September, Bebel advocated such a face-about in tactics as make him seem rather a

Revisionist than the fiery apostle of the class-struggle idea. He refused to allow the convention to commit the party to a foolish resolution against supporting any Radical candidates in future rebalots, and he clearly intimated that the Socialists were open to alliances with the latter. Instead of again emphasizing the class-struggle character of the Socialist movement, he admitted that the famous Dresden convention had injured the party; and he now demanded that it must widen the field for seeking recruits. The Socialists must appeal, he urged, to the so-called "standing-collar proletariat," the growing army of commercial and technical employees; "their stomachs," he exclaimed, "are emptier than those of the elder proletariat." Then he gave the "comrades" a lesson in political amiability, — the non-Socialist labor organizations must be treated with respect, and the national and other sentiments of the burghers must no longer be scoffed at and desecrated.

The growth of the party in the direction most important for its highest success — namely, among young men of university training — has undoubtedly been checked. Socialist writers are themselves pointing with much concern to this fact as a sure sign of the intellectual retrogression of the movement. Furthermore, the camp-followers of the party — intelligent burghers who had temporarily voted with the Socialists to promote thoroughgoing reforms — have parted company with them in some disgust and returned to the Radicals. The Socialist movement, having thus lost the power to attract the more intelligent voters, is bound to sink to the level of a mere labor movement, and will become less and less a menace to the present social order.

One of the gains for the country brought about by the new order of things is a much more hopeful attitude about the colonies. The Colonial Bureau was last spring erected into a Ministry, and Dernburg was appointed as the first Minister. He has dissipated, to a con-

siderable extent, the pessimistic feeling about the colonies, and an increasing number of joint-stock companies for colonial undertakings are coming into existence. Just now Dernburg is in German East-Africa studying its possibilities of development, — the first time that such a mission has ever been undertaken by the responsible head of the colonial administration. The era of railway-building in the colonies has begun, and the country is growing more willing to spend money upon its possessions. The cloud of colonial scandals has happily been dissipated, most of them having turned out to be baseless rumors.

Turning at length to Germany's foreign affairs, it may be said at once that these have undergone a decided improvement within a year. This is especially true in respect to England and France — precisely the two countries which had felt themselves most aggrieved by Germany's part in the Morocco imbroglio. The Berlin government's attitude toward France upon the recrudescence of that question this summer created the best impression in France, and, upon the whole, satisfied the German people. Having at Algeciras secured the independence of Morocco at considerable cost of sympathy for herself in the world, Germany was well in a position to make temporary concessions to France. She saw the political wisdom of doing so, and readily acquiesced in the French and Spanish plan for restoring order in Morocco. The good understanding with England has made still greater progress. Kaiser and King have come into more satisfactory relations with each other. Deputations of English municipal officials and a large body of English editors have recently visited Germany and carried home the conviction that the Germans are a people of peace, anxious for good relations between their country and England.

Germany's course at the Hague Conference, it is generally admitted, did much toward removing the distrust with which she was regarded abroad. Bülow's flat

refusal in advance to take any part in discussing disarmament certainly tended at first to augment that distrust; but it is no exaggeration to say that this effect was dispelled by Germany's course at the Conference, where it was soon discovered that she was one of the most zealous promoters of measures for reducing the possibilities of international conflicts, and for introducing more humane principles into the conduct of war. She favored making the Arbitration Court permanent, but opposed the obligatory feature on the ground that any general treaty for obligatory arbitration would necessarily have to provide so many exceptions as greatly to weaken its force; whereas much better results can be obtained through arbitration treaties between individual states. Germany was the first to propose an international prize court, and its establishment was largely due to her active efforts. Notwithstanding the disappointing results at the Hague, in some respects the Conference has nevertheless deepened the impression in Germany that the nations are gradually drawing together, and that the prospects for a long continuance of peace in Europe have seldom been better than now. Altogether Germany greatly improved her international position at the Hague, and her influence there was so great as quite to belie the stereotyped complaint of many German editors that their country is isolated and threatened by hostile combinations on all sides.

The active support of American propositions by the German delegation attracted attention as shrewd politics; but this only corresponded with the general policy of the Berlin government, pursued steadily for several years, of doing everything possible to promote good relations with the United States. Still more substantial evidence of this was seen in the prolongation last spring of the temporary trade arrangement under which we enjoy Germany's treaty scale of customs duties in return for very shadowy concessions on our part. Ger-

man statesmen had so explicitly asserted their unwillingness to continue the arrangement, and the discontent with it here was so pronounced, that a breach between the two countries in trade matters seemed imminent. Finally, however, the Berlin government agreed to prolong it indefinitely, or until denounced,—a step which may be taken as its abandonment of all hope of getting a satisfactory commercial treaty with us so long as the "stand-pat" element dominates the Senate.

The Pope's Encyclical against "Modernism" came at a time when the German people were already interested to an unusual degree in Catholic movements at home. Professor Schell, of the Catholic theological faculty of Würzburg University, who died about three years ago, had made it his mission to harmonize Catholic theology with modern science. He had written several works for this purpose strongly imbued with "Modernism," but these had been placed upon the Index of Prohibited Books,—a step keenly felt by many of the best spirits among German Catholics, unable to belie their Teutonic love for intellectual freedom. A movement accordingly gained headway among prominent Catholic laymen, to send a petition to the Pope asking for a reform of the Index system. A Vatican organ, however, got wind of the matter and raised a noisy alarm about a "secret heretical league aiming at undermining the power of the Papal Chair." The German press took up the affair and discussed it as a symptom of serious disaffection among the intelligent Catholic laity. When, however, the petition was published later it turned out to be nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the petition, after making an explicit declaration against the Reform and Liberal Catholics, asked in most reverential terms for a mitigation of some features of the Index system; it should be less frequently applied, secret and summary process on the part of the Index Congregation should be abolished,

and every writer heard in his own defense before the condemnation of his work.

Another German Catholic movement that created still greater displeasure at Rome was a plan to erect a monument to Professor Schell. An appeal for subscriptions was circulated, signed by nearly two hundred prominent Catholics, including two bishops, foremost Catholic scholars, members of the Reichstag and other legislative bodies. Although the monument was by no means intended as a glorification of "Modernism," still the Pope saw in it a demonstration against the policy of the Vatican and wrote to Bishop Commer, of Vienna, a letter sharply censuring the signers of the appeal. The Bishop had been a friend and admirer of Schell, but turned upon him after his death and wrote a pamphlet in which he accused Schell of "many gross untruths, distortions, and forged quotations," — charges which the dead theologian's friends resented as maliciously false. What was their astonishment therefore when they read the Pope's letter thanking the writer for having "done good service to religion and Catholic doctrine," and bestowing upon him the apostolic benediction! The letter further characterized the signers of the appeal as "ignorant of Catholic doctrine or opposed to the authority of the Papal Chair under the insulting pretext that it held fast to antiquated views." These utterances caused extreme pain and regret among progressive Catholics. The Dean of the Catholic faculty at Würzburg, a man of the Schell type who was closely identified with the monument movement, resigned his position as a silent protest; and the monument committee sent to the Pope a humble remonstrance explaining the innocence of their undertaking as designed to honor a teacher and friend who had shown his fidelity to the church. To this communication Cardinal Merry del Val replied in extremely cold and formal terms, saying the Pope had taken note of the explanation and advised the signers to dis-

criminate between Schell's private life and his writings. That was all.

On top of these humiliations for the German Catholics came the Encyclical, which seemed to be aimed to meet German conditions. Several of the theological faculties, notably those of Würzburg and Freiburg, were known to be out of favor at Rome; and news from Rome in the summer indicated that the Vatican intended to require that the brighter theological students in Germany be sent henceforth to Rome to complete their training. That the Encyclical is profoundly deplored by the progressive wing of the German Catholics goes without saying. Baron von Hertling, the most highly respected member of the Centrum in the Reichstag and a leading professor of Munich University, has recently delivered an address before a Catholic society for the diffusion of science, in which, after referring to the Encyclical, he advocates principles directly contrary to it. Although this address was heard by most of the Catholic theologians of the country it raised no protest from them; and one bishop had the courage to remark that it is impossible to meet present-day objectors with thirteenth-century answers.

The Encyclical will unfortunately aggravate the tendency of the Catholics to separate themselves from the rest of the population. The government's quarrel with the Centrum had already given a fresh impetus to that tendency, as was seen at the annual Catholic Congress at Würzburg in August. This body adopted resolutions requiring Catholic workmen to join only their denominational labor-unions; Catholic parents were called upon to have their sons connect themselves only with Catholic young people's societies; Catholic merchants and business people must become members only of Catholic mercantile associations; while Catholic army recruits must join, not the regular military sick fund organizations, but special Catholic unions for insurance against sickness.

While the Catholics are thus trying artificially to hedge off their young people from contemporary influences, a remarkable ferment of new views of life is at work in young heads outside of that church. An uncommonly strong and wide-reaching tendency is noted with young people of both sexes to break away from all traditional trammels. An impulse toward individual self-development is felt by the younger generation, which begins strongly to suspect that it has been hoodwinked by the elder generation in the interest of an artificial and cramping authority. Radical religious and political views are fast coming into favor with young men. Also with young women, it should be added, for the "woman movement" is rapidly gaining volume and influence in Germany. The "new woman" is a type that is fast gaining in numbers. She may often wear hideous clothes, but she believes in herself, is determined to develop her individuality, and does not propose to let her parents settle for her the largest problems of her life.

Thus the relations between the younger and the elder generation have been disturbed. It is noted that the fiction of the day has begun to reflect this conflict between young and old. At first it was the gifted, high-striving young man who was in rebellion with the outworn traditions supported by parents and teachers for his oppression; latterly this struggle has been transferred to the other sex, and a new type of heroine is finding a place in fiction.

Meanwhile thoughtful men and women of the elder generation are watching with varying degrees of concern the intellectual revolution in progress with its sons and daughters. Many writers are vainly deploring the changing ideals of the young, their loss of religion under the seductive influences of Nietzsche and Haeckel; others are trying to explore the phenomenon, to find its causes, and, if possible, to turn it into wholesome channels. The latter recognize that the move-

ment is in large part a reasonable one, being a perfectly natural protest against customs and traditions which often disregard the individual in the supposed interests of society. And as for the anti-religious character of the movement, so far as it is such — this, too, is found to be a natural reaction against the present dogmatic form of religion as taught in the public schools. The teachers of Hamburg and Bremen adopt this view and would abolish all religious teaching, supplanting it with moral instruction resting on a simple human basis. Professor Paulsen explains the revulsion against religion as being due to the fact that religious teaching in the Prussian schools is based upon the theological creeds of the sixteenth century, whereas the young men at the *Gymnasien* are learning at the same time to look upon nature and the universe with the eyes of modern science. The hiatus between the two systems of thought is so obvious that the young men break away in a rebellious spirit from the standpoint of the creed, reject the Bible as a book of fables and lies, and dispense with religion altogether. This distinguished pedagogical philosopher would remedy matters by abolishing all dogmatic instruction in religion, and substituting an exegetical and historical form of teaching. At the same time the documents of religion would be treated, not as authorities to bind the mind and conscience, but as monuments of the religious life of humanity.

Whatever be the outcome of this ferment in religious and political opinions, it is certain that the Germany of the next generation will wear a very different aspect from that of to-day. There will be a greater measure of individual freedom, political institutions will have to be cast into new moulds, the relations between monarch and people will gravitate toward the English system, and in every sphere of life all authorities will be closely scanned and questioned before they are accepted and obeyed. It is evident that a new Germany is in the making.

THE YEAR ON PARNASSUS

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

"POETRY in this latter age," wrote Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, "hath proved but a meane Mistresse to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits shee hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their owne professions (both the Law and the Gospel) beyond all they would have hoped or done for themselves without her favour." In part, no doubt, this melancholy view of the poetical profession was a personal matter, the sadly lucid conclusion of a man who after laborious years in the service of his Muse still lived in an alley, while Dr. Donne, Dean of Saint Paul's, dwelt in a house with two courtyards, and many an indifferent sonneteer splashed down Whitehall in his cushioned coach. Yet, after we have made all due allowance for the personal situation involved, the fact remains that Jonson has but stated with characteristic vigor a condition of affairs that is perennial on Parnassus. It is specially observable at the present time, when there is scarcely a single poetic talent of sufficient volume economically to justify its possessor in pursuing poetry as a vocation, while much of the finest and most successful verse that has been written for a quarter of a century has been the work of busy editors, college professors, clergymen, brokers, mothers of families, and mayors of cities "who have but saluted her on the by."

It is not always, however, in the fine and successful work of these occasional writers that we experience the most quickening encounter with the poetic spirit. The man who devotes himself with a single mind to Poetry, whether econom-

ically justified in so doing or not, may perchance know more of her wayward and whimsical heart than the occasional visitor to the Muse's bower. Whether he can effectively poetize his knowledge or not, his work will not be without its reward for the reader who can approach it, in some measure,

"With the same spirit that its author writ."

For some cause of which the determination is apart from the purpose of this paper, the present year has seen an appreciable diminution in the number of volumes of verse published in England and America. In 1906, the record was well toward the five hundred mark. In 1907 the number has probably not been more than half as great; there have been fewer volumes of distinction, and the average of quite negligible sheaflets of rhyme has been higher. It chanches, however, that the year has brought forth a group of books by certain young men with whom poetry is a serious, and, in varying degrees, an intelligent pursuit. In the poems of Alfred Noyes, George Sylvester Viereck, and Madison Cawein, in the poetic dramas of Ridgely Torrence and Percy Mackaye, and the collected dramas of Mr. Yeats, we have a body of sufficiently diverse material for the study of the poetic temper and attainment of our time as they are exhibited in the work of those with whom poetry is a profession.

I

Though still on the nether side of thirty, Mr. Alfred Noyes has put a notable variety of published verse to his credit. In England, his muscular epic of *Drake*, which has been appearing in parts in a magazine, has enjoyed a

rather surprising success. To this country he was introduced last year by Mr. H. W. Mabie in a volume of selections remarkable for its evidence of wide-ranging reading, for an adventurous imagination, and for opulence and ease of metrical expression. Yet that volume, good as it was, was admirable rather for its qualities than for its quality: there was in it no single piece that seemed secure of a place in the safe-deposit vaults of Time.

In the present volume, *The Flower of Old Japan*,¹ the situation is pretty much the same. The beverage that Mr. Noyes pours us is still must rather than wine. Mr. Noyes's enterprise is to recapture "Old Japan," the land of

"Dreams and dragons and gingerbread," and to set it forth in the temper of a kind of philosophical *Alice in Wonderland*. In the Prelude he invites us:—

Ah, let us follow, follow far
Beyond the purple seas;
Beyond the rosy foaming bar,
The coral reef, the trees,
The land of parrots, and the wild
That rolls before the fearless child
Its ancient mysteries:
Onward and onward if we can,
To Old Japan, to Old Japan.

If we accept the invitation we are personally conducted through sixty pages of fantastic marvels that are yet made almost convincing by the poet's bright imagination, and his gifts of vivid phrase, and fluent, melodious verse, till, at the end, he brings us comfortably home:—

Slowly, as a wavering mist
Waned the wonder out of sight,
To a sigh of amethyst,
To a wraith of scented light.
Flower and magic glass had gone;
Near the clutching fire we sat
Dreaming, dreaming, all alone,
Each upon a furry mat.

While the firelight, red and clear,
Fluttered in the black wet pane,
It was very good to hear

¹ *The Flower of Old Japan*. By ALFRED NOYES. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

Howling winds and trotting rain.
For we found at last we knew
More than all our fancy planned,
All the fairy tales were true,
And home the heart of fairyland.

There is a proficiency in the workmanship that, coupled with Mr. Noyes's humorous tenderness in approaching his theme, all but disarms criticism. Yet if we look at the matter in a cool objective light, it must be said that the attempt is only partially successful. Since Lafcadio Hearn has revealed to us her delicate, mystical soul, "Old Japan" is scarcely a valid and universal symbol for the fantastic realm of childish romance of which Mr. Noyes is the celebrant.

The second half of the book is given up to a companion piece, "The Forest of Wild Thyme," in which the same adventure is assailed by another track. In the course of it occurs a passage which may be taken as suggesting by indirection Mr. Noyes's poetic creed and ambition:—

"Men toil," he said, "from morn till night
With bleeding hands and blinded sight
For gold, more gold! They have betrayed
The trust that in their souls was laid;
Their fairy birthright they have sold
For little disks of mortal gold;
And now they cannot even see
The gold upon the greenwood tree,
The wealth of colored lights that pass
In soft gradations through the grass,
The riches of the love untold
That wakes the day from grey to gold;
And howsoever the moonlight weaves
Magic webs among the leaves,
Englishmen care little now
For elves beneath the hawthorn bough:
Nor if Robin should return
Dare they of an outlaw learn;
For them the Smallest Flower is furled,
Mute is the music of the world;
And unbelief has driven away
Beauty from the blossomed spray."

This indictment of the England that is no longer "Merrie England," a common theme with contemporary writers of verse, has not often been put more tellingly than this. It recalls a similar indictment of the British temperament by a still younger poet.

The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious: Beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake?

To turn from the fairy fancies of Mr. Noyes to the Babylonian imaginations of Mr. George Sylvester Viereck is a rather thrilling psychologic adventure.¹ "Sonant" is a favorite word with Mr. Viereck, and it would be hard to find a better one to define the characteristic quality of his poetic personality. Perhaps no poet now writing is more proficient in the loud symphonious lay, and the quality of Mr. Viereck's vigorous, if unhealthy imagination is of a sort to be expressed very perfectly in his reverberating verse. Take the opening section of his titular poem: —

O Nineveh, thy realm is set
Upon a base of rock and steel
From where the under-rivers fret
High up to where the planets reel.

Clad in a blazing coat of mail,
Above the gables of the town
Huge dragons with a monstrous trail
Have pillared pathways up and down.

And in the bowels of the deep
Where no man sees the gladdening sun,
All night without the balm of sleep
The human tide rolls on and on.

The Hudson's mighty waters lave
In stern caress thy granite shore,
And to thy port the salt sea wave
Brings oil and wine and precious ore.

Yet if the ocean in its might
Should rise, confounding stream and bay,
The stain of one delirious night
Not all the tides can wash away.

From this beginning unrolls a poetic picture of "Nineveh" that is an impressive if superficial envisagement of that great rock-delving, sky-scaling city of New York that is fast coming to be more than Paris, more than London even, the typical *umbilicus gentium*, a great Babylonish hive of nations. There is undeniable power in the picture, yet

¹ *Nineveh and Other Poems*. By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. 1907.

in the conclusion we discover clearly the youthful limitation as well as the perverse literary taint in Mr. Viereck's talent: —

I, too, the fatal harvest gained
Of them that sow with seed of fire
In passion's garden — I have drained
The goblet of thy sick desire.

I from thy love had bitter bliss,
And ever in my memory stir
The after-savours of thy kiss —
The taste of aloes and of myrrh.

And yet I love thee, love unblessed
The poison of thy wanton's art;
Though thou be sister to the Pest
In thy great hands I lay my heart!

And when thy body Titan-strong
Writhes on its giant couch of sin,
Yea, though upon the trembling throng
The very vault of Heaven fall in;

And though the palace of thy feasts
Sink crumbling in a fiery sea —
I, like the rest of Baal's priests,
Will share thy doom, O Nineveh.

This is the piece in Mr. Viereck's volume that must be taken most seriously. His monotonous celebration of Ashtoreth, Lilith, Pasiphaë, Sappho, Cleopatra, Faustine, Salome, and their modern sisters is clearly derivative, and the precocious satiety which he discloses so sonantly is, therefore, not so much shocking as amusing. Some day, we may hope, Mr. Viereck will have had enough of Ashtoreth and Baal, and, turning to gods more favorable to English poesy, give us poems in which his admirable endowment of melody and imagination shall serve a nobler meaning.

Beginning with a slender sheaf of *Blooms of the Berry* some twenty years ago, Mr. Madison Cawein has cultivated his muse with such undeviating constancy that a score of books of poetry now bear his name. These he has brought together in a collected edition in five volumes.¹ Mr. Cawein has scarcely been

¹ *The Poems of Madison Cawein*. Five volumes. With illustrations by ERIC PAPE. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. Louisville: Ben La Bree. 1907.

well advised in collecting his work in such a formidable bulk. Such poetry as his, so largely the poetry of transient mood rather than of thought or dramatic action, cannot but produce a certain impression of ineffective monotony when massed in five stout volumes. Time is the shrewdest anthologist, and may be trusted in the long run to select the things that are worth while. Yet a poet is wise in the measure that he forestalls Time's judgments.

Mr. Cawein, nevertheless, is perhaps the most *poetical* of our living American poets. It would be hard to find another in whom poetic temperament is so uninterrupted, whose fancy riots so continually among poetic symbols. He is not free from the defects of his qualities. For structural form his work is not preëminent; it abounds in small obscurities and cacophonies; and if syntax constrains him, he treads it underfoot. There is in his verse not quite enough of that sound prose style which is the humdrum basis of poetic style, the solid torch from which the flame aspires. Yet his best work in its fine and individual quality is not easily surpassed. He gives us the sweet Kentucky landscape so poetized by the haze of temperament wherewith he envelops it, that even to Bacchus in a cornfield with chipmunks frisking about his legs we can accord that "willing suspension of disbelief" that Coleridge took to be poetic faith. It is precisely in these Kentucky pieces rather than in his ambitious narrative poems on mediæval themes that Mr. Cawein is at his very best. There is scarcely a section in his "Intimations of the Beautiful," for example, in which some mood of nature is not portrayed with a haunting melodious felicity. Take as a single instance this exquisite piece of dissolving color: —

The climbing-cricket in the dusk
Moves wings of moony gossamer;
Its vague, vibrating note I hear
Among the boughs of dew and musk,
Whence, rustling with a mellow thud,
The ripe quince falls. Low, deep and clear,
The west is bound with burning blood.

The slanting bats beneath the moon, —
A dark disk edged with glittering white, —
Spin loops of intertangled night:
An owl wakes, hooting over soon,
Within the forest far away:
And now the heav'n fills, light by light,
And all the blood-red west grows gray.

I hear no sound of wind or wave;
No sob or song, except the slow
Leaf cricket's flute-soft tremolo,
Among wet walks grown gray and grave. —
In raiment mists of silver sear,
With strange, pale eyes thou comest, O
Thou spirit of the Waning-Year!

Through scenes like these Mr. Cawein continually, like his own hermit thrush,

"Trails an enchanted flute along,"

and it is a singular refreshment to stop and listen to its plaintive, persistent note.

The volume of *Selections from the Verse of John B. Tabb*¹ made by Mrs. Meynell, would offer to the discursively-minded some provocative points of comparison with the books that we have been considering. "Quaint" and "pregnant" are the words that first occur to one endeavoring to phrase Father Tabb's poetic quality, but they are inadequate and misleading unless carefully qualified. Father Tabb's mind is curiously occupied with the correspondences between the natural and spiritual world, yet his sense of them is not so much the mystic's feeling of oneness as the modern scientist's sense of the far-reaching interrelations of life. His imagination winds into odd, sometimes macabresque crannies, of nature and human life. He sees each in a single flash of illumination as part of the whole, as a poetic idea; and this poetic idea refined of all dross or surplusage he has a most remarkable power of conveying in eight or twelve short lines. His imagination is analogical in the extreme. He is as full of similitudes as Herbert or Crashaw; often an entire poem is built upon a single figure. Yet despite the temptations to fantasticality that beset a mind of this type,

¹ *Selections from the Verses of John B. Tabb.* Made by ALICE MEYNELL. London: Burns & Oates. 1907.

overstrained and ineffective similitudes are conspicuously few. His tiny poems, like the psychologist's pin pricks, are very perfect tests of poetic sensibility.

Father Tabb's quality is not unknown to readers of the *Atlantic*, yet this page may be happily adorned by one of his characteristic pieces:—

THE PLAYMATES

"Who are thy playmates, boy?"

"My favorite is Joy,
Who brings with him his sister, Peace, to stay
The livelong day.
I love them both, but he
Is most to me."

"And where thy playmates now,
O man of sober brow?"

"Alas! dear Joy, the merriest, is dead.
But I have wed
Peace; and our babe, a boy
New born, is Joy."

II

It begins to look as if the poetic drama, after many years of desuetude and relegation to the closet, were winning a fresh foothold in our theatres. Each of the past two seasons has seen successful plays in verse upon the boards and there is even coming to be something like a "dawn-enkindled quire" of young poets to win the admiration of the world as much by their capable dealings with actors and managers as by their poetical attainments. During the coming season we are to see among others two plays presenting an interesting *partie carrée* of passionate lovers.¹

In dealing dramatically with the time-worn story of Abélard and Heloise, Mr. Torrence has evidently spared no pains to possess the literature of the subject. In the matter of texture this has been all to his advantage. To his close study of

¹ *Abelard and Heloise*. By RIDGELEY TORRENCE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

Sappho and Phaon. A tragedy set forth with a Prologue, Induction, Prelude, Interludes, and Epilogue. By PERCY MACKAYE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

the sources we owe the thousand vivid historical details that are woven into the vigorous give and take of the dialogue with fine dramatic and poetic effect. In the matter of structure, however, there is a question whether Mr. Torrence's play has not lost in effectiveness through his endeavor to give the whole story as it is in the books. The piece as it stands is in four acts. In the first we encounter Abélard, the "Socrates of Gaul," at the zenith of his fame, and in the full sweep of his passion for Heloise. In the second, Heloise declines to marry him, to make him otherwise than

"Free to pursue that upward path he walks
Toward that high radiance that is his ambition,"

and Fulbert, her uncle, takes his revenge. In the third, the transformed Abélard, after some futile eloquence, goes his priestly way, leaving Heloise to take the veil. In the fourth the lovers meet again after a lapse of twenty years, just as Abélard, excommunicated, dies with a characteristic burst of feverish declamation.

As history, this even division of attention between Abélard the passionate and poetic leader of the new cause, and Abélard the whimpering pawn of fate is well-considered, but as dramatic structure it is not successful. The climax of the piece comes at the end of the second act. From that point onward, save for a tense moment towards the close of the third act, the play is nothing more or less than a *drame pathologique*, that makes no appeal to our sympathies, and has but a slender intellectual interest. If instead of beginning *in medias res* there had been an initial act setting forth the growth of Abélard's love for Heloise, with the progressive disturbance of his scholarly habitudes by the perturbations of passion, and had the last fortuitous meeting been omitted, and the play concluded with the parting at the close of the present third act, it might have been considerably more memorable. This redistribution of the material would have given us the

essential tragedy of the love of Abélard and Heloise more compactly and coherently. The tragical climax would then have come at the end of the third act, and the single final act of pallid renunciation would have been not only tolerable, but tragically telling. More than that, we should have had, if I mistake not, a more complete and convincing portrayal of Peter Abélard, who, whatever his weakness and wavering, was perhaps the most interesting and modern man of that germinal middle-age, the Hamlet rather than the Socrates of Gaul. The passion of Heloise would have been more credible so, and the play as a whole less obviously built with an eye to the requirements of a leading lady.

A fine imaginative scholarship is the first quality that impresses the reader of any of Mr. Percy Mackaye's poetic play. In *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, *Fenris the Wolf*, and *Jeanne d'Arc*, the striking thing was Mr. Mackaye's acquaintance with the life that there is in old books. In *Sappho and Phaon* this quality is still more largely in evidence. One approaches the play by an elaborate series of terraces, porticoes, and vestibules which are all compact of eager learning. Taking a hint from Horace's *ex noto fictum*, Mr. Mackaye strives to give a greater reality to his age-old theme by leading us backward from the present and actuality by easy, imperceptibly merging gradations. In the Prologue an American, an Italian, and a German savant excavating at Herculaneum find the make-up box of the ancient actor, Actius, and at the end of the Prologue, by the aid of dissolving scenes, Medbery, the American, suffers a sea-change into Actius himself. Then follows the Induction in which Actius and his mistress Naevoleia prepare to play *Sappho and Phaon* in the presence of Horace, Virgil, and Varius the author of the piece. Finally, after an erudite and entertaining Prelude, the tragedy is enacted. At its end Phaon, impersonated by Actius, dissolves back into Medbery, and we

wake up, as it were, rubbing our inward eyes. How effective all this would be on the stage is a dubious question.¹ To the imagination of the closet-reader, it gives a fine fillip like the telescopic vistas in some of Calderon's dramas; yet even to the reader the machinery is not quite convincing. Despite the great ingenuity of the contrivance the last step from Actius and Naevoleia to Sappho and Phaon is an awkward one; it is a step from *l'amour* to passionate love, from one civilization to another; and the tragedy itself is so purely Greek in setting, in development, and in tragic temper that Varius is scarcely a credible author. We hardly forget that it is a play of a play.

With a careful instinct for appropriateness, Mr. Mackaye has kept his action to a single scenic setting and compassed it within twenty-four hours, though he has allowed for some picturesque modern stage effects by the succession upon the scene of afternoon and twilight, dark and dawn. The Greek temper of the piece is still further enhanced by the skill with which in the more emotional parts Mr. Mackaye has varied his blank verse with Sapphic metres. Witness this passage in which Phaon the slave tells Sappho of his early vision of Aphrodite:—

PHAON

Oft ere the day, while all the slaves are sleeping,
I and my boat put out on the black water;
Under us there and over us, the stars sing
Songs of that silence.
Soon then the sullen, brazen-horned oxen
Rise in the east, and slowly with their wind-ploughs
Break in the acres of the broad Ægean
Furrows of fire.
So, many a time there, as I leaned to watch them
Yoked in their glory, sudden 'gainst the sunrise
Seemed there stood a maiden—a bright shadow—

SAPPHO

Ah you beheld her!

¹ Since this was written the play has been produced in New York minus Prologue, Induction, Prelude, Interludes, and Epilogue.

Greek, too, in intention if not altogether in effect, is the way in which the catastrophe is brought about. The tragic coil idly started by Sappho's freeing of a dove due to Poseidon ends in making Phaon the unwitting slayer of Bion, his child by his slave wife, and in Sappho's self-destruction. Throughout the last act we feel the true tragic pity and terror, if not in their highest potency, at any rate with an admirable consistency. Mr. Mackaye has revived excellently well the Sapphic spirit

"Of amorous hours

Fervent as fire and delicate as flowers;"

but the trait that lingers in the mind as of the finest promise is the way in which he has invested the old passionate story with intimations of tender and wistful humanity.

The fine *flair* for romantic situation that Miss Mary Johnston has shown so notably in her novels has lost none of its keenness in *The Goddess of Reason*, her first play in verse.¹ Indeed, the piece is conceived in terms of romantic situation, and for that reason it is the most *readable* poetic drama, in the popular sense of the word, that has lately been seen. Miss Johnston's imaginative historic sense and her gift of weaving a poetic setting for romantic story were never more capably demonstrated than in this play of the stirring early years of the French Revolution. The polished Arcadianism of the *ancien régime*, Breton lore, the red passion of the Revolution, these are the elements that she employs in the development of her tragic story of Love and Death. One must not suppose, however, that the piece is but an historical novel broken into blank. It is conceived and executed entirely in the poetic temper. Indeed there is a question if the temper of the author in its composition has not been, in a sense, too poetic. As her prose in her novels seemed sometimes aspiring to be poetry, so here her poetry sometimes aspires to the estate

¹ *The Goddess of Reason*. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907.

of music. Her mood is so lyrical that her feet are continually floated off the firm iambic ground into anapæstic rhythms and even into rhyme. This is most common in the speeches of her heroine, Yvette, "The right of the Seigneur," who later impersonates The Goddess of Reason. Here the change of metre is not ineffective, as in this climax of a long emotional speech in the iambic pentameter: —

O love! is it love that stifles me so?

O love! is it love that makes me weep?

I thought that love was all splendor and light,
The bow in the sky, the bird at its height,
The glory and state of an angel bright!

But when in the middle of a narrative speech in blank verse by a male character we come upon a pure anapæstic couplet,

"Green, reverend and dim as the light may be
In a sea king's palace under the sea"

the dramatic effect is blurred. This, however, is purely an objective criticism. It is clear that this metrical phase of the drama is of a piece with the curiously lyrical mood of its conception, which is perhaps the chief source of the highly individual interest. It is romance mixed with music.

As we have been considering the work of those latter-day poets who have meditated their muse without regard to advancement in "their owne professions" whether "the Law or the Gospel," one rough similarity should have become apparent, — the ultra lyricism of their mood, their impatience alike of the labor of the file and of severe reflection. Lyric and dramatic poets alike are chiefly preoccupied with the appealing, the picturesque, the romantic, the traditionally tragic, and in none of them, save perhaps in the work of Hather Tabb, is there any very searching criticism of life, any compelling sense of that tragical-comical world of labor, compromise, dreams, and frustrations which is actuality for most of us. We have, however, at the end to deal with two poets, perhaps the most lyrical in temper of them

all, who have yet contrived to stir emotions that relate themselves a little less remotely to our business and bosoms.

The work of Mr. W. B. Yeats needs no description to the readers of the *Atlantic*. Yet in view of the recent publication of an edition of his *Poetical Works*¹ a word may be said as to his quality and significance. The volume of the complete Lyrical Poems does not show Mr. Yeats quite to the best advantage. Verse so mystical and shadowy, so "symbolic" as his, gains by selection and segregation rather than collection. The symbols come, by too frequent repetition, to seem a little childish. It is all very well for the poet to be

"Changed into a hound with one red ear"

once. The first time this engaging phenomenon occurs we experience a pleasurable thrill, but when it is repeated again and yet again it ceases to delight us poetically. Not all Mr. Yeats's gifts of music and Celtic magic avail to make the volume other than a little tedious. But the Dramatical Poems are another matter. "Dramatic art," says Mr. Yeats finely, if debatably, in his Preface, "is a method of expression, and neither an hairbreadth escape nor a love affair more befits it than the passionate exposition of the most delicate and strange intuitions." This is plainly the ideal of a coterie, and it is not likely that the poetic dramas of Mr. Yeats will ever permanently please the large luxurious audiences that throng the theatres, 'twixt dinner and bedtime. Nor is it necessary to apprehend great results from the campaign for the reestablishment of musical speech that Mr. Yeats outlines in his Appendix. But in the plays themselves, "The Countess Cathleen," "The Shadowy Waters," "The Land of Heart's Desire," he has admirably achieved the expression in wavering, wind-swayed verse, of intuitions "the most delicate and strange" yet as real

¹ *The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats*. In two volumes. Volume I, Lyrical Poems. Volume II, Dramatical Poems. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

to our hearts as weariness or hope.

In the death of Richard Hovey seven years ago American poetry lost a figure of the richest promise, a poet who in addition to a fine lyric faculty and a passionate sensibility to beauty possessed the philosophic mind. How sincere and profound his preoccupations were has just become more plainly evident through the republication of the four plays of his incomplete Arthurian cycle, with a fifth volume edited by Mrs. Hovey, containing his plan for the whole, with preliminary studies and elucidations.¹ From this we discover that the poem was to be complete in nine dramas arranged in three parts of three plays each, each part to consist of a Masque, a Tragedy, and to end, respectively, with a Romantic Drama, an Idyllic Drama, and a "Harmonody." Despite the elaboration of the contrivance, it grows clear as we ponder these pathetic notes and fragments that it was a sincere and single poetic conception which might have resulted in a poetic monument of great emotional power and far-reaching ethical significance. For "Avalon," the "harmonody" wherein all the contending forces of the cycle were to find reconciliation and solution, Hovey had written at the time of his death but a few brief versified notes. So illuminative are they of the brooding creative process in a poetic mind of large calibre that four of them may be printed here:—

ARTHUR

I have laid in a long mistake.
But now at last and suddenly I see.

(States the great law of suddenness in appearance. Reconciliation of Plutonic and Neptunian theories (vide Hartmann's *Unconscious*). Slow preparation in the unconscious. Conscious sudden at end of process.)

GUENEVERE

And Galahad, thy son, who died a maid?
Shall he be ever lonely?

¹ *Launcelot and Guenevere*. A Poem in Dramas. By RICHARD HOVEY. Five volumes. New York: The Duffield Co. 1907.

LAUNCELOT

For him too
Some mystic lady waits in Avalon,
That dim mysterious mother-land of forms.

LAUNCELOT

Arthur in Avalon has found his bride,
And there is peace between his soul and mine.

LAUNCELOT

It doth not now repent me of my sins;
They oft were my salvation. But for them
I might have lain forever in my dream
In the child-hearted valleys. They, like wolves,
Roused me from my as yet unearned repose
And drove me toiling up this arduous hill
Where from the summit now mine eyes look
out
At peace upon a peaceful universe.
Nay, sweet, our sins are but God's thunder-
clouds,
That hide the glorious sun a little while;
And afterwards the fields bring forth their
fruit.

Mrs. Hovey tells us that these last lines, intended to form the concluding passage of the entire poem, were the first of all to be written. Read with the four plays previously published, so full of "brave translunary things," — they give us some conception of the vastness of the enterprise and of its ethical bearing. Had Hovey lived we should have had a poem in which a psychology of sin, in deep consonance with the trend of modern thought, would have been presented with a fervor of poetic passion and a wealth of poetic beauty, a completeness of embodiment, that must have carried its meaning home. More effectually perhaps than any other book of the year this volume of fragmentary literary remains reawakens us to a sense of the reality, the permanence and power of the poetic spirit.

WHITTIER FOR TO-DAY

BY BLISS PERRY

WHITTIER was born in 1807, the year of Byron's *Hours of Idleness*. During the year following, the English army in the Peninsular War, allied with the forces of Spain and Portugal, made what the poet Wordsworth felt to be a shameful treaty with the French. In his pamphlet against this Convention of Cintra, Wordsworth justified, with passionate eloquence, the right of noble-minded men to assert themselves in times of moral tumult and confused political aims. He pictured the human soul "breaking down limit, and losing and forgetting herself in the sensation and image of Country and the human race." In such crises, he declared, the emotions transcend the immediate object which excites them. War, terrible in its naked cruelty, yet "attracting the more benign by the accompaniment of some shadow which

seems to sanctify it; the senseless weaving and interweaving of factions — vanishing and reviving and piercing each other like the Northern Lights; public commotions, and those in the breast of the individual; . . . these demonstrate that the passions of men (I mean the soul of sensibility in the heart of man) do immeasurably transcend their objects. The true sorrow of humanity consists in this: not that the mind of man fails, but that the course and demands of action and of life so rarely correspond with the dignity and intensity of human desires."

Clouded as these words are with excess of feeling, few passages could suggest more vividly one function which Whittier's poetry was to fulfill. Gifted with far less genius than either Wordsworth or Byron, Whittier nevertheless felt "public commotions" as profoundly as did either

of the English poets. He guided the passionate feeling of his faction and party more definitely than they, and to a more successful issue. The "demands of action" matched the intensity of his desires. Confronting a specific phase of the old question of human liberty, — a question which faces every poet who reflects upon man in his social relations, — Whittier grew from a mere facile rhymester into a master of political poetry. During the thirty years that ended with the close of the Civil War, no poetic voice in America was so potent as Whittier's in evoking and embodying the humanitarian spirit.

He continued to compose verse for nearly thirty years after the conflict over Slavery had been settled, and these later poems contributed largely to his popularity. But his mind was formed, his imagination kindled, and his hand perfected, amid the fiery pressure of events. He voiced not only those voiceless generations of pioneers from which he sprang, but also the dumb passion of sympathy, of indignation, of loyalty, which was to swing vast armies of common men into march and battle. It was a curious destiny for the Quaker lad. Frail of body, timid, poor, untaught, he had discovered on reading Burns that he, too, had a poet's soul. He learned from William Lloyd Garrison the secret of losing one's life and saving it, so that in becoming — in his own words — "a man and not a mere verse-maker" he found in that absolute surrender to the claims of humanity the inspiration which transformed him into a poet.

Will our people continue to read him? At the death of Tennyson, which fell in the same year as Whittier's (1892), a decorous little company gathered in an American college town to read and discuss some of the Laureate's poetry. It was a grave and wholly edifying occasion. One of the company was a lawyer, then far advanced in age, of the highest professional standing, and the senior warden of his church. When the programme was

completed and the ice cream was imminent, the stately old lawyer drew me cautiously behind a door.

"Do you really enjoy Tennyson?" he demanded.

"Yes," said I, in some surprise. "Don't you?"

"No!" he exclaimed. "It has too many involutions and convolutions for me. I don't like it. Did you ever read Byron's *Marino Faliero*?"

"I was reading it only yesterday," said I.

The senior warden's eye kindled with sudden fire. "Well, *that's* the kind of poetry *I* like: *where the old man stands up and gives 'em hell!*" And with a friendly wink at me — a reader of the poet of his boyhood — the old gentleman blandly joined one of the groups of ladies who were still talking about

"laborious Orient ivory"

and

"the mellow ouzel fluting in the elm."

No coiner of literary phrases could have conveyed so effectively the nature of the spell once cast over readers by Byron's passionate declamation. The harangues of Faliero and Manfred and Cain are, if one pleases, rebel's rhetoric rather than poetry, speech instead of song. Yet they moved men once as no one is moved to-day by any living writer of verse. Whittier shared with Byron the faculty of forging at white heat such stanzas as were instantly accepted as poetry. A later age is inclined to classify them as pamphleteering or as oratory. Lowell writes to Whittier to "cry aloud and spare not against the accursed Texas plot," and Whittier straightway composes his "Texas:" —

"Up the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen;
Summon out the might of men!"

Aside from its use of metre and rhyme, it might be one of Lowell's own anti-slavery editorials. Whittier's stout-hearted sea-captain, who declares: —

Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with coins
of Spanish gold,

From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the room-
age of the hold.
By the living God who made me! — I would
sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this
child away!

is scarcely distinguishable from Garrison
asseverating:—

"I am in earnest — I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch — *and I will be heard.*" Both are honest men, aflame with righteous indignation; neither is a poet. Just as Elliott's *Corn Law Rhymes* are often but a metrical version of the speeches of Cobden and Bright, so Whittier's anti-slavery verse is sometimes but a rhythmic rearrangement of matter that would have served equally well for a peroration by Wendell Phillips or a leader by Horace Greeley. The aim of them all was to inform, to explain, to call to action; and a half-century after the action is over, the rhymes, like the speech and the article, are likely to share the pamphlet's fate. All have served their hour.

Many of Whittier's political poems, however, refuse to be disposed of thus easily. Their material still seems to be the stuff from which enduring poetry is wrought. Defects of workmanship may mar their surface, but the imaginative fabric is essentially unimpaired. The force of his ideas and sentiments far outweighs the deficiencies in technical craftsmanship. His anti-slavery poetry is based upon certain convictions, familiar enough to all who know the facts of Whittier's life. He inherited a love of freedom as an abstract notion — "the faith in which my father stood" — and a corresponding hatred of kingcraft and priestcraft. The movement for abolition in England and America seemed to him, as to his father, a legitimate consequence of the principles which had triumphed in the French Revolution. He was endowed with warm human feeling. His loyalty to the bonds of family, neighborhood, and state was absolute, and he merged this loyalty, without impairing

it, into what Wordsworth called "the sensation and image of Country and the human race."

Add to this poetic capital an intimate knowledge of the men in his section, a shrewd political eye for the currents of public opinion, a command of simple, racy, fervent speech, the self-possession of a Quaker and "come-outer," and a high courageous heart, — and you have an almost ideal image of a poet armed and ready in a noble cause.

To appreciate Whittier's moral courage is difficult without a precise knowledge of the sort of ostracism which he faced. A physician in Washington, Dr. Crandall, languished in prison until he contracted a fatal illness, under sentence for the misdemeanor of reading a borrowed copy of Whittier's pamphlet *Justice and Expediency*. No anarchist to-day is a more "unsafe" person in the eyes of respectable society than were the Abolitionists. Your

"Solid man of Boston;
A comfortable man, with dividends,
And the first salmon, and the first green peas,"
was irritated by Whittier then as he is
irritated by Gorky to-day.

In the eyes of the typical commercial circles of Massachusetts, Whittier was for twenty years an agitator and therefore an outcast. The idol of that society was Daniel Webster; and Whittier, with a scorn and sorrow all the more terrible for its recognition of Webster's high powers, described him in 1850 as an Ichabod:—

"from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!"

A year later, in the poem to Kossuth, Webster's glorious voice —

"designed
The bugle-march of Liberty to wind —"
becomes merely

"the hoarse note of the bloodhound's baying,
The wolf's long howl behind the bondman's
flight."

Years afterward, it is true, in one of the

most touching of his poems, Whittier mourns that Webster's august head was laid wearily down, —

"Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
Beside thy lonely Northern sea."

But in the Titan's lifetime Whittier's words were those of stern and sorrowful rebuke.

Nor did the social forces which supported Webster fare better in Whittier's day of wrath. In his "Stanzas for the Times" (1835) and "Moloch in State Street" the

"ancient sacrifice
Of Man to Gain"

is denounced with prophetic sternness. In "The Pine Tree" the conventional arguments of the solid citizens of Boston are tossed aside as if the old, reckless "*Ça ira*" wind were blowing. The tune is, —

"Perish banks and perish traffic, spin your
cotton's latest pound."

It is, —

"Tell us not of banks and tariffs, cease your
paltry pedler cries;
Shall the good State sink her honor that your
gambling stocks may rise?"

A Trust Company in Greater Boston chose for its advertising motto, not long ago, the phrase: "Banking, the Foundation of Government." Whittier would have smiled at that placard with grim Jacobinical disdain.

Equally revolutionary was his attack upon the clergy. Crosier and crown, to him, were "twin-born vampires." Chief-priests and rulers were conniving with each other, as of old. In "Clerical Oppressors" Whittier cried, —

"Woe to the priesthood! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood;
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,
The searching truths of God!"

With bitter sarcasm in "The Pastoral Letter," with stinging invective in "The Christian Slave" and "The Sentence of John L. Brown," Whittier scourged the clerical upholders of the "divine institution." Finally, in "A Sabbath Scene," when the parson returns thanks to God

for the capture of the fugitive slave girl, the poet can endure no more: —

"My brain took fire: 'Is this,' I cried,
'The end of prayer and preaching?
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,
And give us Nature's teaching!'"

This is the unadulterated doctrine of 1789. Pennsylvania Hall, the ill-starred Abolitionist headquarters in Philadelphia, is transformed in Whittier's imagination into the one

"Temple sacred to the Rights of Man."

One is curious to know how many of the successors of the clergymen whom Whittier held up to obloquy read out his hymns to-day with any suspicion of the agony of soul, the despair for the priesthood and the church, in which many of those hymns were written.

It is needless to multiply illustrations of Whittier's attitude toward the specific issue of American slavery. To his mind this particular battle was but one phase of the long humanitarian campaign against world-wide injustice. Through the electric currents of his verse the better aspirations of the eighteenth century and even the phrases and the passions of European Revolution were brought into contact with the American conscience. But he was far more than what he modestly described himself as being, a mere

"Weapon in the war with wrong."

History and legend of Indian and colonist, songs of homely labor, pictures of the Merrimac country-side, bits of foreign lore and fancy, — all these alternate in Whittier's verse with elegies over dead Abolitionists and stern summons to action. He read a great variety of books and kept in close touch with the movements of European politics. Although he never went abroad, the names of Garibaldi, Thiers, or Pius IX suggested to him themes for poems as readily as did the personality of his friends Fields and Sumner. He could turn out a Browningsque piece like "From Perugia" without betraying the fact that he had never set foot in Italy. His was not merely a home-keeping mind or heart. Garrison's motto for

the *Liberator*: "Our country is the world — our countrymen are mankind," spoke a sentiment which permeates all of Whittier's verse like light. It sustained him when the American outlook grew dark; it sweetened and broadened his spirit. From the later forties to the close of the Civil War, it is instructive as well as pleasant to observe how many of his poetic themes are detached from the immediate emotions of the hour. More and more he emerged from the atmosphere of faction and section. Even his poems prompted by the war itself, like "Barbara Frietchie" and "Laus Deo," breathe a spirit of nationality and not of partisanship. The struggle had scarcely ceased when he wrote "Snow-Bound," an idyllic composition which was instantly and truly interpreted as an intimate revelation of Whittier's real nature. He was almost sixty when it appeared, and for the rest of his long life he was known to his countrymen as the author of "Snow-Bound." The old homestead at East Haverhill is now visited by thousands of pilgrims who are more anxious to see "the clean-winged hearth" and the stepping-stones by the brook than they are to rake the ashes from the old fires of the Abolition controversy.

So he grew old, a plain figure of a man, shrewd, gentle, loving the talk of gracious women, loving his summer glimpses of mountain and shore, and yet essentially lonely. He used to sit in the little back room of the Amesbury house, over a sheet-iron stove, and glance now at a photograph of the bust of Marcus Aurelius and now at the florid face of Henry Ward Beecher, on the opposite wall, — saying playfully that he was a sort of compromise between the two. The stoic was in his blood, certainly, and there was something, too, of the sentimentalist and the agitator. New Englanders, and especially the transplanted New Englanders of the West, loved him to the last, knowing him as only kinsmen can know one another. The rest of the country respected him for the uprightness of his long

career, for his courage in the dark days, and for the fame which his verse had won. He died, at the great age of eighty-five, only fifteen years ago.

Only fifteen years, yet in the flux and change of our national life during that interval, Whittier seems already as far away as Longfellow, who died ten years earlier. Even Hawthorne, who died in 1864, is scarcely, as a personal figure, more remote. It was as a neighborhood poet that Whittier began his career, — a rural prodigy who without schooling could make such rhymes as pleased the ear of Newburyport and Haverhill. He continued throughout his life to produce the sort of verse which appealed, first of all, to his neighbors. But even the most casual visitor to Whittier-Land to-day is struck by the change in the poet's audience. Here and there, and notably between the Whittier homestead and Amesbury, the ancient farms remain intact. Some of them are owned, as in Whittier's youth, by Quakers. As one drives along the elm-shaded roads, there may still be seen in a few dooryards the little weather-stained shops for home shoemaking, with flower-gardens around them, and perhaps, at the window, a gray head bent over the bench, finishing some fine hand work that will be taken to Haverhill to-morrow. But these old men — the men for whom Whittier wrote — are dying. Machine work and foreign "help" — as they still say in Essex County — are making the old native industries superfluous. Along the lines of the electric cars are new dwellings, ugly to the eye, and rented by French Canadians, Poles, Italians, Greeks. What should these immigrants know or care for the "pines on Ramoth Hill," though Ramoth Hill, under another name, be only over their shoulder? Their children will read "Maud Muller" and "Barbara Frietchie" in school, but even they will need an annotated edition of "Snow-Bound" to tell them why a hearth should be "winged" and what "pendent trimmings" are, and "Turk's head" andirons.

Read the editorials which Whittier was writing in 1844 for the mill-folk of Lowell — an educated, thrifty, ambitious class — and then walk along the streets of Lowell and Lawrence to-day, in the endeavor to find a native New England face. They have almost disappeared. Massachusetts, which reckoned about one-fifth of her population as foreign-born or children of foreign-born in 1857, — when Whittier began to write for the *Atlantic*, — now finds this class of her citizens in the majority. To the men and women for whom Whittier wrote, the Boston of to-day would be a city of aliens. Only thirty-two per cent of its population is Protestant. No imagination can picture the laboring men of New England sitting down to read Whittier's "Songs of Labor." The very tools have changed, and the spirit of Whittier's Drovers and Shoemakers and Lumbermen is incomprehensible to their successors. It is too late — and too foolish — to raise any Know-Nothing alarm. Far better these immigrants, as raw material for Democracy's wholesome task, than that exhausted strain of Puritan stock which lives querulously in the cities or grows vile in the hill-towns. It is no worse for Boston to be misgoverned by a clever Irishman than by some inefficient Brahmin of the Back Bay. But whether these changes in the population are welcomed or deplored, the fact is obvious that the local public upon which Whittier's poetry depended for its immediate audience has altered beyond recognition.

What is true of New England is true to a greater or less degree of the whole country. New men, new habits, new political notions, are in the saddle. That New England should have lost whatever ascendancy she once possessed is not a matter of prime importance. That the country no longer looks to her for political or literary leadership is due to many causes which have nothing to do with Whittier. And nevertheless, his life and his poetry were so intimately identified with his section, that its loss of prestige in the nation

affects the present assessment of Whittier's significance.

One must admit that from some points of view he remains, what he was at the beginning, — a "local" poet. In spite of the clear resonance with which he now and again struck the note of nationality, and in spite of his cosmopolitan curiosity about the world at large, — a curiosity felt, for that matter, by many an Essex County seafaring man of the vanished type, — Whittier never lost a sort of rusticity. One may like him all the better for it. It goes with his rôle, like the rusticity of Burns. Yet it seems now, as Burns's provincialism does not, to narrow the range of his influence as a poet.

Whittier was limited, too, in his physical capacity to perceive beauty and in his artistic power to interpret it. Color-blind and tune-deaf as he was, knowing no full and rich life of the body, his poetry is deficient in sensuous charm. Its passion is a moral passion only. With a natural facility in metre and rhyme, his workmanship betrayed throughout his career a carelessness for literature as an art. His rhymes were often mere improvised approximations. In one poem alone he rhymes "God" with "abode," "word" and "record." From the hundreds of still uncollected poems which he scrawled in youth, down to the jocose doggerel — never intended for publication — with which his old age sometimes relaxed itself, Whittier exhibited little delicacy of ear, little reverence for that instrument of verse on which he had learned to play without a teacher. He cared intensely for the feelings communicated by the art of poetry, but he expressed more than once in his letters a kind of contempt for craftsmanship, for "literary reputation."

Even in that field of moral ideas where his strength lay, his path was likewise narrow. Sternly, and as it proved victoriously, he brought the teachings of the Old and New Testament, as freely interpreted by his own Quaker sect, to bear

upon the problems of the hour. His power as a moral teacher was in the veracity and boldness with which he could utter "Thus saith the Lord." He had no new message of his own. He did not even restate the enduring verities in different terms. He never attempted, like Wordsworth, a fresh philosophical grasp upon the frame of things. Like most of the prophets and saints, he took the accepted moralities, the familiar religious formulas of his day, and through his own fervor breathed into them life and passion. But he creates no novel world for the spirit of man; he opens no undreamed horizons to the imagination.

We must fall back upon Whittier's gift of fiery and tender speech. It is the case, after all, of a Marino Faliero, of an old man eloquent. And this is precisely what one would like to know: does Whittier to-day, fifty years after the full maturing of his powers, and fifteen years after his death, either compel or persuade his countrymen to listen to him?

It is easier to ask this question than to answer it. Our people as a whole respond quickly to personal leadership. They have an immense latent capacity for moral and political enthusiasm. The career of Theodore Roosevelt is a sufficient proof of this. But there is no master voice in the world of letters to which the American people are now listening. In Whittier's early manhood he set himself deliberately to learn the principles of true liberty from the prose of Milton and of Burke. There are few greater names in our literature than these. But aside from the perfunctory reading of extracts for school and college examinations, who is reading Milton and Burke to-day? Who is reading Byron and Shelley, poets of emancipation, kin to Whittier by many bonds of sympathy, and far transcending him in poetic variety, power, and beauty? The mind of the American people is occupied with other concerns. For that matter, there is not a single living poet, in any country of the globe,

who is generally recognized as a commanding voice. Tennyson was the last. That others will arise in due time no one who knows the history of humanity can doubt. But they have not yet come.

Meantime our own people, at least, no longer look to the poets — as they certainly did in other days — for inspiration and guidance in the performance of public duty. Whittier's "Massachusetts to Virginia," Lowell's "The Present Crisis," Mrs. Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," unquestionably did influence the emotions and the will of millions of Americans. That any political verse would to-day affect our public policy is very doubtful. A single illustration may serve. In 1900, when the question of forcible retention of the Philippines was still a debated one, and considerations of national duty, self-interest, and pride were struggling together in the public mind, Mr. William Vaughn Moody published his "Ode in Time of Hesitation." Many critics of poetry hailed it as the finest political poem produced in this country since Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." Yet noble in thought and masterly in execution though it was, it may be doubted whether Mr. Moody's poem affected the mind of the nation in the slightest degree; and it would be interesting to know whether one spectator in a thousand of Mr. Moody's play, *The Great Divide*, has ever even heard of the "Ode in Time of Hesitation."

But the mere fact that political poets are quoted below par to-day — if they may fairly be said to be quoted at all — does not prove that the public is justified in its indifference, or that the poets are in the wrong. On the contrary, it happens that upon at least two of the issues immediately before the American people Whittier's verse takes radical and uncompromising ground, and that upon both of these issues one may safely venture the assertion that Whittier is absolutely and everlastingly right.

The race-question is the first. Not, of course, the old issue of Slavery. Not the

wisdom or unwisdom of that hasty Reconstruction legislation, when partisan advantage was inextricably confused with the ideal interest of former slaves. The race-question transcends any academic inquiry as to what ought to have been done in 1866. It affects the North as well as the South, it touches the daily life of all of our citizens, individually, politically, humanly. It moulds the child's conception of democracy. It tests the faith of the adult. It is by no means an American problem only. The relation of the white with the yellow and black races is an urgent question all around the globe. The present unrest in India, the wars in Africa, the struggle between Japan and Russia, the national reconstruction of China, the sensitiveness of both Canadian and Californian to Oriental immigration, are impressive signs that the adjustment of race-differences is the greatest humanitarian task now confronting the world. What is going on in our States, North and South, is only a local phase of a world-problem.

Now, Whittier's opinions upon that world-problem are unmistakable. He believed, quite literally, that all men are brothers; that oppression of one man or one race degrades the whole human family; and that there should be the fullest equality of opportunity. That a mere difference in color should close the door of civil, industrial, and political hope upon any individual was a hateful thing to the Quaker poet. The whole body of his verse is a protest against the assertion of race pride, against the emphasis upon racial differences. To Whittier there was no such thing as a "white man's civilization." The only distinction was between civilization and barbarism. He had faith in education, in equality before the law, in freedom of opportunity, and in the ultimate triumph of brotherhood.

"They are rising, —
All are rising,
The black and white together!"

This faith is at once too sentimental and too dogmatic to suit those persons who

have exalted economic efficiency into a fetish and who have talked loudly at times — though rather less loudly since the Russo-Japanese war — about the white man's task of governing the backward races. But whatever progress has been made by the American negro, since the Civil War, in self-respect, in moral and intellectual development, and — for that matter — in economic efficiency, has been due to fidelity to those principles which Whittier and other like-minded men and women long ago enunciated. The immense tasks which still remain, alike for "higher" as for "lower" races, can be worked out by following Whittier's programme, if they can be worked out at all.

The second of the immediate issues upon which Whittier's voice is clear is that of international peace. Though the burdens of militarism were far less apparent in the middle of the last century than they are to-day, and the necessity of allaying race-conflicts by peaceful means was less instant than now, Whittier belonged to the little band of agitators for peace. He did not make war against war so vociferously and tactlessly as some of his later brethren in the same cause. But he faced the question with perfect clearness of conviction. The good people who are dissatisfied with the meagre results of the Hague Conference of 1907 had better read Whittier's lines on "The Peace Convention at Brussels" (1848). Then, as now, there were faithless critics —

"With sneering lip, and wise world-knowing
eyes —"

to point out the folly of this dream of disarmament; the impossibility of persuading the nations to leave the bloody

"Sport of Presidents and Kings"

in order

"To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames
For tea and gossip, like old country dames."

According to these critics, as Whittier represents them, the delegates to the Convention of 1848, such as Cobden and Sturge and Elihu Burritt, are merely "cravens" who "plead the weakling's

cant." (This language sounds curiously familiar.) But Kaisers cannot be checked by resolutions; guns cannot be spiked with texts of scripture; "Might alone is Right."

So, at least, assert the skeptics, whose case is put by Whittier, much as Lincoln used to put the case for his opponents at the bar, much more skillfully than they could do it for themselves. And thereupon, taking refuge in that hinterland of religious mysticism whither his spirit was wont to escape when hard pressed, Whittier foretells, in assured vision, the day when there shall yet be peace on earth. Ultimate international good-will is to him

"The great hope resting on the truth of God."

But it rests, and does not waver.

Time has already done much to justify his faith. To compare the conditions under which the Convention of Brussels met in 1848 with the widely organized efforts, and the very tangible progress, which the workers for international peace have made since 1899, is to become aware how much the sentiment of the civilized world has changed upon this subject. The "faithful few" who journeyed to Brussels at their own charges and upon their own initiative have become the duly accredited representatives of forty-four powers, covering the territory of the globe. It was the first real world-assembly, and its work was necessarily confused and hampered. But these professional diplomatists, warriors, and lawyers who have been meeting at the Hague are not in advance of, and many of them are far behind, the sentiment of the common people of their respective countries. The popular dissatisfaction with the concrete results of this last conference is the best proof of the progress of the cause with which Whittier was identified.

After all, then, and in spite of every

limitation, Whittier's verse does penetrate to the essential concerns of humanity. If Goethe's famous lines are true, and only those who have eaten their bread in tears have learned to know the heavenly powers, then Whittier was an initiate. He knew what it meant to toil, to renounce, to cherish unfulfilled but indefeasible dreams. That note of tenderness which Longfellow found and loved in mediæval literature was native to the author of "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim." Save for their lack of creed and formula, Whittier's hymns might have been composed in the thirteenth century, so utterly simple is their faith. He believed that "altar, church, priest and ritual will pass away;" yet his hymns, like those of many another former heretic and iconoclast, are sung to-day in all the churches. Mr. Pickard notes that in a collection of sixty-six hymns made for the use of the World's Parliament of Religions in 1893, nine were from Whittier, a larger number than from any other poet. In his early editorials he made effective use of the current conventional religious vocabulary, but for his hymns he chose the simple language of the followers of the Inner Light, unfreighted with the old burdens of dogmatism. Here again Time has been on the poet's side, and Whittier's verse has coöperated with the very general tendency to cast off dogmatic trammels and the worn conventionalities of religious expression. It would not be strange if his ultimate influence were to be that of a mystic. Controversy made him a poet, and his pictures of hearth and home and country-side confirmed his fame; his human sympathy still brings his verse into touch with vital political and social issues; but his abiding claim upon the remembrance of his countrymen may yet be found to lie in the wistful tenderness, the childlike simplicity, with which he turned to the other world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BUBBLYJOCKS

PROBABLY everybody has heard of the little boy in Scotland who was asked if his life were happy. "Aye," he replied, but doubtfully, and added that he was "sair hauden doon by yon bubblyjock." If this laddie had been the only one so held down, the story would not have been so important; but it is all the world's story. We should all be good and wildly happy — many of us feel that we should be great — if it were not that we were so sair hauden doon by a bubblyjock. (Adam of course named the bubblyjock a turkey; Eve knew when she saw it cruising toward her with the fat overbearing gait of a bully, and before she heard its absurd voice, that it was the bubblyjock, and no other.)

They do not all appear with feathers and gobbling; some of them assume the forms of beloved relatives. We all know some one who seems to fade, and lose all charm and individuality in the presence of his family or some member of it. Your bubblyjock may be a cook, mine Mrs. Grundy. It may be a policeman, or the church, or a taste for whiskey. We do not know what our neighbor's may be, and we may not ask, for we do not want him to know what ours is; but we should be very kind and gentle with him, for he may have run to us to escape from its intolerable gobbling. Some — and these are the great — will not submit to be hauden doon by their bubblyjocks. It was perhaps his that Jacob wrestled with; as a prince he had power, and he prevailed, but as he passed over Penueel, the sun rose upon him and he halted upon his thigh. Stevenson wrestled with his, and he also prevailed as a prince and received his blessing from God and from his fellow men; but he too halted — it is a cruel fight. Our bubblyjocks are fear-

fully calculated to our strength. Columbus, whose story has enough romance in it to furnish dreams for all the dreamers in worlds yet undiscovered, had a powerful bubblyjock of ignorance and prejudice, which tried obstinately to hold him down. Think of contending with minds so lacking in imagination that they could offer him one of the richest provinces of Spain, if he would give up all claim to dominion in the new world. A province of Spain! All Spain, all Europe, all the Kingdoms of the Earth, in exchange for one handful of the dirt of America, his America, which he found first in his heart, and then sailed to find in the fearful monster-haunted sea! How lonely he must have felt when he realized that they could offer him that! A poem ought to be written about it.

Literature is full of stories of bubblyjocks — indeed all stories with a very few exceptions are about bubblyjocks and their victims. Samson — Holy Writ is rich in examples — Samson's bubblyjock is not spoken of by that name, but is plainly to be seen by those who search the Scriptures, and by those who go to the opera. It was always with him and it was always the same, though it was not always called by the same name — Delilah was not the name of the lady who wept before him seven days, and on the seventh day got what she was weeping for. He tried to joke with Delilah, to fool her, to evade her. But in the end "his soul was vexed unto death." It is folly to try and joke with that kind of a bubblyjock — they are notoriously lacking in humor.

Ibsen has dramatized the struggle. It is his great theme. Nora ran away from hers. Hedda was one — imagine trying to be a useful citizen with a wife like Hedda! imagine a childhood with Hedda for your mother. Imagine anything good

coming to fruition under the withering gaze of those bored, malignant eyes. Could any spirit have survived it? One searches in vain among the husbands of fiction (they are a sorry lot on the whole) to find one with whom we might arrange a trial marriage with Hedda in the hope that he would not allow himself to be hauden doon by her. Petruchio would be a child in her hands; the mild friendly American husbands would drive her to delirium. Othello might be the man — his methods were very direct.

One of Zangwill's heroes was "rescued from love and happiness." Poor soul, who longed to love and be happy, and who had to be great! He did not want to part with his alluring bubblyjock. Lafcadio Hearn writes to a friend that he has an assured income offered him for his work. "Of course I can write and write and write," he says, "but the moment I begin to write for money vanishes the small special flavour which is Me. And I become nobody again; and the public wonders why it ever paid any attention to so commonplace a fool. So I must sit and wait for the gods." Sair hauden doon by the bubblyjock, who snatches the very bread and butter from a man's mouth. So many of us held down by a weight of money, so many by the bitter want of it.

We know more of the bubblyjocks of the writing-bodies, because whether they want to or not, they must, happily, write about themselves, — but we others, ordinary folk, have them too, individuals and nations. France has a way of rushing at hers, wringing their necks in a great flurry of feathers. Russia, Austria, Spain — sair hauden doon. (America is less oppressed by hers, on account of her yearly rite of roasting them in effigy — She has so much to be thankful for!)

One can imagine gay souls, a few, who have lived their lives without the fear of a bubblyjock. Some innocent and busy painter, or violin-maker in Italy, long ago — some young creature in the Forest

of Arden. Leon Battista Alberti lived a more abundant life, accomplished more in his time than seems to be possible to normal men. Johann Sebastian Bach may never have known one. Certainly his music, serene and joyous, shows no shadow of its wing. He had a score of children, and perhaps he sat in their midst playing divine ensemble music in perfect harmony and peace. And we might all of us be Bachs and Albertis if we were just not so hauden doon by our bubblyjocks!

But we cannot tell. Bubblyjocks are not lions, they do not kill and devour; they torment. They do not attempt life, but the joy of life. They cannot prevent our doing as we please, but they can gobble at us and threaten us, so that we work in defiance and not in joy; grimly instead of whistling. Like the little boy in Scotland, we eat our oat-cake, and with a sort of appetite; but we keep one eye on the strutting bubblyjock.

A PLEA FOR THE VANISHING STORY

ONCE upon a time a story was written. It was not a great story, but it appealed to its author. The hero was an artist whose life in Bohemia had been flavored with a highly piquant sauce. He met a girl, dainty, sweet, and alluring, with all the perfect qualities that a heroine should have. Unfortunately certain condiments of the piquant sauce, some of the feminine atoms in Bohemia, made it seem to the hero that it was altogether impossible for him to ask the adorable, charming heroine to be his wife. Quixotic, on the part of the hero, perhaps, but some men are quixotic and it may have been simply as a study in quixotism that the tale appealed to its creator. He wrote the story and allowed the hero to live his whole life, quite to its close, loving and adoring his lady, working for her, saving her from innumerable trials and tribulations, but never permitting himself to take the reward of her love which she,

poor soul, was ready enough to give him. So much for the story!

The author, Boylston by name, had climbed past the rung of the ladder upon which manuscripts are returned with printed slips. He was even a personal friend of many editors, and these added their opinions of the story to their rejections of it. Mr. Buncie, for instance, liked the story all but the end. He suggested that the artist might outgrow his morbid conscience and that the lovers should be married after many years of probation, perhaps.

Boylston appreciated the suggestion and changed the ending, making it cheerful, — cheerful, that is, from the standpoint of a capitalized public that demands wedding bells and never waits to hear if they jangle in or out of tune.

Stranglie's Magazine found this marriage forced. Surely there should be some reason given for the artist's change of mind! "Could you not intimate," the editor wrote, "just intimate, you know, some cloud on the lady's life, some mysterious question concerning her past, something that would bring her more toward his level? Your marriage comes too suddenly upon the intense renunciation in the earlier part of the story."

A tiny shadow was now thrown on the hitherto unblemished past of the lady.

Mr. Blethen of *Ridener's* had the story next. He regretted the tone of the first half. The analytical study was perfect, he said, but the public objected — and quite properly, too — to the liaisons of Bohemia. "Might not the artist's conscience," he asked, "have been equally implacable over some other form of youthful indiscretion?"

Boylston recognized the justice of this criticism at once, and the hero was made to suffer his prohibitive pangs over some unexplained, indefinitely suggested guilt. A few paragraphs in the middle of the story were all that remained as the tale had originally been written.

When it came back from *The Centurion* the editor of that magazine told

Boylston quite frankly that the artist's remorse was entirely overdone. No man who had lived in the world and with men could feel anything so intensely, and he advised that Boylston should eliminate much of the anguish and remorse, that he should merely suggest these feelings — if they must be in the story at all.

The remorse was, therefore, diminished to an infinitesimal point, and the story set forth the facts that an artist whose Bohemian past had not been quite perfect loved a lady with a faintly shadowed past, wooed her, and married her.

In this state it was sent to *The Metropolis*. Here, the editor objected to the shadow on the lady's past and could see no reason why even an insinuation of vice should be made against the artist. "Surely life in Bohemia is not always vicious," he wrote. "Why should it always be so depicted? Ought not those of us who have really lived in Bohemia to make a stand for our country?"

Once again the story underwent a transformation. An artist of great respectability loved a lady eminently virtuous, wooed her and wed her.

A most commonplace and ordinary story, no? And yet most acceptable. A quick returning mail brought Boylston his check. With half of it he paid his rent. The other half he spent on a dinner — in Bohemia.

TURGENIEFF ANEW

SOME writers, it is said, build their castles in lands where the air is suffused with a beautiful mist which transfigures everything; others compile lists of facts like inventories; some again do their star-gazing from the wrong side of a little known planet, and, seeing new universes, endeavor to describe them; some grin or weep as they dip their pens; others even write upside down, and the mirror of a clear understanding only can reflect *their* truth. The rare ones so marshal their realities, so regard the world from new stars, and feel with it, that their

craft and words live on after them. Of these is Turgénieff.

At least in their English garb, reissued afresh by the Scribners, in Miss Isabel Hapgood's translation, the novels of Turgénieff are familiar and easy of narrative, whole-handed and large and generous in attitude, and even to the dimmest soul, poetic in their fresh buoyancy. No air, no landscapes, no life of creatures dumb and eloquent are like his. Also no young people, boys and young girls; these last white-clad, with blood beneath their skins, and maiden eyes. No man so well understands the swift and awkward changes from poetry to prose which are in real life, and so unfrequently in the life of books; no man is so charitable, so wide and keen of vision. The great English Shakespeare is an unquestioned part of Russian Turgénieff: witness his *Lear* and *Prince of Denmark*.

The trilogy formed by *Rudin*, *Smoke*, and *Virgin Soil* takes our attention. In the first, windy speech and rhetoric, so Russian and so common there, finally brings a desolate old age to arid wanderings on the vastness of the plains; in the second, Litvénoff's years of study and honestly attempted practice come to naught; *he* at any rate has not talked, but has labored and has failed; and in the last, Nezhdánoff, engaged in huge, nameless causes, sees that they are futile, but perseveres mechanically till the end, dying only just freed from the harness. Thus the Hamlet of the steppes.

Questions as to form and the conventional disposition of all the characters before the book closes, one does not argue with Turgénieff. His work breathes an essence compounded not by a chemistry of laws and formulas, but by an alchemy known to the few mages. In passage after passage, like a solemn bell ever sounding the same serious perplexed note, the old theme recurs. In the noble death scene of Bazároff: "I am necessary to Russia. . . . No, evidently, I am not necessary. And who is? A shoemaker is necessary, a tailor is necessary,

so is a butcher; . . . he sells meat . . . a butcher; . . . stay, I am getting mixed up. . . . Yonder is a forest." In *Rudin*: "Thou hast done what thou couldst, thou hast striven as long as thou wert able. . . . Our roads have lain apart." And again: "I have fallen under the wheel. . . . Death is an ancient jest, but new to each person."

CHRYSLIS TIME

I CANNOT suppose that my friends, the biologists, would, in any degree, feel obliged to me, when I say that, as an animal organism merely, I am able to verify several of their learned conclusions in Evolution. For instance, the Doctrine of Natural Selection — the adaptation of one's habits and one's self to any change of situation or climate: I, too, am of the order of hymenoptera; and, on being transferred to a Florida of perpetual sunshine and prosperity I would soon discharge all ideas of industry — let who else will, according to the prescription of that delightful bee-poet, Tom Hood, "mingle poetic honey with trade-wax!"

Again, there is the theory advocated by the nature savants, of Protective Coloring, — a theory which, each of the four seasons of the year, I find myself instinctively practicing, or, at least, desiring to practice. Like the blessed wild goldfinch (who sometimes stays with us all winter), I feel a stirring, ere February is out, to shed the gray outward disguise my soul has all along been wearing, and to come forth in bright aureate splendor, of full summer plumage, — I wish to wear a green kirtle, when the grass burns emerald and even the sunset skies assume chrysopræse. In the winter, were it not for startling the good folk, I would go everywhere in the hibernal attire of the wise little ermine. In autumn — no, there the analogy stops — I would not array me in carmine or imperial orange, though nature is thus minded to do. In the autumn,

even in the late summer, a psychic revulsion from this rule of sympathetic or protective coloring, is experienced. Am I actuated by some far — some *farthest* — ancestral preparation for winter sleep? I only know that, without intent to observe it, I am as a perpetual witness (and a wondering one) on the ceaseless movement of a lowly life, here, there, everywhere, towards a mysterious investiture, — a housing whose dimension does not, as yet, exist, save in the blind projection of that same lowly life! Brown, white, or gold-colored, the furry, despised groundlings hold their way: they travel to their Mecca — or may it be their Medina? — and my wonder is pained and half-angered when the broom swerves aside the patient pilgrim, whose refuge is, still, within itself, — on the instant a close hairy ball; but soon lengthward, and straight on again, to the House of Sleep, not yet built (yet built long ago, in the instinct of the caterpillar *Ur-ältern!*). This migration to Nowhere lays hold of my fancy, with curious hypnotic attraction; so I may be pardoned if, dreamwise, I offer a verse, by way of further interpretation.

OF CHRYSALIS TIME

Now is the Year's soft afternoon,
And now a dimness veils the world,
Whose light might be of sun, or moon,
So well in misty swathings furled.

And lo! beneath yon slanting ray,
A creeping life its path pursues;
To fold in self-spun shroud away, —
Its form in changeful sleep to lose!

Ev'n so, the Day, — the Year, perchance,
With all its shimmering afterbloom,
Is clothed, amid its growing trance,
With wefts self-drawn from mystic loom.

In chrysalis, or in cocoon —
Such as the Soul herself might spin,
Were it not well a while to swoon,
Some wingèd, waking life to win?

A WINTER GARDEN

"For easie things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store."
SPENSER.

"WHAT are you reading, Bess?"

I had spoken twice without being able to force the circle of her attention.

"Why — why," she stammered, absently. Then perceiving my determination, she cried, "Just listen, John: 'It is impossible to do justice to these lovely flowers in a printed description. Cold type cannot convey any idea of the indescribable richness, the varied and exquisite coloring, the enormous size, perfect form, and great substance of these blossoms. The plants are compact and bushy, and out of a tropical mass of dark green foliage are borne great quantities of perfect flowers of the finest colors. Over a hundred different shades have been counted in one bed of this strain. Blooms come very early and last till —'"

"Pshaw!" I interrupted. "You've caught the catalogue fever again."

She looked at me so reproachfully that I repented my hasty scorn.

"Look!" she said, holding a gorgeous color-page before my face. I felt in duty bound to scoff, but I yielded so far as to take the pamphlet in hand.

Immediately I was lost in the glories of the seed catalogue which some ambitious rhetorician — in the pride of his diction, perhaps — had sent us "absolutely free of cost." I wandered care-free over spacious lawns which

"Had not yet lost their starry diadems,
Caught from the early sobbings of the morn."

I rested in cool, shady retreats. Beside flowers of Paradise I paused and refreshed my soul with colors and odors. Then I heard a voice, as of one calling afar off in a dream. By insistent repetition, it pierced the flowery thicket at last, and I knew the voice of my Bess.

"It would look so pretty at the north-east corner, and would serve to hide the old rain-barrel."

"That's so," I murmured, slowly awakening.

"'It grows to the astonishing height of four feet,'" she quoted.

"'And is of remarkably dense foliage,'" I read.

"'And only ten cents!'" she softly breathed.

"'Why, ye-es,'" I hesitated. "We might try it. At any rate, it would not harm the rain-barrel."

She rose and went straightway to write the order. Her alacrity aroused in me a vague suspicion that I had been "managed," but I soon forgot it in the seductive pages of the catalogue.

Half an hour later, I said, "Have you sealed that order yet, my dear?"

"Why, no," she answered. "Was there anything — Is there —?"

"One or two little things here that I thought — This one, for instance."

She sighed with pleasure as she followed my finger along the lines: "'Flowers of mammoth size, perfect form, and embracing the richest, most velvety colors. They are also delicately sweet-scented. The range of color is great, and the shades are mostly very delicate and dainty. In coloring they are, in fact, perfectly exquisite, there being very little of the common old blue and purple colors among them. In their place we have delicate blushes, lavenders, pinks, velvety indigos, intense scarlets —' Yes, John, we certainly must have some of his — his — Oh, verbenas!"

Thus, during the dreary first quarter of the year we stray through one fragrant catalogue after another, and all the while the order, still unsealed, increases to extravagant length. At the same time, we make imaginary divisions of our grounds, drawing to scale a plan of walks, lawns, and flower-beds. I do sundry sketches which represent, truthfully I hope, just how a rose-court would look if laid out in the angle between the upright and the L. We discuss in detail the proper size and style of a projected summer-house, and I even go so far as to construct

VOL. 100 - NO. 6

laboriously a tiny, whittled-out model of a canopy for the well.

We are very happy. What more charming retreat could there be than our winter garden? Its paths are always well gravelled, and not a weed ever mars their crisp white surfaces. Its borders are ever mathematically regular, and plants and shrubs are always disposed according to the letter of landscape gardening. The skies above are always blue, and clouds are of fleecy whiteness. No plebeian dandelion ever suns himself on our lawns; no fierce summer squalls ever whip our canna leaves to ribbons; no case-hardened bug ever violates the luxuriant foliage; nor does any vagrant worm ever so much as crimp the edge of a single rose petal. The soil is always rich and fine, without sticks, stones, or rotten leaves. It is never dry and baked; never soggy with rains. Planted seeds always sprout and without accident pass marvelously through all stages of growth, even to perfection, in the space of a dream.

This magic celerity with which things happen in the Garden is most delightful. At evening, I've picked bouquets which had no existence before supper. I've been lost in odorous thickets on a bleak spot where the snow-wraith danced but a moment before. Indeed, within a minute past, I've seen a glory of pink blossoms on a bare branch where now, as I look out, I see only the brown, wrinkled mummy of what was once an apple, all hooded with snow.

Why, then, undergo the pains of spring planting, the heat of summer drouth, the misery of autumn ruin, when it is possible to sit with one's wife beside a bright fire of a winter's evening and, with a few modest seed-catalogues to stimulate imagination, grow such a glorious garden as never bloomed on earth?

The day came, at last, for mailing the long-delayed order.

"What is the amount?" I asked.

"Eight dollars and seventy-three cents," said Bess, poisoning her pencil with minutest care.

The fire snapped a fierce protest; and the old clock debated with stately logic the question of paying so much for the privilege of shattering our dreams.

"After all," she mused, "a garden is a perpetual nuisance and an ultimate disappointment."

"Anticipation is always knocked on the head by meagre results," I declared.

"Flowers are so perishable," said Bess.

"And of fading memory," I offered.

"So expensive!"

"Such a bother!"

"John," she said, after a pause, "the last time we were in the city I saw you handling a certain choice copy of Seneca."

"And, Bess, you were looking a long time at a lovely vase."

At this, the order for seeds and bulbs was thrust into the stove.

When spring opens, we'll scratch, as usual, a few morning-glory seeds into the ground under the windows, and bestow sundry handfuls of nasturtium seeds in warm places. As for the rest, we shall look to Nature, and we are quite sure we shall find as much surprise and pleasure in the garden she plants as we should in mere man-made growths.

For my part, I love to see things spring of themselves and grow up in spite of the Adversary. I consider a dandelion a sun-

bright crown of triumph over hard conditions; a thistle a hero perpetually armed against a hostile environment; and the rank hosts of dock and burdock praiseworthy for never asking or granting quarter. I rejoice, indeed, when the despised of earth win a victory.

Weeds, then, are more interesting to us than the manufactured Frankensteins of the florist. Though they lack mammoth blossoms of sensuous colors and odors, we are content; for we love the cool, weedy smells, and find soul-rest in flowers of "common old blue." They may fail of dense, green foliage for all we care; our affections are firmly set on the thinly-clad, poverty-stricken natives of the soil, which grow up by God's favor alone. In the matter of plants, as in literature, we much prefer a Joe Gargery to a Prince Charming, and when it comes to a question of "great substance," give us a Mr. Micawber and — a squash.

So it comes to pass that the old seed-catalogues, rich with those vestiges of dreams, dogs'-ears and thumb-marks, now lie neglected in the garret, while a dainty jar of Japanese cloisonné glows sombrely beside Bess's little willow work-basket; and I, as the afternoon wanes to twilight, gravely conduct her cheerful spirit through the cool, marble porches of the Minor Dialogues.